THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Four by Benj. Franklin

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for

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fruit cups
puddings
pastries
cakes
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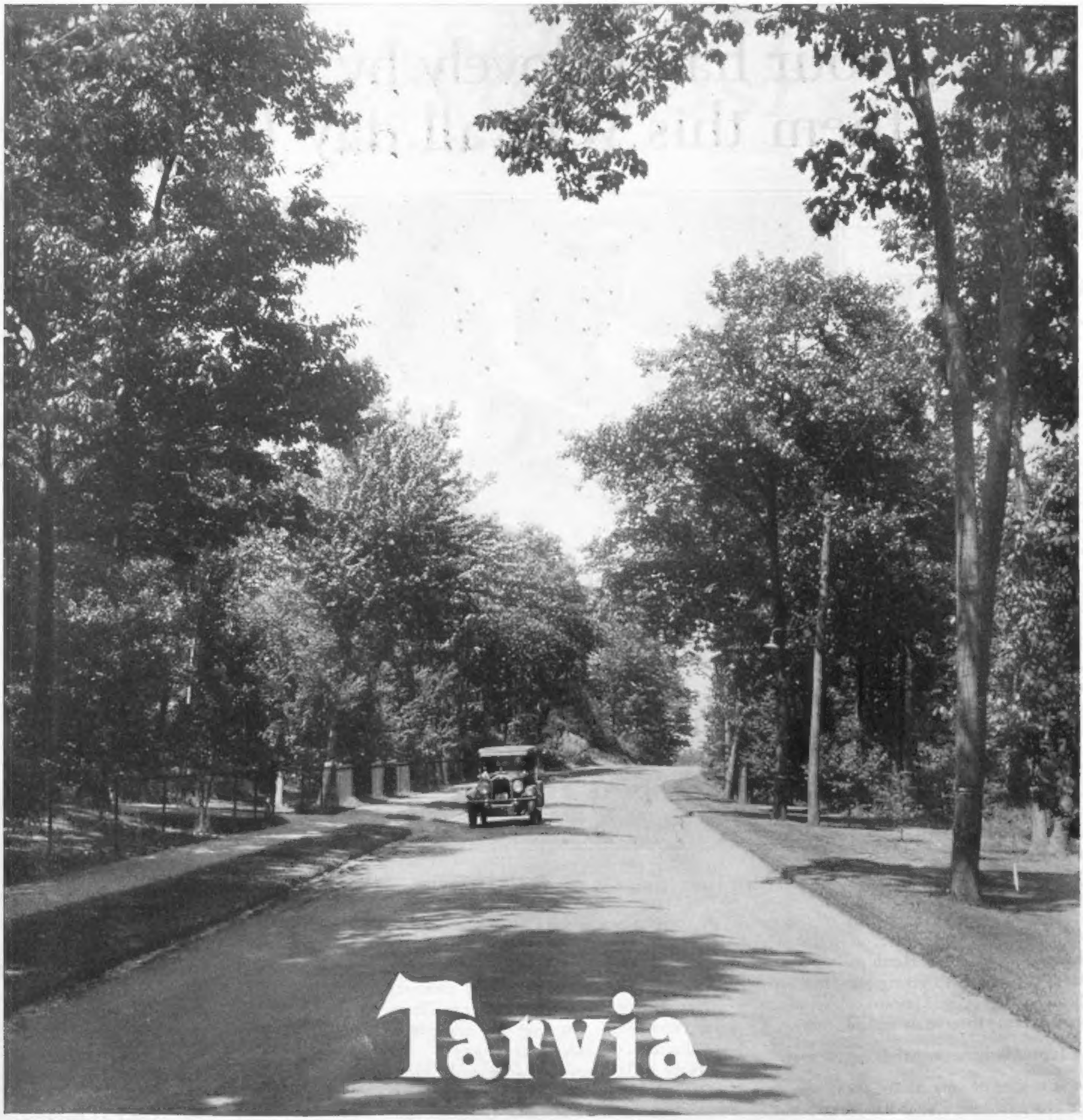
Del Monte FOODS



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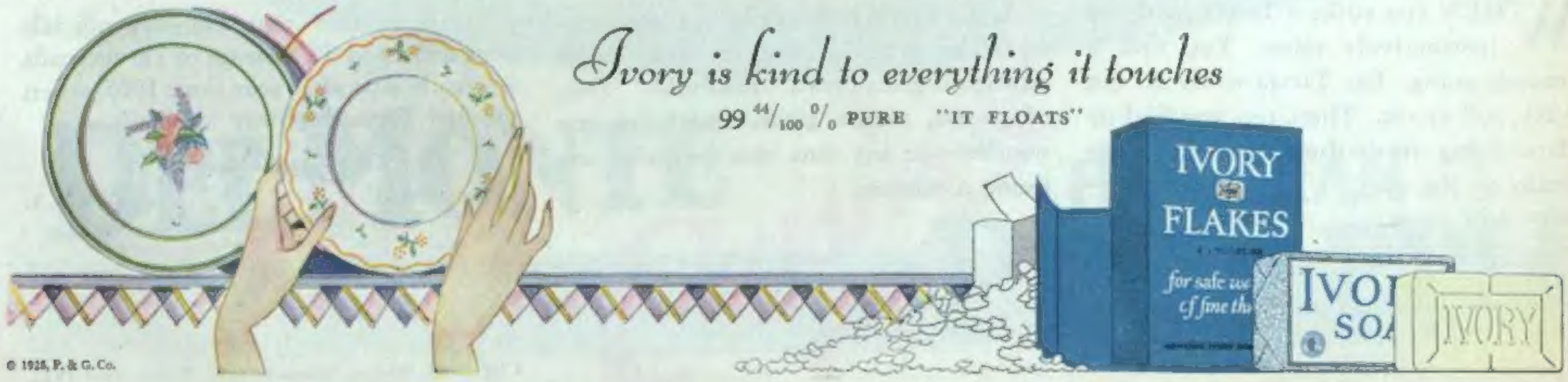

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THE DARK SECTOR

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

AS HIS faculties began to assemble, Gifford Derring discovered himself to be environed in a way as familiar as it had become distasteful. The faint odor of antiseptics described his surroundings before he opened his eyes.

Blighty again. Not the wartime blighty that had been a luxury and a distinction, but the post-bellum blighty that had been a horror and a disgrace. Just another spree, another barroom fight, perhaps, and another hauling out in hospital for repairs, condoned because of his brilliant flying record and his father's position and wealth, but none the less a later source of humiliation and remorse.

Gifford, square-shooting with himself as in his dealings with others, even when drunk, admitted that there was no excuse for him at all. He was the type to be shell-stimulated rather than shell-shocked, sound of mind and body except for the habits contracted at the time of times when vicious habits should have been scrapped in all rationality. Having come through the cataclysm none the worse for his five minor wounds, all the bright world was his for the asking—if he asked for it properly.

There had been delirious fighting in the high air and in the low, and there had been delirious drinking and delirious women, through all which he had passed deliriously, emerging not much the worse in physique. And then, like a lost fool, he had returned to America and his proud exultant father to spoil it all by a dissipated course of living. The first pæans of praise had ebbed away in a slow lingering diminuendo. Friends worthy of the name were gradually withdrawing, hurt, puzzled, distressed. And finally had come the stern ultimatum of his father, paternal pride crushed, hope nearly abandoned, love only left.

"For the Better?" The Voice of the Woman Sitting Was Eager. Gifford Wondered Why

"This is neither a threat nor a warning, Giff," he had said, "but a measure I feel bound to take to save your future happiness and probably your life. We have got to break the vicious circle you seem to have got into since your return—or possibly that you were already in before the Armistice. One more of these terrific sprees that land you in hospital and I shall commit you to a sanitarium for a solid year."

And now, Gifford reflected as he looked round the bare, cold, cleanly room, this blow had fallen. Here he was again, emerging from oblivion, with the hated scent in his nostrils and the hated walls inclosing him, and pretty soon a hated attendant would enter to inquire in polite and kindly manner after his state of feelings and, if they were too bad, to ameliorate them in the usual way. *Similia similibus curantur.*

Gifford could remember nothing about the events leading up to this tragedy. In fact he did not desire to remember them. The immediate past was shrouded in a nebulous mist, and no doubt the longer it remained that way, the better for his peace of mind. But as conscious thought returned more fully with what appeared to be a singularly complete restoration of his sensory perceptions, he discovered that his present case was entirely unlike any of its too frequent predecessors.

Instead of awakening to dreadful depression of mind and body, sweating nausea and agonizing nervous tension that craved some sort of sedative, he was astonished to find himself in a state of absolute well-being. Instead of the usual dreadful sequelæ of a debauch, he felt as if awaking strong and refreshed from a deep restorative sleep. His brain felt slightly muddled, with a sort of numbness in his head; but aside from that, he could not remember when he had felt better in a general way.

He could not account for this. Perhaps he had passed through some sort of crisis, after which he had fallen into hours upon hours of real sleep—regenerating sleep. Or perhaps some scientist had discovered some sort of marvelous elixir of life that dry-cleaned a man inside and out, renewed and reconstructed his organic and nervous and other cellular structures to regulate and balance metabolism during unconsciousness. Whatever the cause, Gifford felt like something entirely new.

His next discovery was even more surprising. He was ravenously hungry, and he did not want a drink. The thought of alcohol in any form was distasteful. All he wanted was a bath, a shave and an enormous breakfast. After that, he felt as if what his system most required would be robust exercise in some form, to sweep the cobwebs from his brain and get his circulation flowing fast again. There came a rustle at the door. Gifford, lying to face that way, closed his eyes and pretended to sleep, hoping to get some sort of bearing on what had happened to him this time. Through lashes that were black and long he saw a nurse, followed by a woman in street dress, come in. This impressed him as singular in the extreme. On previous awakenings of the sort

Because He Had Been a Gridiron Hero, Because He Had Been a Polo Hero, Because He Had Been a War-Flyer Hero, He Could Not Think of Himself as Any But Some Kind of Hero

it had been a male attendant—Mike or Jim or Larry or something—good hearty fellows who were kind, sympathetic and firm.

The nurse stepped to the side of his bed and took his pulse. The woman with her stood for a moment, evidently looking down on him. Gifford saw dimly her skirt and the upper half of sheer stockings that seemed admirably filled. What the deuce, he wondered, was a woman who was not a nurse doing in his room, and why her interest in him?

She moved then over to the window and sat down in a wicker chair. The nurse followed and stood opposite her, looking out. The light was strong enough for Gifford to observe surreptitiously the profile of the woman sitting, and he told himself that it was the loveliest he had ever seen.

"No change?" she asked.

"His pulse is more rapid and a great deal stronger," said the nurse. "That is good. There will be a change before morning."

"For the better?" The voice of the woman sitting was eager. Gifford wondered why.

"I trust so. I've never seen a case just like this before; but then, all head cases are different. Doctor Smith says frankly he's puzzled. For a while it was like catalepsy, but for the last twenty-four hours it's been more like a natural sleep. I don't want to raise false hopes, but it looks to me as if he would soon be coming round—regaining consciousness."

"And then?"

"Well, then it may be like recovery from any other heavy concussion of the brain. There is no fracture, so recovery may be more or less rapid and complete. Slightly dazed at first, but the mental faculties clearing. He is splendidly strong and without any alcoholic habit to hamper him."

"No," said the other woman, "he hasn't touched a drop of anything for nearly seven years."

Here, Gifford reflected, was something that did not check. These two women must have got into the wrong room. Or possibly whatever had happened him had occurred on one of his infrequent efforts to go several days without a drink, when he had been in the company of this delightful young woman in the chair and to whom he must have done some masterly lying. He was also in a hospital, not a sanitarium. Gifford now racked his numb brain to remember her, and what had happened and how and where. But it was a futile effort.

He remained silent, playing possum, hoping to learn more. He discovered that the elder woman was not in nurse's uniform, but in the immaculate white linen dress of superintendent, or something of the sort. Then, as the woman sitting turned her face slightly, Gifford's pulse was raised several more notches in rate and force. He had never seen so lovely a face.

There was a sort of modest lavishness about the whole of her—opulence with grace and a sense of strength and vigor that yet was soft, and at this moment seemed subdued, semicrushed. She would be in her late twenties, he thought. She rose at this moment and stood staring through the window, presenting to Gifford a quartering view of a figure that was full, lissom, supple and delicately rounded.

He could not catch what she said just then, as a car was passing outside. But the answer reached him distinctly and it gave him the sensation of sinking slowly into an abyss.

"Drucy dear, your love for your husband is too beautiful and precious to let your thoughts take such a turn as that." The voice of the elder woman was kindly but austere. "Besides, a Christian woman like yourself should know better than to bargain with the Deity. What is to be shall be, and we must accept what Providence decrees for us with faith and with humility."

They both moved, then, toward the door. Gifford was conscious of a sickening deflation. He did not move or speak. The idea that these two women might have got into the wrong room was now unimportant. This loveliness moving past his bed was the property of another, one who was loved.

It occurred then to Gifford in a vague way that perhaps he had been struck down in the act of rendering some service to this woman, rescued her from a danger that she might have run through a fault for which afterward she had reproached herself and was still self-censured. Then, as she passed through the door, she said in that sweet low-pitched voice that harmonized so perfectly with her visible perfections:

"It's as much for my children as for myself, Anne dear. Well, my friends have always said I was too much in love. Marriage can be a fearful thing."

Gifford drew a deep breath. So that, whatever it might be, was that. They couldn't have got the wrong patient. The superintendent, or matron, or whatever she might be, must know the dispositions in her hospital. Perhaps he had dragged one of this beautiful young matron's children from in front of a car, or something of the sort. Whatever had happened, one thing was certain—that she was not for him.

His thoughts were brought to a *volte-face* by the voice of what was apparently a young interne just outside the door.

"Yes, in there," it said. "He was full as a jug as usual. We kept it out of the papers, but his old man knows. A guy like that is a public pest and menace and ought to be locked up, and that's just what's going to happen to him when he gets out of here. The judge told me so."

The rest was lost to Gifford, as the young doctor walked on down the corridor. But it was enough. It checked more nearly with what he felt to be the truth. A hero of sorts he might have been, and a source of gratitude and remorse to the brilliant Juno who had just left his room. But to his father, Judge Derring, he had already been that thing in France, and something to dim its luster for months afterward.

It was not as if Gifford's father's resolution to commit him to a sanitarium for a year was a punitive measure. Nothing of the sort. It was what the judge now felt to be the one remaining hope for his salvation. Not a bright hope, but yet a hope—the only one.

Gifford knew the inflexibility of purpose that had made his father one of the most distinguished jurists on the bench. There would, he realized, be no appeal, no extenuating circumstances considered. No, not if he had dragged a whole bus load of children from in front of the Bar Harbor Express and got chucked over a church in doing so. This hospital was to treat his physical injury, and when it had done that job, there would be a costly sanitarium waiting to undertake a year's treatment of his deeper mental one.

The day, Gifford now perceived, was waning. The window of his room was open and a faint air through its screen brought a fragrance of blossoms. This would seem to check, as the last that Gifford could remember distinctly was being thrown off his polo pony in a scrimmage some days before. He had landed on his head and been completely down and out for some few minutes afterward, but he remembered distinctly being propped up on the side and having a half pint of entirely superfluous spirits poured down his throat. He had been, he now realized, entirely too drunk to try to play, and evidently a good deal had happened to him subsequently while still fogbound in alcohol.

A dreadful idea then suggested itself to his still misty mind. It all but knocked his new-found props from under him. Because he had been a gridiron hero, because he had been a polo hero, because he had been a war-flyer

hero, he could not think of himself as any but some kind of hero. But the chances were that he was and had been no hero, but a mere drunk who had got in the way of this beauty's car and been all but bumped off. That was the cause of her distress. That was why the matron, a religious woman, had reproved her for wanting to make a bargain with the Deity.

Just where the woman's husband came into it Gifford could not imagine. Perhaps he also had been hurt in the crash, or perhaps it was her husband who had been driving recklessly. Somebody—one of Gifford's companions, probably—had lied like the devil about his alcoholic abstinence and this charming woman had not yet been disillusioned. Gifford now regretted that he had not spoken up and disillusioned her himself.

He dismissed these considerations from his mind for others more serious and more important to himself. Whatever the workings of it, this fact remained—that he had evidently returned to consciousness and the full possession of his faculties both of mind and body to find himself with a sense of vigor that was under the circumstances a miracle. He could not remember having felt so well since the spring of his junior year, when he had left college and the crew training table to join up with the British Army Flying Corps. The amazing renovation that seemed to have occurred in him during this period of suspended animation might be due to the swift and sudden working of some alchemy of Nature, or the result of absolute relaxation and rest, or to a new treatment of some sort, or to a combination of these factors. It was not merely that he felt himself to be singularly strong, but the muscles throughout his body were filled with a delightful tonicity, where his most recent recollection told of their having been sodden and flabby from overindulgence, and with a layer of superficial fat. Best of all, he seemed to have sloughed off that constant gnawing craving for alcohol that had for the past year made of him a sort of devil-driven slave.

But Gifford doubted now that his father could be made to believe in the permanence of this marvelous cure. On the contrary, the judge was fairly certain to argue that if such a thing had really happened, then it must be due to the enforced relaxation of a physical economy still organically sound that had needed only a fair chance to reestablish itself, and that it would therefore be a crime immediately to expose Gifford to his hectic way of living. The judge would insist on a continuation of the cure in some sort of excellent institution on the ground that since his return to America, Gifford had never given his nervous system a fair chance to rest thoroughly, and that now was the time to do so.

But in his present state of feelings, the mere thought of a continued inertia was to Gifford more than ever intolerable. He craved to be up and doing, bathe, eat a large meal, dress and get out to enjoy sanely and wholesomely this newfound vigor.

It was by this time dark, outside and in his room, except for the glimmer of light over the transom of the door. Seized by a sudden impulse, Gifford threw back the light covering and swung himself out of bed and onto his feet. There were a few moments of giddiness, a slight wabbling of his knees, a stiffness and general soreness throughout his body, and then the strength seemed to be flowing into him again. He walked to the window and looked out. His room was on the ground floor and opened on a sweep of lawn to a street on the other side of which was a row of detached houses like those in the outskirts of a New England town. Feeling thirsty, Gifford went to a bathroom with which his room was equipped and drew a glass of water. He switched on the light and discovered that the appointments were obviously new. Everything was fresh and glittering. This place must be, he decided, a recently finished and thoroughly modern small-town hospital, and the fresh invigorating quality of the air made him believe that it was located somewhere on the shore.

He went to a closet, opened the door and looked inside. The light switched on by the opening of the door. A suit of clothes that seemed to have been brushed and pressed was on hangers, with a bath robe and pajamas and underclothes and shoes, all clean and fresh. Gifford examined the costume with some perplexity. It was a blue serge, evidently new, and he could not seem to place this particular suit. The hat hanging on a hook also puzzled him. It was an ordinary gray felt with a black band. He had had a good many such hats, but there was something unfamiliar about this one.

The sight of his clothes hanging there gave him a sudden inspiring idea. Here were the means of escape. If he could manage to get dressed before anybody came in, what was to prevent his bolting for it? To remain meant to be incarcerated for an indefinite unknown period. But if he could get clean away and avoid recognition for a month at least, then at the end of that time he might go to his father and say:

"Look here, dad, I'm cured. I've tested it out I haven't wanted a drink since I came to, and something tells me that I'm never going to want one again. This smash has set me to rights. Let's forget the sanitarium and my having been all these months in the fog and hunt me up a job and watch me make good at it."

A little rough on the hospital, Gifford reflected; but, after all, that was its bad luck. His freedom was at stake. He stepped inside the closet and dressed rapidly. While doing so, he noticed that his girth seemed to have lessened a little; but that was natural enough after some days without food.

The adipose had gone, and his muscles under a palpitating hand felt hard and firm again. The little hacking stomach cough, irritated by much cigarette smoking, had gone, and he was suddenly remi[nd]ed that he no longer craved tobacco—another detail of [the] miracle.

(Continued on Page 40)

"Gifford, Do You Remember a Girl Named Drusil Sturgis?" Gifford Pondered for a Moment. "No, Sir. . . . Why?"

WHY CARTOONS—AND HOW

By HERBERT JOHNSON

LETTERS to cartoonists asking about their profession contribute materially to the stoop-shoulder and broken-arches statistics of the mail-carrier trade. A charted curve of volume and periodicity would indicate that the high peaks of this mail are reached every four years, during presidential campaigns. It is then that cartoonists do their heaviest correspondence neglecting. The questions cannot be answered adequately or helpfully in a paragraph or two, and yet they deserve answers. Hence this modest brochure.

Ever since those hectic days back in the dim beginning of the gay 90's, when the effulgent Mr. Hearst and the canny Mr. Pulitzer tried to turn funny pictures into deadly weapons with which to slaughter each other, cartoons and comics have flourished in these United States, where more of them are printed than in any other country in the world. Previously, cartoons had been used only in weekly papers and in the back pages of a few monthly magazines, and of course as prints. Comic prints were a source of popular delight for hundreds of years, practically culminating in the old-time comic valentines.

The immediate purpose of the introduction of funny pictures into daily newspapers was to attract circulation—which it did and does—and that has been the sole and sufficient reason for the growth of the funny-picture business ever since. Its development has been striking enough in all conscience, its hilariously inartistic and—if you believe the press agents—shockingly profitable product covering the country like snowflakes. And curiously enough, while everybody knows most of the comic-strip characters as they know their own families, little is known or understood about the cartoonist himself and his job. Most of those connected with the profession have been too busy doing it to write about it.

A Word With Many Meanings

OF COURSE, the newspaper syndicates are to blame—or bless—for the ubiquity of the cartoon, or, more properly speaking, the comic. When pictorial comedy became a regular press feature, the public appetite for it, stimulated by the increasing supply, became more and more clamorous. Competition among publishers for this delectable morsel grew so keen that prices soared. They never approached the altitudes of today, but for those simple times of ten-cent rump steak and four-dollar shoes, they seemed fabulous. Publishers passed to their cartoonists pay checks drenched with tears. There existed independent syndicates, some more or less flourishing. The newspaper publishers saw a chance to let others help carry these burdensome and growing costs and they started syndicates of their own, selling to other noncompeting papers the right to use the material. This thing spread until it included—and still does, only more so—all the big features, cartoons, comics, articles, fashions, news, scandal, politics—whatever has sufficiently more than local interest to sell to another paper out of town.

It is surprising to realize, as a cartoonist occasionally must, how really widespread is the misunderstanding of the art not only on the part of the public but on the part of artists, art teachers and art critics as well.

When Mr. and Mrs. Cartoon Consumer speak the word "cartoon" they mean one thing. The serious tapestry designer, when he uses the word, means something utterly different. They are speaking two different languages. When the political editor thinks of a cartoon, he thinks of something not at all the same as is meant by the word in the bright lexicon of the comic-strip syndicate manager. A stained-glass designer, a friend of mine who does grave and beautiful cathedral windows, frequently talks of the "cartoons" he is making for a new Saint John or Holy Family. To the Mutt-and-Jeff fan this must sound like sacrilege. But it is perfectly correct—more proper, really, than applying the term to Mutt and Jeff.

If that surprises you, what will you say when I tell you that in the Vatican are three famous tapestries made from cartoons? And the cartoons were drawn by none other than Raphael, whose modest imprint authentically attached to a painting is worth the price of a seagoing yacht. An original cartoon by him, discovered today, would be first-page news all over the world. Of course, Raphael has been dead a long time and no newspaper syndicate ever had a contract with him.

The word "cartoon" is from the Italian *cartone*, meaning a card. The early Italian tapestry designers and mural decorators drew their preliminary studies or working drawings on sheets of cardboard at the full scale of the finished picture. From these working drawings tracings were made to the surface of the cloth or wall. These drawings, from the material upon which they were drawn, were called

Bryan and Teddy Were Easy to Draw Even in the Earliest "North American" Days

cartones, or cartoons. The term came in time to be applied in the studios to any sort of preliminary study, whether on a card or canvas, in crayon, oil, water color or other medium. Such were the cartoons of the sainted Raphael, Michelangelo and the other old masters. They were serious works of the loftiest artistic purpose.

In the early 1840's when the new Parliament buildings were being completed in London, a competitive exhibition of cartoons for the mural decorations was held, and Punch, then only two or three years old, took a crack at the project and at the government in satirical caricatures, offering them as Mr. Punch's Cartoons. The exhibition of cartoons was an event of the first artistic importance, and Punch's effrontery in offering its wares raised a howl of joyous appreciation from the crude and inartistic proletariat.

Punch dropped the word when the occasion which gave rise to its use had passed and called its political cuts Pencilings. But any and all funny pictures were thenceforth "Punch's cartoons" to the man in the street, and finally Punch came back to the word. However, even today it applies it only to its political cartoons or big cuts. All other of its illustrations and funny pictures are classified as drawings and sketches. Now we have this word as a sort of curious etymological ligature binding together, and at the same time keeping apart, like the Siamese twins, two vast bodies of art, one deadly serious, the other deadly comic. And, as often happens in such intimate family relationship, the two sides are in a state of perpetual misunderstanding. The high-art brother looks down upon his rough-house relative as crude and vulgar. The rough-house kid turns up his nose at the pretensions of the other as mostly bunk. And both are partly right. Much comic art is vulgar and much highbrow art is bunk.

A Shot at High Art When We Were Very Young. A Friend Colored It

A Scarce Article

FEW people know how scarce cartoonists are. Comic-strippers are more numerous by ten to one than political cartoonists, and my guess is that we have fewer of both, regularly employed, than we have of congressmen. They are scattered in small groups in the largest cities, one or two here or there, with larger groups in the big publishing centers. Unlike the social intimacy of the stage, cartooning is a solitary profession, a hermit craft, each lonely Robinson Crusoe keeping touch with his confreres mainly by watching their work as it comes to the exchange editor's desk. This refers especially to political cartoonists. The comic-strippers are nearly all in the bigger groups of the largest cities.

To show how surprisingly few cartoonists there are, last year a group of us sat around a table at the Friars Club in New York, getting up a party. It was to be a banquet for, by and of cartoonists. Every comic-stripper and political cartooner in America was to be

This One Dates Back to the Good Old Trust-Busting Days of Twenty Years Ago

asked. We had arrived at the moment when an invitation list was needed. The committee were all nationally known and from widely separated sections. Cartoonists follow Stevenson's advice and watch the work of all the others all the time. Therefore these men might be expected to know at least the names of the men of their calling. Each man wrote out on a slip of paper every name of a cartoonist that he could think of. The resulting list, with duplications removed, comprised exactly sixty-four names. A few, naturally, had been forgotten for the moment and their names were added later. At the dinner were about seven hundred guests, but although cartoonists came from all over the country, I doubt if they numbered at their own festive board more than a hundred.

Cartoonists being so few and the emoluments allegedly so gratifying—circumstances not unrelated to each other—one might suppose there would be a rush of new talent into the field. There is. Every family has a boy or knows a boy who draws and who, they are convinced, would be a wow if he would only take up cartooning. Vast numbers of these try—and fail.

A Short Lesson in Phrenology

WHAT is it then about this work of cartooning that makes it hard to do? Thousands of artists—even kids—draw better than some of the most successful, opulent and publicity bedeviled masters of the craft. What is the magic formula possessed by the few which is denied the many?

For the benefit of the myriads of embryo Dings and Briggses, let us consider the phrenology, even if we don't believe in phrenology, of the typical successful cartoonist.

Ding is the archtype of the political cartoonist—one of the best. Briggs is perhaps the highest expression of the comic that America has produced. Both men are excellent pen-and-ink artists and exceptionally clever caricaturists. Both are round-shouldered from lugging home their Saturday-night pay envelopes.

Run your fingers over their bumps. You find imagination, humor and a sense of the dramatic enormously developed—at least, you would if there was anything in phrenology. All cartoonists who emerge conspicuously have these qualities highly developed on the inside of their heads, if not on the outside.

Every cartoon is a little pictured drama. The idea is acted out by the characters. Cartoon effectiveness and interest are wholly due to the artist's ability to dramatize his idea. Imagination is what every inventor has, and this is the quality which enables the cartoonist to invent out of his own imagination the little play which we call a cartoon. Humor helps to make it go.

But look! Here on Ding's dome is a protuberance not to be found on Clare's cranium or evidenced in his work. It is what makes all the difference between them and between the schools of cartoon art which they typify. If you will examine this bald bump on Ding's pate with an ordinary reading glass, you will find printed on it, as on the old phrenological charts, the word "allegory."

That word expresses the essential difference between the political cartoon and the comic. The political or social cartoon is nearly always allegorical, the comic never. The cartoon presents an incident or a situation and characters which refer symbolically to something else. It is not to be taken literally. The comic is as it is for its own sweet sake alone. It has no ax to grind. It puts forth no argument, no moral, no exhortation.

The cartoon does all these and its allegorical character is understood by most readers. They know that the cartoonist uses items in his picture strictly to express his idea and never as an illustration of technical facts.

If he wants to picture a man carrying a horse and buggy on his back, or an elephant sitting on eggs in a bird's nest, he does it. The very incongruity of these liberties which cartoonists take with literal facts helps the effectiveness of their cartoons. But they get letters now and then from readers pointing out—indignantly, as a rule—some liberty of this sort. These literal-minded folk will point out the right way to use a hammer; the difference between a bucksaw and a carpenter's saw; the way to knit a sock. When I have a cartoon character sawing wood, I always use a carpenter's saw, because a bucksaw is too large, makes it awkward to show the action, interferes with drawing the face, all of which are more important to the cartoon than what kind of saw is used. But I usually get a letter or two about how wrong I am. Ladies write to tell me I shouldn't have the foot of the sock turned down—always knit the leg first, then round off the foot and toe. But I want to be sure everyone will know that it is a sock and not a baby's sweater. So I turn it and show the full sock. If I wanted it to be a baby's sweater, I would clearly show it so. In a cartoon, knitting in general may be indicated by a sock; but knitting a baby's sweater immediately intimates the advent of something new—a new party, for instance.

Simplicity is the salt and savor of a man and of a cartoon. A competent cartoonist rigorously eliminates nonessential details and carefully chooses the characters and properties, stage settings, for his little play. I regard the face of my chief character as the center of interest and compose everything to that as the climax of my picture. I try to tell the whole story, if possible, in the facial expressions, then again in the action.

My friend Charley Sykes disagrees with me. In his cartoons he nearly always turns the back of his character to the reader. This practice may add to the humor of the effect in some cases and Charley may be right. On the stage, it is sometimes done to give a touch of naturalism; but the old stage rule, "Never turn your back to the audience," had a reason, I think, in the fact that the face, the eyes and facial expression are the parts of a human personality that express most and always attract and hold the attention.

Much Ado About Nothing

TO RETURN for a moment to the people who write in about cartoons. All sorts do this, even the highest browed and hardest boiled. I think the most widespread and distinguished response I ever got to a cartoon was the result of a misspelled word. I spell in a sketchy, impressionistic way. I have always regarded conventional spelling as a nuisance. I have spelled "across" with two *c*'s for forty years. And I've looked it up hundreds of times to see which way is right, though I know it doesn't make a particle of difference, really.

In a cartoon, I wanted to ridicule the solemn, nonsensical legal battles over petty technicalities waged in our courts. I showed four lawyers playing cards in the presence of the court, jury and packed audience. One addressing the judge, is making an objection on the ground that the learned counsel on the other side had played a deuce, when, according to Hoyle, he should have played a queen. I think the caption was The Legal Game.

(Continued on Page 99)

One of the First Mr. Common People Cartoons. Uncle Joe Doing His Stuff

Do Tell Me, Doctor Johnson

By J. P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

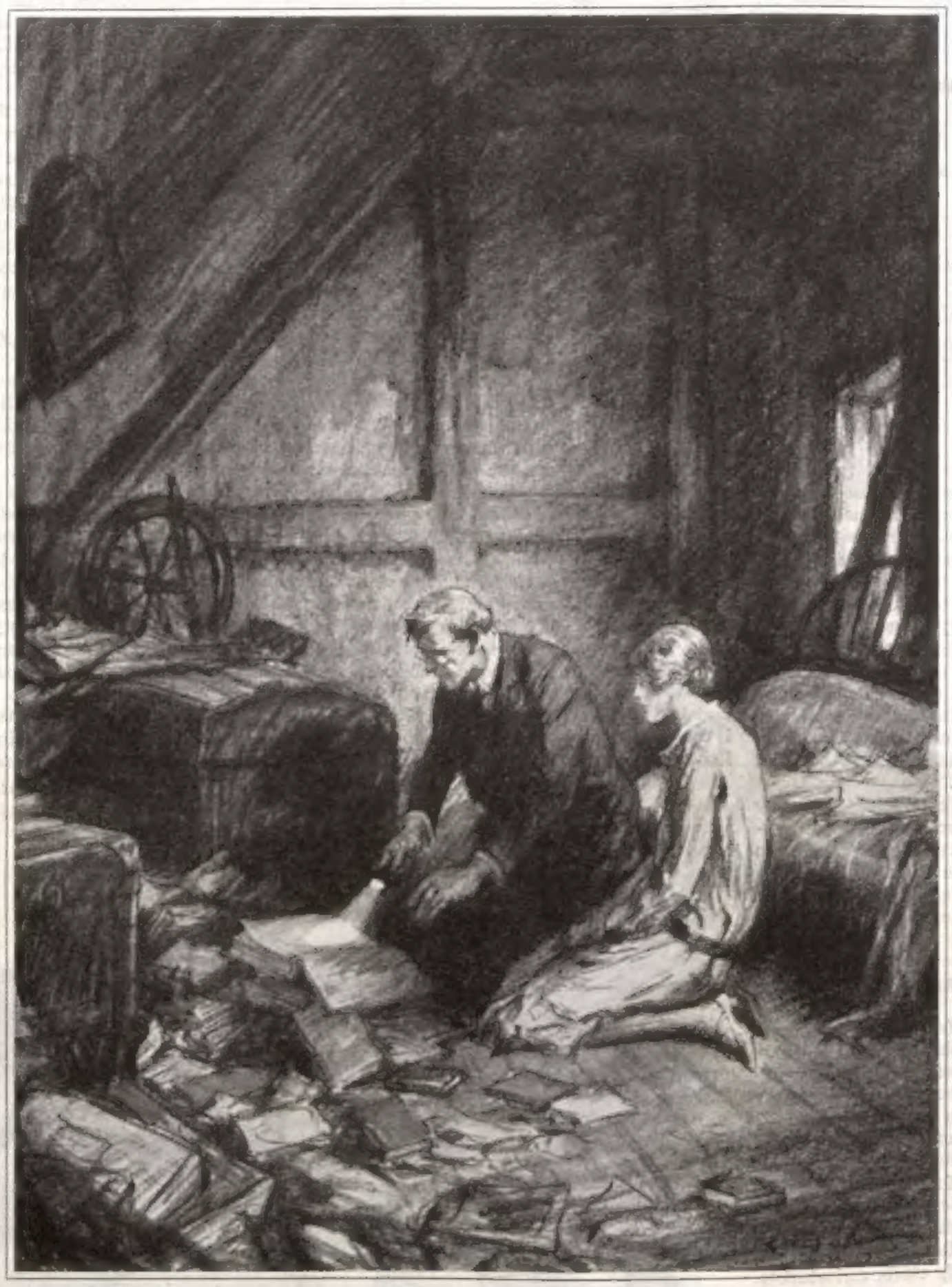
FOR nearly the hundredth time since illness had laid old Alva Seaso low, he picked up his first edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, an early issue with a dropped *I*, not in fine condition. He handled it with that curious skill which betokens a hardened bibliophile. His old gray head, topped by a bald expanse which looked like a lagoon surrounded by its coral atoll, bent cautiously over the pages. The book opened of itself to the passage he desired, and there was no real need to read the passage. He knew it all by heart:

It has been confidently related, with many embellishments, that Johnson one day knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio and put his foot upon his neck. The simple truth I had from Johnson himself. "Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him. But it was not in his shop. It was in my own chamber."

The passage referred to that amazing altercation between the hot-tempered lexicographer and the hapless individual who was his publisher at that period of the doctor's vigorous career. Thomas Osborne, his name was, one recalls—a London bookseller at Gray's Inn; and surely it was most remarkable to reflect that a verbal slap from Pope in his Dunciad and a book hurled at the head by another greater individualist could still keep his memory green. Alva Seaso could picture the doctor's distorted face. He could almost hear the periodic fury of his words, for old Alva's memory was still precise, and long ago books had taken on for Alva a vitality which the world around him lacked.

"By cricky, what a publisher!" Alva Seaso muttered to himself. "Imagine his telling folks about it afterward! Yes, sir, just imagine!"

Yes, it was all just as real as real. Though it had happened, Alva recalled, back in 1742, or thereabouts, time made little difference. In many ways the early eighteenth century was like yesterday, and circumstances made it seem like yesterday that Thomas Osborne had commissioned Samuel Johnson to catalogue the library of the Earl of Oxford. What was it Johnson himself had written?



Before His Eyes, and Perfectly Clear, Were Several Lines of Handwriting That Glittered Like the Tempting Fruit in Eden

Osborne was a man entirely destitute of shame, without sense of any disgrace, except that of poverty.

"He must have been," muttered Alva Seaso. "Imagine tellin' folks about being knocked down with a book! Yes, sir, just imagine!"

And that was not all. There were other passages in other books than Boswell's Life. Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes of Doctor Johnson was beside his morris chair. With a slightly trembling hand, because he was feeling none too spry, Alva picked up the volume.

And how was that affair, in earnest? Do tell me, Mr. Johnson. "There is nothing to tell, dearest lady, but that he was insolent and I beat him, and that he was a blockhead and told of it, which I should never have done; so the blows have been multiplying, and the wonder thickening for all these years, as Thomas was never a favorite with the public. I have beat many a fellow, but the rest had the wit to hold their tongues."

"How was that affair, in earnest? Do tell me, Doctor Johnson."

The words were echoing like the sirens' song in Alva Seaso's head, and the words seemed as wild as the wind, and Doctor Johnson long ago had reached a place where he could tell nothing further.

"It don't seem possible!" muttered Alva Seaso. "No, sir, it don't seem possible—but, by cricky, it might be, just the same!"

That was the way with Alva Seaso. He hardly dared to phrase his thought even to himself. He had to admit its possibility, through days and sleepless nights, when he lay a sick old man in his bedroom up the creaking stairs, and now that he was propped up in his morris chair he had to admit it still. It was possible—it made your breath catch at the thought—but it was barely possible that Alva Seaso, humble book collector though he was, had seen the volume—yes, the very volume—with which Doctor Johnson had laid Thomas Osborne low! It was possible that it had fallen to his lot to achieve something better than any of the rich dilettants whom he hated.

"No, sir," muttered Alva Seaso, "Fishwick didn't see it, and, by cricky, what would Fishwick say?"

Mr. Fishwick was one of those powerful buyers at auctions whom Alva had always hated. And what would Mr. Fishwick have said had he laid his hand upon such a book, half incredulous, half unwitting, and had left it where it lay? It was possible—ah, it was enough to make you squirm—that Alva had touched an association copy so priceless that even the experts at Christie's across the water would hardly dare to set a value on it—a book for which the richest men in Christendom might gladly have sailed half around the world.

Perhaps one would have to be a book collector to know the way he felt, with all that crabbed ingrained love of the printed page and that wild desire for the unattainable, possessed only by collectors and discoverers of new worlds. It was possible, barely possible, that he had seen and touched a book which had fallen into oblivion for over a hundred years, a volume unique among its kind, never to be duplicated, never to be seen again.

"By cricky," muttered Alva Seaso, "it might be! Yes, sir, it might be. It was a Bible, all right—a Septuagint Bible that I saw. And I know Bibles—a sight more about Bibles than any preacher knows. And the back was broken—yes, sir, the back was broken, as sure as the inkwell was that Luther threw!"

Alva would have shrugged his shoulders if it had not been a Bible. For Alva knew the controversies of collectors, and even scholars, over just what book the doctor selected to punctuate that ancient altercation; and though Mrs. Piozzi averred that it was a dictionary which was thrown, the weight of evidence pointed to a Bible, one of those massive Septuagint Bibles more common then than now. There was a fact to bear it out, far stronger than any hypothesis, as Alva Seaso knew. Right at that moment it was lying beside his chair in Volume VIII of Nichols' Literary Anecdotes.

"The identical book"—Alva knew the passage word for word—"with which Johnson knocked down Osborne [Biblia Græca Septuaginta, fol. 1594, Frankfort; the note written by the Reverend Mills] I saw in February, 1812, at Cambridge, in the possession of J. Thorpe, bookseller, whose catalogue, since published, contains particulars authenticating this assertion."

It made Alva Seaso catch his breath to think of it. Clearly the book had existed and then had vanished in that nameless way, undetermined, unremarked, as so many volumes vanished. It was not mentioned in the sale catalogue of Doctor Johnson's library. No auction record ever bore its title. Yet stranger things had happened—many stranger things. The book which Alva Seaso had beheld was a Septuagint Bible, foxed and dog-eared as to pages, sagging from a broken spine, its covers broken and hanging on by thin bands. And there it lay in an attic, hardly a mile away. Alva Seaso could fancy how the light would strike it even then from the skylight of a mansard roof.

"Yes, sir," old Alva Seaso muttered, "I'm pretty old to be fooled, by cricky, but it might have been! Nothing ages a book now like throwing it around. And no rich Smart Aleck was there ahead of me—no, sir."

There had been a ghostly silence, Alva could remember, like the silences in all the attics he had known—a peculiar

silence made, it sometimes seemed to him, by all things broken and disused.

"Yes, you can go anywhere you like," that girl had said when she led him up the stairs, and her voice had sounded very young in that silent place. It had seemed to make the dust mites dance as though to a merry tune. "Of course we wouldn't let a dealer, but we trust you, Mr. Seaso. Doesn't everybody always?"

"That's right," old Alva said; "trust poor old fellers like me, my dear. Never trust these rich collectors there are nowadays, who made their money grinding pennies from the poor"

II

HE HAD seen the house now and then for twenty years, but Alva would never have thought of calling there. Though it was longer—much longer—than he had cared to think since he had begun his lonely hunting in silent places, he had retained an instinctive delicacy. Everybody knew him; an eccentric but harmless old gentleman who used to leave his clerking in a bank downtown to wander after books; a mild-faced, gentle-mannered old party, with that gentle blinking way that nearsighted people have without their glasses, carrying a bag of sugar candy in his pocket, which he always gave to children.

Yes, Alva had seen the house for more than twenty years. It stood back some distance from the street, aloof like an old inhabitant behind its feeble picket fence, with two cast-iron dogs and a deer sitting upon its ragged lawn. He must have passed it a hundred times before he had stopped there one afternoon some three weeks back. Old Alva's head was aching that afternoon with a dull, throbbing pain. Every jolt of the rusty old automobile which he drove through the country was like a blow on the back of his neck, and everything had seemed a little queer. It was queer, though the day was warm, that he kept shivering beneath his rusty black suit.

"I'm not feeling so sprightly," old Alva muttered to himself; "no, sir, not so spry."

The door of that house had opened—the first time he had ever seen it open—and he saw that a girl was running down the walk between those two iron dogs—yes, running. He did not connect her action with himself until she ran right into the road in front of him and held up her hand for him to stop—a dark-eyed girl with wavy hair which was not cut short as most girls cut it. She had on one of those flimsy dresses—house dresses, as his daughter Tessie called them—but somehow it became her better than any dress ever became Tessie's stocky figure. She—old Alva hated to admit it—looked more like a lady—like one of those ladies in a fine old steel engraving.

"Mr. Seaso," she called—"please, Mr. Seaso, won't you stop?"

And her voice was what he noticed most, although his head was aching, because it had none of the hard qualities of his daughter Tessie's voice. It was soft and very soothing, and very, very young. It reminded old Alva of when he was young himself and of when the trees were soft in the summer dusk.

"I want to know," said Alva Seaso. "How did you know my name?"

He climbed slowly out of his car to the sidewalk and stood blinking at the sun, lean and slightly stooping.

"Oh, come now," she said, and laughed, "don't all the children know you?"

"I'm getting old," said Alva Seaso in his mild cracked voice, "and my eyesight isn't good—without glasses, that is—but I'd hardly call you a child—no, sir."

"But I used to be," she said, and laughed again. "I suppose I've changed, but you haven't changed a bit—or your old rusty suit or your floppy hat."

"My daughter—that is, Tessie," said Alva Seaso vaguely, "does keep finding fault with it, but I tell her it's as good as new—yes, sir."

And her answer was a pleasant answer, gay but without pertness: "You wouldn't be the same without it. My name is Lucy Grill. You used to give me sugar candy when I went to school."

Of course he did not know the name. Faces of children had always been as vague as flowers to him—as vague and bright.

"Did I?" said Alva Seaso. "My goodness me! Will you have some now, my dear? I keep a little in my pocket."

"Of course I will," said Lucy Grill. "Mr. Seaso, do you still buy books?"

"Yes," said Alva Seaso, and he knew that the throbbing in his head was making him say a deal too much. "Yes, I still keep buying 'em, my dear, though Tessie—that's my daughter, you understand—though Tessie carries on about it and tries to make me stop. Tessie's always talking money—that is, she's got it on her mind a deal more than she ought—but I'm still buying books. They can't stop me yet, my dear."

"And you know a lot about them, don't you?"

"It's a comical thing," said Alva Seaso. "You'll find the older you get the less there is you know. But maybe I've got a bit of collecting sense, and that's more than names yes, sir, a sight more than names and facts."

Her dark eyes were on him and she seemed to understand. Yes, she seemed to know there was a dignity in his calling which did not meet the eye.

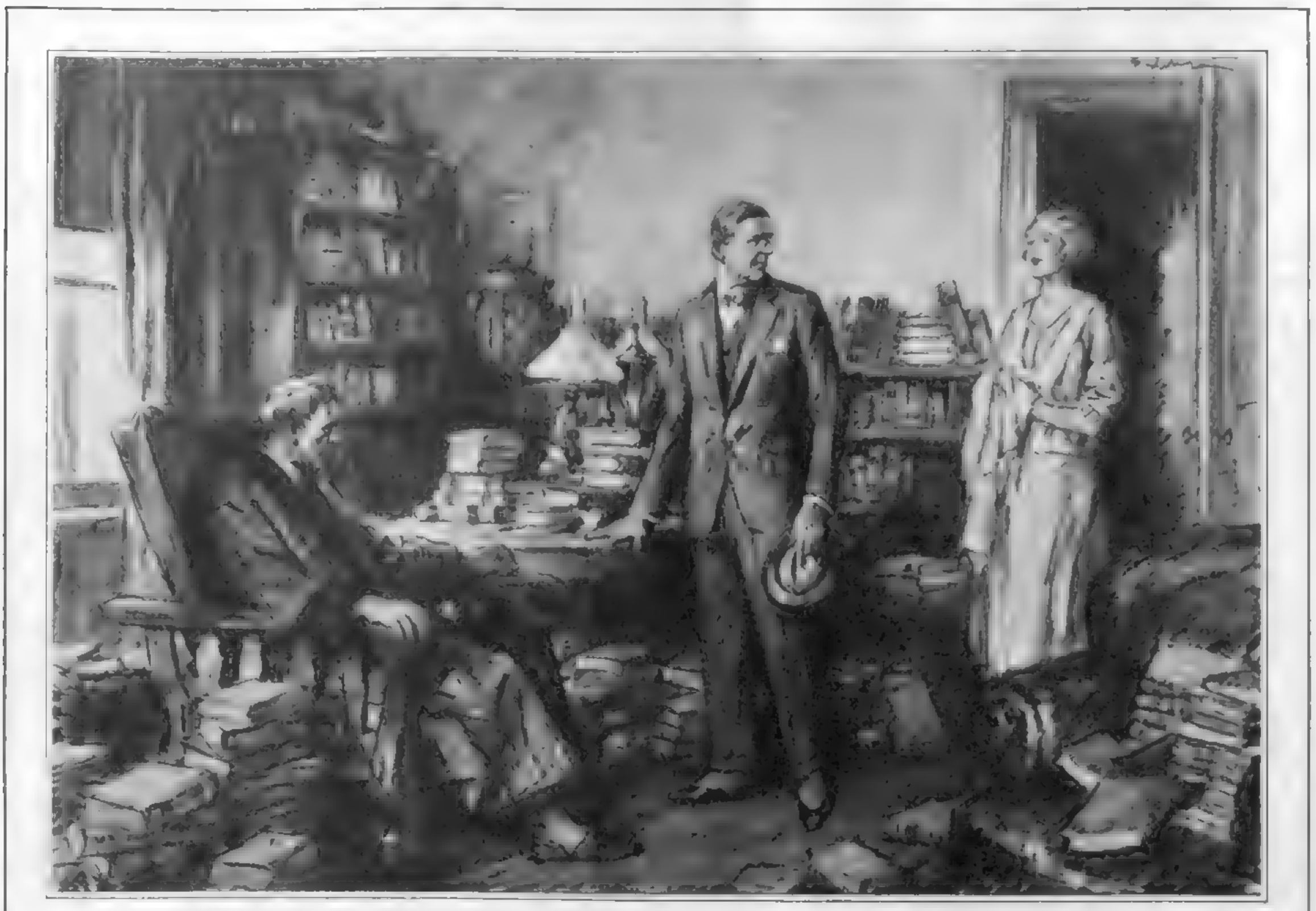
"We have some books, you see," she was saying—"a lot of old books that we want to sell. We—well, we have to sell them, and I thought of you. Can you come in and look?"

"My dear," said Alva Seaso, "I never refuse, but probably I won't buy a single one. I'm not a dealer. I'm a poor man, but I'm a collector just the same and a sight better to deal with than a lot of rich ones. Now there's a party named Fishwick in this town —— Look out for Fishwick always, that's my motto."

"That's just it." She was leading him toward that dingy, sad old house. "That's what I was telling mother. You can tell us what they're worth, and tell us fairly. And we've had the most dreadful time, because there've been other things we've sold. I know we've been cheated by dealers. I just know it."

"Not a chance in the world you haven't," old Alva said. "Every dealer trades on ignorance, my dear. They buy

(Continued on Page 83)



Just Then Tessie Came to the Door, Wiping Her Hands on a Dishcloth. "What is it?" Said Alva. "Can't You Leave Me be? I'm Busy Talking"

ACHILLES' UNLIT LAMP

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

"Now in This First One About the Duchess," He Began, One Extended Finger Supplying Emphasis, "You've Got to Get a Picture of the Kind of a Man the Speaker Is"

GILBERT DUNCAN, standing in November sunlight with a group of brother sophomores, glanced toward his dormitory and was filled with quick dismay. He achieved, however, an air of welcome as he left the group and hurried forward.

"Hello, father," he said breezily. "When did you get in?"

"Hello, Gilbert," the elder Duncan replied, and inspected him shrewdly while the two shook hands.

They walked slowly toward his entry and the younger Duncan, assigning only a minor attention to the conversation, struggled with a problem of major importance: How could he avoid being alone with his father? The dormitory room seemed to be the only logical destination; so, with the emotions of a condemned man under escort of the warden, he went along a corridor of gray-plastered walls and pushed open a familiar, dark door. On the threshold he learned that he had been granted a reprieve; never had he been so pleased by the presence of a friend.

"Father," he announced cordially, "this is Maury Evander. He's on the crew—the only sophomore on the first varsity boat."

The tall oarsman stuck out a hand so precipitately that a big, bony wrist emerged from his sleeve.

"I'm very glad to know you, Mr. Evander," the elder Duncan said and moved toward a blue plush chair. "How does the crew look this year?"

"Well," Evander replied, shifting his weight to his left foot, "yesterday the coach said we looked like a crew, but that's as far as it goes."

"If you finish in front of Yale," said Mr. Duncan, settling into the chair, "I suppose we won't hold your looks against you."

"They've got to beat more than Yale this year, father!"

Ordinarily Gilbert Duncan took little interest in the university crew, but because Maury Evander showed signs of an imminent departure, he strongly desired this conversation to continue.

"You see, father," he explained fluently, "this is the year of the Olympic games. They're going to pick out the best crew in this country and send it over to Amsterdam to represent the United States, all expenses paid."

"I see."

"Of course," the son continued, his eyes flitting anxiously toward Evander, "nearly every college crew in the country is crazy to make the trip. The final tryouts are a long way off yet, aren't they, Maury?"

"In July, down at Philadelphia," Evander replied and bowed ungracefully to the elder Duncan. "I'm very glad I met you, sir, and I hope to see you again."

"Stick around, Maury, stick around," said the younger Duncan heartily. But Evander could not be persuaded and Duncan, as though for form's sake, accompanied him out to the head of the twisting stairway. Here, when the oarsman disappeared below, Duncan's casual air also vanished. He ran on tiptoe to a door near the end of the corridor. Without knocking he pushed it open and found Walt Hetherington sharpening a pencil.

"Say, Walt," began Duncan, "come on down to the room and meet the old man."

"You bet," Hetherington agreed, dusting off his fingers. "I can't stay very long, though, I'm afraid."

While they walked along the corridor Hetherington explained that he had received quite a scare that morning from his faculty adviser. The annual election of sophomores to upper classman clubs would take place in March, and Hetherington's adviser had pointed out that his present scholastic standing was below that which the faculty required all sophomores to attain before they could be eligible for the social boon of club membership.

"You're not going to pay any attention to that, are you?" asked Duncan cheerfully.

"I've got to, Dunk," said Hetherington. "I don't want to be left out in the cold when all the rest of you fellows make a club."

"Midyears are still a long way off, and you only need a fourth general group to be eligible."

"I can't take any chances," announced Hetherington seriously. "I'm going to spend the afternoon in the library and catch up with my outside reading."

Gilbert Duncan cheerfully abandoned the argument. Hetherington's chief function at present was to act as a buffer between the two Duncans, and this he did admirably while the three, after some adroit manipulation on Gilbert's part, strolled along the cool sunny main street of the town. Presently, however, Hetherington declared that he must retire to the library. For the second time within the hour Duncan labored with small talk to keep a sustaining friend at his side; but Hetherington politely persisted and Duncan, watching the short dapper figure withdraw, suffered the emotions of General Gordon at Khartum.

"Let's stroll up to the Nass," he suggested casually, hoping there to enlist reënforcements.

"No," said his father, "I want to talk to you alone."

A hostile silence hung about them as they turned in at a high narrow gate and started along a cement walk that cut across the campus.

"Gilbert," the expected lecture began, "what's been your trouble with that English course?"

"I just got a bad break, that's all," said the son readily.

"In what way?"

"Well, they gave us a test last week that was about the toughest one ever given in that course."

"So the test was what pulled you down, eh?"

"It was a beaut," said Gilbert Duncan evasively. "Lots of the fellows did worse than I did."

The elder Duncan was silent so long that the son turned, and encountered a fixed look of strong disfavor.

"I've been talking with your faculty adviser," announced Mr. Duncan coldly, "and he tells me that your mark in the test itself was well above passing."

The son, realizing now that the father knew the worst, said nothing.

"You see," exclaimed Mr. Duncan angrily, "up to your old tricks again—the very thing I've warned you against from the start! You loafed through the course and then crammed at the last minute to get through the test. You passed the test itself, but your term grade was so miserably low that you're now in danger of flunking the course at midyears."

"I won't flunk it," said Gilbert Duncan. "By midyears I can easily pull my mark up."

"You could," answered his sire with emphasis, "if you'd do your work every day the way you should."

While they skirted a silent baseball field the father denounced the evil of procrastination, the habit of shirking each day's assignment. The sensible method, he argued, was always to study every lesson as it came up, and thus be well prepared for the examination.

"When you get right down to it," said Gilbert, "I don't see anything wrong with cramming."

"Isn't it better to digest the lesson each day?"

"Yes, for fellows who have to, but I've got the kind of a mind that soaks up a lot of stuff in a hurry."

"Oh, you have?" inquired Mr. Duncan. "I didn't realize that you were so peculiarly gifted."

"What about my record?" demanded the younger Duncan, stung by the tone. "I've never flunked a course yet."

"And you never got a first group in a course either"

"Maybe not, but I got through freshman year, didn't I—both midyears and finals? I use my own system. I buckle down the last few days and soak up the whole

course. In that way I can always carry it in my head long enough to knock the exam for a loop."

Instead of silencing Mr. Duncan, this reasoning provoked increased disapproval.

"That's just about the size of it," he said emphatically. "There you've summed up your whole attitude toward your work, and you don't even see anything wrong in it. Heaven knows it's bad enough to fail, but it's worse not to make a good effort. You actually brag about neglecting your daily work, and all you hope for, at best, is to remember a minimum number of facts long enough to scribble them down on the examination paper, and then forget them forever!"

With his right hand, the fingers stiffly spread, he made a vigorous gesture which Gilbert Duncan had seen before.

"You haven't been pulling the wool over my eyes," he continued. "At first, in your freshman midyears, you did fairly well—fairly. Your marks dropped a little in the freshman finals. And now, from the looks of things, you're well on the way to flunking at least this one English course at midyears."

"No, I'm not," said the younger Duncan, mildly stubborn. "I'll pass every ——"

"Pass!" Mr. Duncan snapped. "You'd be perfectly satisfied if you could be sure of simply passing everything! Instead of keeping your eye on first groups, you've kept it on the lowest possible grade that would enable you to pass. Pass! How I hate the word! Do you suppose a fellow ever got anywhere in the world who had that outlook? Doesn't it ever occur to you to aspire to ——"

He paused because a member of the cross-country squad was coming toward them. His thin limbs, clad in what resembled full-length woolen underwear, wabbled like agitated bamboo poles, alternately wrinkling and billowing the loose black trunks that clung to his middle. He took his training seriously and his preoccupied eyes, behind brown-rimmed spectacles, focused upon a spot always a little in advance of the plodding tennis shoes.

"What good did it do, after all," Mr. Duncan resumed, "to give you an extra year of preparation? Repeating that last year of school should have been a big advantage to you here. You argued that it would make a lot of friends for you in the freshman class. All right, I had no objection to that. But my real reason for letting you have a year at the academy was the question of your scholastic preparation. Going over the ground in that way gave you a head start that very few boys ever have. And what good has it done you?" he repeated disgustedly. "Instead of grabbing the golden opportunity, you threw away the lead you might have kept throughout your four years of college. In other words, you've been coasting along here on the extra momentum you acquired by an unusually fine preparation. Now that momentum is dying down and your marks are dropping correspondingly."

Young Duncan decided to endure in silence, to try to get some money from his father before he left, and afterward to settle back into his own comfortable attitude toward the curriculum.

"I don't suppose you realize it," Mr. Duncan went on tirelessly, "but the chief reason you stand fairly well in chemistry and mathematics is because you're compelled, in those courses, to hand in written work in each class. There you haven't as much chance to procrastinate—you learn something in spite of yourself. But in your English course, where the choice is up to you, you've been simply letting everything slide, with the intention of making a wild scramble just before the examination."

Gilbert Duncan persisted in his silence until, on their way back toward the campus, they were passing a lawn dotted with many evergreen bushes. Up through the center of the lawn ran a brick walk which Duncan had trod a score of times that autumn. The path led to a white house with green shutters and a small porch. On the porch stood a girl. She wore a yellow artist's smock spattered with dark paint and was receiving a package from a mailman garbed in gray. As she turned she glanced toward the two Duncans. Without smiling, she waved casually, the afternoon sun making golden iridescent flashes on her bobbed hair as she vanished into the dark aperture framed by the white doorway.

"Who's that?" inquired the elder Duncan when his son returned the wave.

"Janet Wellington."

"Know her, do you?"

"Oh, I drop in to see her now and then," said Gilbert with something like condescension. "She's taking art lessons down in Philadelphia a couple of times a week. Her old man's a professor in the English department."

"Don't refer to anybody's father as 'old man,'" said Mr. Duncan testily. "I suppose you call me that behind my back?"

Young Duncan evaded the inquiry, and as they again entered the campus his mind dealt with the pending financial request. The correct sum to ask for, he decided, was ten dollars.

"What time is your class?" inquired Mr. Duncan as they drew near the dormitory.

"It's at 2:30, father."

"What class is it?"

"It's a precept in Browning's poetry."

"Browning, eh?" Mr. Duncan smiled in a reminiscent manner. "Have you come to his elopement yet?"

"His what, father?"

"Didn't you know that he eloped?"

"Oh, eloped—yes, of course, eloped."

"You know who his wife was, don't you?"

"To tell the truth, father, I guess we haven't come to that part yet."

"When he was about thirty-five," explained Mr. Duncan, "he ran away with a girl of forty summers. Her name was Elizabeth Barrett; she was a poet, too, as you probably know."

"I've heard the name," said Gilbert quickly.

"I'm sure you have," agreed the father. "Well, there were people who didn't understand her poetry, and of course that was even more true of Browning's work. So when they told William Wordsworth about the elopement—he was another English poet—Wordsworth said: 'I hope they'll understand each other. Nobody else does.'"

The jest, to Gilbert Duncan, seemed hollow, but he managed to chuckle dutifully. They paused at the corner of the dormitory and the father drew out his watch.

"You have just time to get to your class."

Mr. Duncan hesitated and one curved thumb absently polished the watch crystal while he stared off into the

(Continued on Page 66)

Through the Center of the Lawn Ran a Brick Walk Which Duncan Had Trod a Score of Times That Autumn. It Led to a White House With a Small Porch. On the Porch Stood a Girl

HIGH WATER

By A. W. SOMERVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Jim Was Watching the Makeshift Raft With its Burden of Refugees Breast the Dirty Water. Carter Was Swimming Near It, Losing Distance Apparently. No, He Decided, Carter Had Hold of the Back End of the Raft

TWO long-limbed, slovenly-clothed, dirty-faced and unshaven telegraph men waded through a foot or more of water to the business car. They halted below the observation platform, in the drizzle and mud and water, and held a consultation.

"You got the most education," said the chief; "I'll let you tell him."

"He might not believe me," demurred his assistant, "and I wouldn't think of assuming so much authority, besides. You tell him and I'll stand right behind you, near the door."

"When I start to leave," warned the chief, "don't get in my way. I might wanta hurry." They entered the business car. A negro porter appeared. "Where's the Old Man?" demanded the chief.

"Mistah Childress jes' now wen' to bed," objected the porter. "He done been up all night, las' three nights. You gen'mun bes' wait till he get up."

"You go tell him," said the chief telegraph man heartlessly, "that the wires are down between Adelaide and Cloudy Bend, and that we wanta know what he wants to do about it."

"Ah don' think it am advisable," objected the negro politely. "Yuh see, Mistah Childress he done tol' me profoun'ly not tuh wake him up 'foh suppah lessen it am a emergency."

"This," mimicked the chief, "am a emergency, see? Go get him up. And where," continued the chief, "do you keep the hot coffee, Dudley?"

"Yes-suh," said Dudley, "got plenty hot coffee. Right this way, suh."

He showed the way respectfully. The two telegraph men were served two steaming cups of black coffee and two thick sandwiches. They ate with big bites and drank in noisy gulps.

"Go wake Mr. Childress," ordered the chief.

"Ef yuh insists," said the porter, "Ah'll go get him up. Ah'll say Mistah Allbright he says de wires is down 'tween Adelaide an' Cloudy Bend, an' what mus' he do—am that right?"

"That am right," assented Allbright. "Hurry up!"

Dudley departed on his mission. A moment later a growl was heard from one of the staterooms, followed shortly by a bellow. Dudley emerged with a wrinkled forehead and a meek but injured look in his eyes.

"De boss am sure mad," he confided. "He say somethin' about puttin' wires up. Heah he come!" Dudley disappeared toward the kitchen.

Mr. Childress stalked up. He ignored the telegraph men. "Dudley!" he bawled. He waited one-tenth of a half second. "Dudley!" he bawled again. He waited one-twentieth of a half second. "Where is that black scoundrel?" he demanded of no one in particular.

Dudley stuck his head unobtrusively around a corner.

"So there you are!" bawled the Old Man. "Do I have to wait all day for a cup of coffee? Everybody else around here gets coffee. Don't I get any? You got any more coffee?"

"Yes-suh," declared Dudley seriously.

"Well, don't stand there all day and talk about it!" shouted Childress. "Get me some!" Childress turned to Allbright. "What's the matter with your lousy wire?" he demanded.

"It's down," said Allbright briefly, "between Adelaide and Cloudy Bend."

"Put it up," said Childress ungraciously. Allbright grinned. "What're you laughin' at?" demanded the Old Man.

Allbright became serious. "The poles are twenty to twenty-five feet from the dump, some of 'em further," he answered. "We'll never get some of 'em up till the water goes down."

Dudley arrived with the coffee. Childress seized the cup, took a hefty swig, nearly burned the lining out of his throat. He glared at the retreating Dudley, took another swig.

"Why come an' tell me about it?" he snarled at the electrical men. "Go put something up—get us through somehow—that's what you're here for."

"We haven't any wire," replied the ill-smelling Allbright. He didn't smell any worse than the weary-eyed Childress; the business car *in toto* smelled like a wet pigsty. Business cars smell that way when the worn-out occupants flop down for a thirty-minute nap in soggy clothes covered to the belt line with mud and slime, when refugees from the high waters are given coffee, food and shelter until they can be got to safety.

"Haven't any wire?" demanded Childress crossly.

"No, sir," responded Allbright. "Used up the last we had today at noon running a line over to the telephone company to keep the line open through Ravenhead."

"How much wire you gotta have?"

"They're salvagin' what they can," answered Allbright, "but it's slow work. We lost sixteen thousand feet."

"What?" shouted Childress.

"Sixteen thousand feet," said the man gloomily. "Half of it's under water."

Childress drummed on the table before him. He sat down, shoved the coffee cup out of the way. He scratched several places that itched. Suddenly he raised his head sharply.

"Didn't we send about forty rolls down here for replacement on the branch?" he demanded suddenly. Allbright nodded. "Well, where is it?" came the aggressive demand.

Allbright said something about forty feet of water. A short fat man had entered and stood gulping down a sandwich as though he never expected to see food again. He was T. P. Patchbolt, division master mechanic. His bright blue eyes took in everything.

"Damn the water!" shouted Childress. "Here we got a million miles of drawn copper an' you holler for wire! You'd think it was ten feet of baling wire. Are ye afraid to get wet?"

"Listen, boss ——" began the electrician.

"Listen, hell!" stormed the official. "Go get me that wire!"

"Listen, boss ——" began the man again desperately.

"I'll listen to nothing!" answered the weary-eyed official. "You get that wire an' I'll listen to you. Understand? G'wan!"

The two telegraph men slouched out. Patchbolt started to follow them.

"Wait a minute, T. P.," said Childress. "I wanta talk to you."

The fat man waved his hand. "I'll be back in two shakes," he declared. He joined the two men out in the drizzle. "The boss sounded like he was mad," he observed. The two men snorted. "Would you like to get the wire now," said T. P., "or would you sooner wait till it stops raining?"

"A government dredge couldn't get that wire out," said the younger of the telegraph men, named Carter. "The storeroom's forty feet under water, an' the storeroom's got a roof on it. A submarine might help."

"What's the idea in standin' out here in the rain?" demanded Allbright. "Let's get under cover."

"I know where there's some wire," said T. P. calmly.

"Lay off the humor," suggested Allbright.

"No foolin'," said T. P.

"Where?" demanded Allbright.

T. P. told them—down the branch on the cotton platform at Tudow—about Mile Post 4.

"You sure?"

"Positive," declared T. P. "Eight new rolls of wire. I was there when they stashed it."

"Let's get a boat," said Allbright.

"I gotta go back an' talk to the Old Man," said T. P. "You let me know how you come out."

"Sure will," declared Allbright. "Much obliged too."

"Oh, don't mention it," said T. P. with a lordly gesture.

Allbright and Carter crossed the bridge, walked down the levee, came to the temporary wharf. There were two soldiers sitting in the comparative dryness of a rude shanty. Before the two soldiers were boats of all sizes and descriptions.

"Howdy," said Allbright.

"H'lo," said one of the soldiers suspiciously.

"We wanta get a motorboat," said Allbright. "We're railroad men. We gotta go down the Cadjin Branch an' get some material."

"Do tell," said the soldier.

"No funny stuff," answered the tired railroader. "We gotta have a boat. If you can't let us have a motorboat, let us have anything—anything that'll float."

"Well, well," said the soldier, "did you hear him, Jake?" He spoke to the second soldier. "I do believe it's Mr. Hoover. And he wants a boat. I'm so sorry, Mr. Hoover, but the yacht just now broke a G string, an' Mr. Coolidge warned all of us personally not to let you take no chances. An important fellah like you oughtn't to take no chances. I'm so sorry, Herbert, but Mr. Coolidge would fire all of us if we let you take the yacht out when it's rainin' an' with a G string broke."

"Listen," said Allbright, "I wanta boat, see? I don't wanta argue about it—what I want is a boat."

"Herbert," chided the soldier, "you shouldn't be so venturesome"

"Maybe you don't understand," spoke up Carter. "We've got to get some wire up the branch, and the only way we can get up there is in a boat. We want that wire for our main line—we've got to have it."

"This must be Herbert's secretary," observed the second soldier.

"We gotta have a boat," said Allbright desperately. "You half-wits think this is a swell joke. Well, it ain't no joke. We gotta have a boat."

"Why, Herbert," soothed the first soldier, "how you do talk! Tut-tut!"

"Don't Herbert me!" exploded Allbright. "I want a boat, see?"

"On your way, bums," said the first soldier aggressively. "You nor nobody else gets a boat to go joy-ridin' in. Not with the levee about ready to come down around our ears."

The two boat seekers finally retreated to the bridgehead and sat down. Allbright asked Carter if he had ever known a soldier who had any brains. Carter said he didn't care to know any well enough to find out.

T. P. came clumping down the track from the direction of the station. They hailed him.

"I was lookin' for you," he said. "Get a boat?" They told him about the half-witted soldiers. "Yeah," said T. P. "Weather Bureau says she'll hit the top at six tonight. They commandeered everything, I guess. They wouldn't let Pershing have a canoe if he was here."

What could they do, demanded Allbright. T. P. fished a moldy cigar from his shapeless coat.

"Anybody got a dry match?" he asked. Allbright produced one from an old shotgun shell. "This cigar," said T. P., after much puffing and blowing, "don't seem to taste right."

Carter suggested that he squeeze the water out of it.

"This is one hell of a life," said T. P. moodily, looking glumly at the sad cigar.

"How we gonna get that wire?" demanded Allbright.

"I was just gonna suggest," said T. P., "that you boys come with me down the branch. I'm gonna take the 235 down there's soon as she's hot."

Allbright and Carter gave him incredulous stares. "Say that again," said Carter.

"I'm gonna take the 235 down the branch," said T. P., "an' I'll take you two wire experts along with me if you wanta go—in about twenty minutes."

Allbright and Carter looked at each other. "I think he's crazy," said Allbright.

"The strain's been too much for him," declared Carter.

"You're like a pair of old women," said T. P. "Now I'm goin' down the branch, an' what's more, I'm takin' a engine down there with me, an' I'm gonna bring out six box cars if I can, an' I don't know how many refugees on them box cars. While I was talkin' to the boss they phoned down from False River that a arryplane had seen 'em. So the boss says, 'T. P., we gotta get them people out.' An' I says, 'Boss, we sure gotta do that. But how we gonna do it?' I says. Then he says he wishes I wouldn't ask so many

(Continued on Page 90)

"I'm Gonna Walk Down the Dump," Declared Jim Excitedly, Jumping Off the Flat Car Into the Slop and the Wet. Carter Followed

SWORDS AND ROSES

The Pillar of Words—By Joseph Hergesheimer

THE South, like an older people, at a momentous time in its existence was led by a transcendent pillar. It was not, however, a pillar of smoke and of fire, but of words; and it did not serve as a guide to salvation. Quite the reverse. It is not probable that Mr. William Lowndes Yancey, by the sheer power of his speech, brought about the Civil War; but for a long while, and with singular persistence, with an unassailable courage of conviction, he talked to that end. Mr. Yancey was part of the great traditional Southern oratory that—in its day held to be the deathless voice of genius—quickly sank to a complete silence. It was, however, the characteristic, perhaps the only native, art of its section. The most dignified profession in the deep South before Secession was statesmanship—not politics, but statesmanship—and it was almost wholly founded on the power of oratory, the music and magic of a voice.

Antebellum

That was in a period and land when there was very little public and organized pleasure. The theater, outside New Orleans and Richmond and Charleston, practically had no existence; there was, broadly speaking, no music; except for casual horse racing, there were no games or general spectacles. The people, with a universal need for the contacts and emotions of humanity, had little opportunity to meet in satisfactory numbers. They made, therefore, a pleasure out of their necessities, and went in masses to the county court days, to agricultural fairs and barbecues, and to great camp meetings. At such times and occasions their hunger for variety and excitement was stilled. Except then their lives were serious, often somber—isolated on lonely self-existing plantations and in small communities hardly more elaborate than the original log forts and primitive stations.

There was almost no communication between house and house or way from place to place; the main roads, few in number, were impassable with freshets in the spring and with mud in winter; at all times they were difficult with stumps and deep ruts and bottomless quagmires; and aside from them, there were only dusty local reaches, traces over the mountains and insecure ways through the swamps. There were hardly any vehicles of transportation. Everyone rode horses who could; only the widely scattered rich owned carriages. The rich, at the beginning of summer, drove to the watering places or the cities, where they spent the hottest and most malarial months; in the fall they drove home again; and that, with local visits, long precarious voyages to Europe, was the extent of their travel. The poor, except to migrate west or southwest to new lands and hope, didn't travel at all. They couldn't.

In addition to that, everyone with the exception of the great planters lived at the expense of an endless toil. Men and women got up before daybreak and worked, in the fields or house, until dark. They saw no one but the people working with them; they heard only the sounds, the voices, of utility and Nature; they saw nothing but a circle of woods, the dark face of a river, rude walls. There were no books, no toys for children—the children knew tasks rather than play—even the churches were commonly without instruments of music. An elder led the singing with a tuning fork. There was literally no individual means of entertainment.

There were no means at all outside the court days, the barbecues and camp meetings for the generality of men; and so men brought to them a passionate interest, a long-accumulated intense excitement, that burned in dangerous personal and evangelical fires. Politics, in that existence, was bitterly absorbing. It was an outlet for a great many diverse emotions and needs. In addition it was, by the strictest necessity, purely individual, an affair of immediate human contacts. Of sight and the voice. It was always local. There was then, in the deep South, practically no national consciousness because there was almost no national intelligence; the states, the different sections of the country, like the individuals in Alabama or Mississippi, were very far apart. They were distant in the impassability of the sheer miles and in the spirit bred by localities. A region isolated from the rest of America grew indifferent to all that happened, that existed, outside its own vicinity and knowledge. It was hardly conscious of what occurred beyond the range of its long smooth-bore rifles.

Mr. William Lowndes Yancey

The rich, different from the poor, still suffered from the common situation—after the interests of the planter, cotton, there was practically nothing, except politics, to occupy men of position and intelligence and ambition. Politics and the law. One, the law, almost always led to politics—rather, it was a marriage that gave birth to statesmen. A gentleman who was not by temperament a planter studied law in the North or in the South; he returned to his home, to his local courts; and there, with the community gathered about him, he argued his cases in the impassioned manner of the day. In other words, he perfected himself in oratory. A more general occasion, a political issue, would rise and he'd try his power of speech, his command of classic allusion and invective, upon that. If it were successful, his career as an orator, a statesman, had begun. He spoke, on such occasions, at the agricultural fairs, at secular intervals during the camp meetings, from courthouse steps and on the balconies of hotels. When he had acquired a reputation, when he had represented his locality at the state capital, or his state at Washington, immense crowds gathered to hear him. He lent his dignity, the power of his words, to the more inelegant barbecues. Literally thousands of people gathered for them; they commonly lasted for a week; for a week oratory filled the air with its grandiloquent images.

The orators were at once a source of emotion and the main education of the deep South. They had an incalculable power. The people as a whole were unlettered and violently impressionable; they had a very few generally shared simple conceptions; their minds were not troubled by new, by foreign, ideas. They were, as a people, hostile to outside influences and facts. When the musical and adroit voices ceased, and they went back to the isolation of canebrakes, to the loneliness of a primitive soil, their minds for months were charmed and elated by ringing phrases charged with assurances of their own importance and the irresistible power of all they held to be dear.

This, then, was the state of existence that gave oratory its overwhelming but temporary influence. It was that existence which, at its best, brought statesmen—statesmen and not politicians—into being. The South declared that the luster, the marvel, of oratory was imperishable; and at that moment, in a final ironic pillar of words, it was coming to an end. Mr. Yancey was the last to practice it in all its pride and sound and circumstance. Cannon stopped it forever—the cannon to which he, as much as any individual, laid the match blasted his round full periods, his high appeals, into nothingness. It could not have been more appropriately arranged—Mr. Yancey, with the traditional art of his section, of his time, had a part in the futile glory that brought his world to an end. He was forgotten later—his importance faded before the Confederacy was realized; he was ignored, discarded, at the first sounds of the war he had given all his power to bring about. In an instant all that he represented, that he strove to maintain, was destroyed. The mouth of oratory was stopped with earth.

The politics, the political parties and principles, that William Lowndes Yancey knew were at once hopelessly involved and appallingly simple. They were simple in the overwhelming importance of the supreme issue of his time. The dangers, the disruption, of slavery had a faint but perceptible beginning in the presidency of John Quincy Adams in 1825; then the Democratic Party was first divided in its attitude toward the Constitution. Adams was liberal in its construction; he supported a Federal, or central power; and a reaction against that and him elected Andrew Jackson. President Jackson was a strict constructionist, and jealously protected the rights of the people, the individual states, against Federal aggression. At that time, however, both parties, the Federal and Democrat, were called Republican: Adams had led the Administration Republicans and Jackson the Opposition Republicans.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A Planter's House and Sugar Plantation on the Mississippi River, 1853

The Adams party then became the National Party, and the Jacksonian principles were termed Democratic. The National Party, of course—the Republican of today—was at the same time Whig.

In 1830 Andrew Jackson broke off all relationship with John C. Calhoun. Calhoun set about consolidating a purely Southern interest, and, as a result, his faction took no part in the Democratic Convention of 1836. The Democrats succeeded in electing Martin Van Buren, but their margin of victory was very slight, and the next President was William Henry Harrison, a Whig. That was the Hard-Cider Campaign when the Democrats generally were called locofocos.

Southern leaders, then, loosely constructed the Constitution in their desire to add new slave states to the Union—they supported a Federal power to annex Texas. When that was accomplished, and there was a question of limiting slavery in new territories, the South completely reversed its position, it returned to the tightest construction of the rights of states it was possible to conceive.

President Harrison died almost at once after his election; Tyler became President; and, Southern in interest, he brought Calhoun back to Washington. He made him Secretary of State. It was John C. Calhoun who forced the annexation of Texas; and that act irrevocably split in two the Democratic Party. The Democrats in the North became Whig in spirit; the Whigs in the South had to shift their allegiance to the Democrats. In other words, a Northern and a Southern party were formed. The old lines were lost in that one overwhelming division of interest.

There was not, however, an entire harmony in the South the Whig tradition, the tradition of General Washington, was still strong Maryland and North Carolina, Florida and Georgia and Louisiana, had large Whig majorities; they became Democratic only under the pressure of a last necessity There was a very great opposition to Secession throughout the South. There were, in reality, in the deep South, three parties—the Whigs, the Democrats and Extreme State Rights men. The planters were Whig, the people as a whole Democratic, the State Rights party was the creation of a new and fast-growing sectional consciousness. South Carolina, dominated by Mr. Calhoun, was a sole exception—it was the only state in which all classes were committed to individual liberty. This, in the South, was a period of social and economic restlessness; there were continuous migrations of its people. Senator Clay alluded bitterly to the abandoned lands in the fertile valley of the Tennessee. In actuality cotton, a crop that quickly exhausted the soil, was forcing a general movement westward. Bank systems were failing, and the political situation became so unsettled that later, in Alabama alone, there were, in place of three parties, at least eight: Whig and Democrat, Bank men and Anti-Bank men, Unionists and Southern Rights Democrats, Know-Nothings and Anti-Know-Nothings. Mr. Yancey, for example, began his political career as the editor of a union newspaper. He was an anti-nullification orator; he married a girl in South Carolina; she was rich and he became a slave owner; within a year he removed with his slaves to Alabama and all traces of his former sentiments vanished. In 1840 he supported the Democratic Party; the Hard-Cider year saw him a complete advocate of state rights. His success was instant.

At twenty-seven he was in the lower House of the legislature of his state, at twenty-nine he was a state senator, at thirty a by-election sent him to the national Congress. His reputation as an orator was already so great that he was chosen to speak for his party upon the momentous question of annexing Texas. He replied to the attack of Clingman, who represented North Carolina; and his allusions were so acute, so personal in the best style of the day that Clingman demanded an explanation He asked for the satisfaction usual among gentlemen. Mr. Yancey, who had already been one of the principals in a fatal affair, instantly agreed. The meeting was bloodless, and, so elevated was Yancey's position, the enemies of dueling in the Government totally failed in their efforts to punish him: Preston King's resolution for an investigation was defeated in the House. The legislature of Alabama passed over the governor's veto an act relieving Mr Yancey of the political disabilities he had automatically incurred. A religious paper strongly condemned him, and Yancey's reply held stirring sentiments:

"The laws of God, the laws of my own state, the solemn obligations due that young wife, the mother of my children, to whom you so feelingly and chastely allude, were all considered; but all yielded, as they have ever done from the earliest times to the present, to those laws which public feeling has framed, and which no one, however exalted his station, violates with impunity."

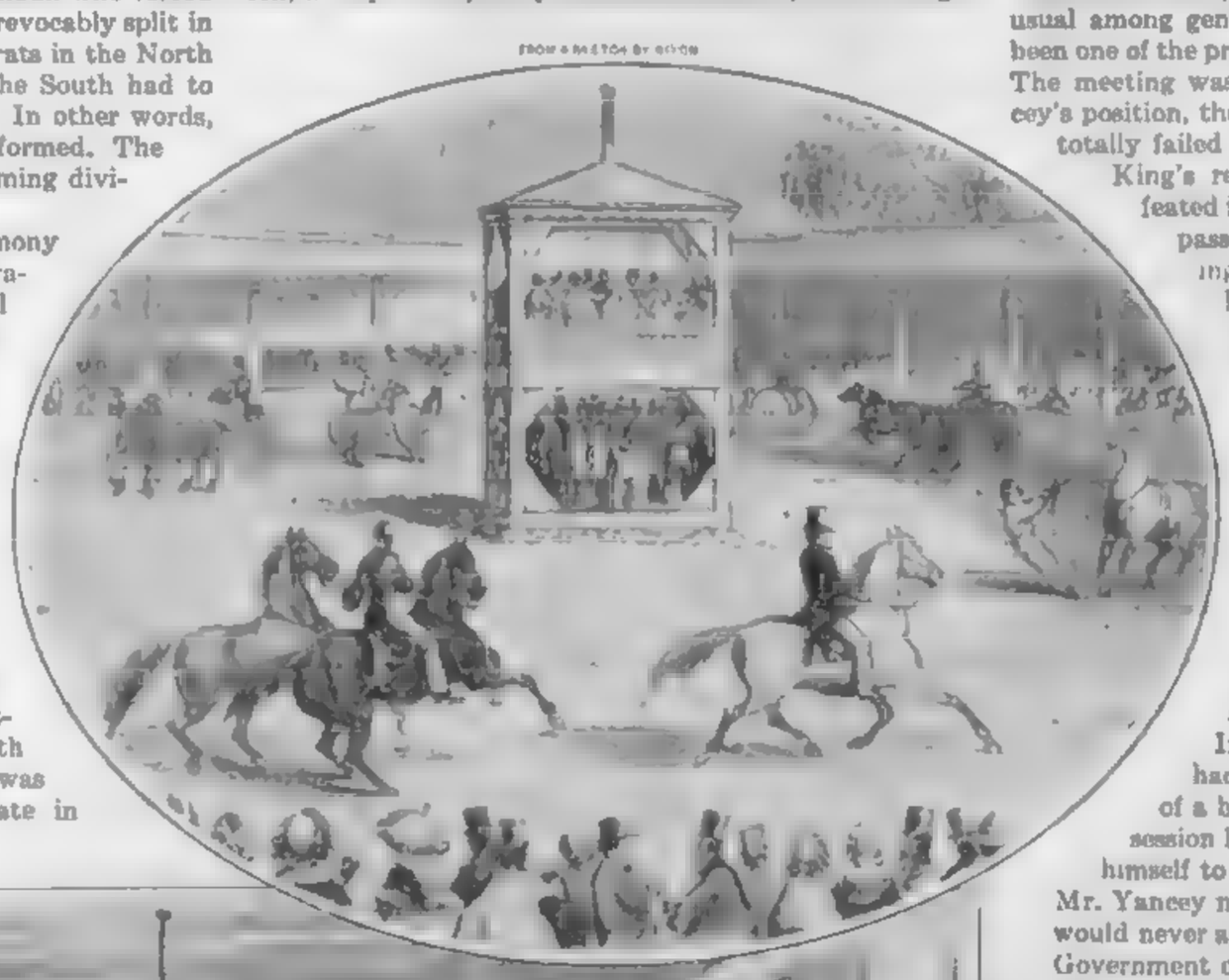
In 1844 he was returned to Congress; he had every encouragement for the realization of a brilliant public life; but at the end of that session he withdrew from Washington and joined himself to an active firm of Montgomery lawyers. Mr. Yancey made wholly clear his reason for this—he would never again, he said, accept a position under the Government of the United States.

He continued, in the address which announced his political retirement to Alabama, with an unrestrained attack on Northern Democrats. He charged them with a blind sectional interest antagonistic to the South.

"If principle," Mr. Yancey asserted, "is dearer than mere party association, we will never again meet in common Democratic convention a large body of men who have vigorously opposed us." He was at last openly scornful of all compromise. With that speech the fundamental position of the South was established; the extreme possibility of its temper, secession from the Union, Mr. Yancey admitted in the controversy over the territory acquired from Mexico.

He was, in this, characteristic of his blood, of Alabama, of the qualities of his inheritance—words, oratory, were not oratory and words alone; they had the dignity, the force and danger, of expressing the exact state of his being. They were not empty; rather, they were charged with the gravest sincerity, the most headlong determination. The character of Mr. Yancey was both as ornate and bitter, and courageous, as his speech. He instantly sacrificed all his future in the Government of the Union to go—to fly—to the support of his state. He upheld it in the South and in the North; he was indifferent to reverses and temporary neglect; he gave what was left of his life to the only course by which he considered the South might save its integrity, its soul. To that great extent his oratory transcended sound; to that degree the elaborate graces of the South clothed a spirit of the simplest and most profound

(Continued on Page 59)



Dancing the Virginia Reel at the Soldiers' Ball at Huntsville, Alabama, 1864. In Oval—The Amphitheatre, at the Alabama State Fair, 1858

BROOCH OF CONTRACT

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

ULTRA SMITH could thank his wife for his meekness, but he didn't. He was undersized and amazingly skinny, whereas she was of Amazonian proportions. He was averse to conflict, mental or physical, and she loved it. The result was perpetual battle, with Ultra habitually on the receiving end.

It wasn't that he didn't love his large wife. He did care for her very deeply and she reciprocated his affection. But she was firm in the belief that the way to hold a husband was to keep him yoked, and Mirtel did no job halfway.

At the time of their marriage some three years before, Ultra's friends informed him that he was lucky—an opinion which he shared. Mirtel was reputed to be possessed of more than fifteen thousand dollars cash money. It seemed to Ultra, in the first flush of bridal enthusiasm, that he was destined to spend the balance of his days in somnolent comfort, but that was a dream immediately and violently dispelled.

Mirtel returned from her honeymoon and went job hunting. She found the job, and it belonged entirely to Ultra. It was a fine job which permitted him to wrestle all day every day with heavy packing cases in return for ten dollars a week. Mirtel took the ten. Generously, she donated to him a tithe of his earnings for pocket money. And she imprisoned him at home every night and on Sundays; thereby depriving him of the only two things which had made life worth the struggle—pool and poker.

Ultra never knew what he was going to do evenings. He only knew that he was going to do it. Tonight, for instance, Mirtel had dragged him down to the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. It happened, though, that this time Ultra was not unwilling, because this was the night on which a gleaming diamond brooch was to be drawn for. During the past six weeks the lodge had been selling raffle tickets on that brooch at fifty cents each. The holder of the lucky ticket was to have his choice of the five-hundred-dollar brooch or four hundred dollars in cash.

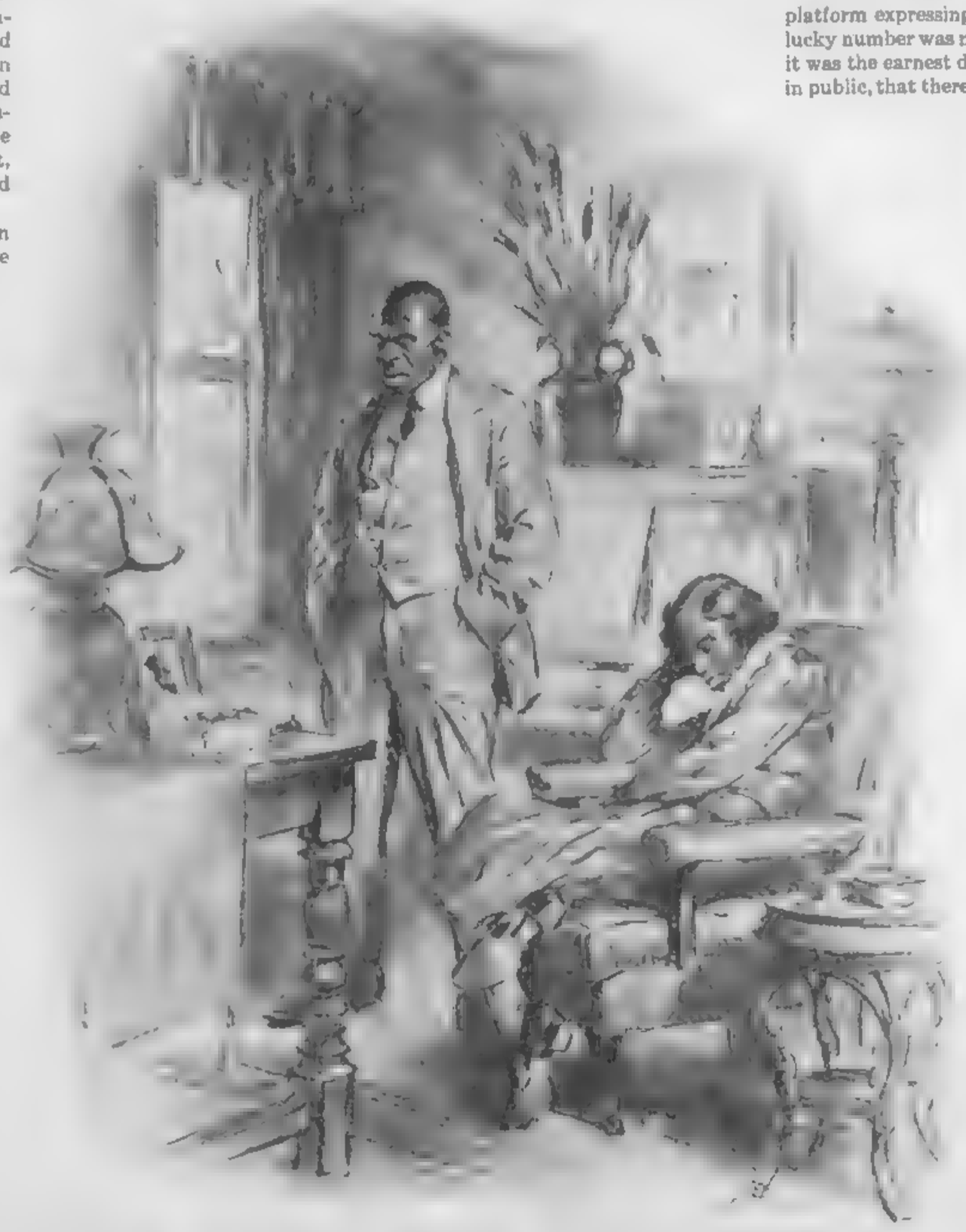
Neatly folded in the bill compartment of an otherwise empty wallet, Ultra had one single, solitary ticket. Its purchase had caused him misery and privation, and he had no hope of winning. But he retained a faint belief that the age of miracles was not entirely past. He was glad that Mirtel did not know he had bought a ticket.

The majority of ticket holders were present. The lodge rooms were gay with color. The brilliantly decorated platform held the social and fraternal notables: Grand Magnificent High Potentate Isaac Gethers; Gorgeous and Austere Corresponding Secretary Florian Slappey; Supreme and Indefatigable Counsel Lawyer Evans Chew, and various lesser lights. Potentate Gethers made a speech and then Lawyer Chew made a bigger and better one.

With much gusto and many words he selected from the audience a girl of perhaps ten years of age. She mounted the platform and placed herself beside a large bowl half filled with capsules. In each capsule was a slip of paper and on each slip was a number. Lawyer Chew made a gesture.

"This young lady," he roared, "is gwine extrack fum the bowl thither one consecutive capsule! Befo' yo' orbs, Potentate Gethers will open same! He will then convey it to my pussonal hand an' I shall announce the successful an' winnin' number to whom it may concern! If there is anybody in the audience which has got any objections to this form of procedure an' ritual, let him speak now or forever retain his peace!"

No protest being voiced, the girl inserted one thin arm into the bowl and stirred violently. The spectators were oppressively silent. They sat tensely on the edges of their chairs and stared raptly at the stage. The dark hand rose, displaying a capsule clutched between thumb and index finger. Potentate Isaac Gethers took this from her and opened it carefully. The audience gasped. The die was cast. The winning number had been drawn.



"Oh!" Her Tone Became Icy. "I Reckon You Mean You Don't Crave to Ma'y Me Because You is Rich"

Gethers inspected the number, noted it on a slip of paper, and passed it to Lawyer Evans Chew. Amid a breathless hush the ponderous attorney walked to the front of the stage, extended one hand, and commenced to speak:

"Brethern an' sistern of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. On behalf of myse'f, Potentate Gethers an' the lodge, it gives me excruciatin' pleasure to announce to all an' sundry that the di'mond brooch or its 'quivalent of fo' hundred dollars in cash has been won by number"—he paused dramatically—"by number one-seven-three-two!"

Groans of disappointment filled the air. There was a frantic straining of eyes as holders of tickets reread the numbers printed thereon. And in all the noise and excitement, no one—not even Mirtel Smith—heard the awed exclamation which escaped from the lips of the diminutive Ultra:

"Great wiggilin' tripe, tha's my number!"

Lawyer Chew stood rigid; tense and expectant.

"Who owns the winnin' number?" he inquired. "I beg said pusson to come forward."

No one moved. Ultra Smith huddled into a knot. In his wallet was Ticket Number 1732. In that wallet, which had contained nothing more than desolate emptiness for the past three years, was the equivalent of four hundred dollars cash. Ultra had not yet adjusted himself to this amazing burst of good fortune. But from somewhere came an idea. He was determined to say nothing to his aggressive spouse.

Just what he would do was by no means clear in his mind. He owned a brain which did not function speedily, and so he sat inert while Lawyer Chew stormed up and down the platform expressing his keen regret that the holder of the lucky number was not in attendance. Chew explained that it was the earnest desire of the lodge to present the trophy in public, that there might be no question as to the genuineness of the drawing. No one rose—least of all Ultra. He knew what that would mean. Mirtel would accept the brooch from him without so much as a "Thank you." She would consider it hers by right of conquest.

Chew then made a verbose announcement to the effect that the winning number would be kept posted in the lodge rooms and printed in the Weekly Epoch, the colored newspaper. He furthermore declared that the name of the winner would be published when that gentleman appeared. After which he introduced Professor Aleck Champagne, director of Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra, and dancing became rampant.

Someone invited Mirtel to dance and she lumbered off on the floor. Ultra sat scrooched up in a corner, thinking. He had never thought so much nor so hard in all his life. He didn't smile—it was all too new and wonderful to be grasped in its entirety. Four hundred dollars cash!—and it was all his. Four hundred dollars that would pass automatically into the possession of Mirtel once that lady learned of his good fortune.

An idea took shape in the brain of Mr. Smith. He visioned himself collecting four hundred dollars and hiding it; then of quitting his job and spending his days in glorious indolence at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. He might draw on his capital at the rate of fifteen dollars a week. That would mean that for twenty-six weeks—the one-half portion of a calendar year—he would not be required to toil or spin. Each Saturday he could ramble into his home and place the customary nine dollars in the hand of his wife. He would then possess six dollars of his own, to be spent at the rate of one dollar for each week day of idleness.

The very thought was entrancing—one dollar per day for his very own self; one dollar to squander on barbecue and pool. Ten hours per diem, every diem, to loiter in the smoke-laden atmosphere of Bud's place discussing the affairs of the world with his cronies. That was what married life had meant to Ultra before undertaking it. The actuality had been very sad.

He took Mirtel and the idea home with him. Through half the night he stared wide-eyed into the darkness. He was just commencing to understand the enormousness of the good fortune which had befallen him. Being the husband of a wealthy wife had nothing but disadvantages. Being a man of means, even for so brief a span as six months, was something else again. There was slight danger that Mirtel would discover the deception. If she did there would be a row, but Ultra was accustomed to such things.

The following morning, carrying a small package of lunch, he marched off to work. He presented himself at

One Was Distinctly Feminine and Luxuriously Large. The Other Was Small and Diffident and Belonged to Ultra

the establishment where it was his job to chaperon packing cases.

"White folks," he announced, "Ise thoo!"

"What? You're resigning?"

"Nos-suh. Ise quitting."

"Why, Ultra?"

"'Cause my time is too vallible. Some day maybe I is gwine be agreeable to come back. But that time ain't yet."

He then rambled nonchalantly downtown. His very good friend Jim Melon was draped around a lamp-post in front of the Penny Prudential Bank Building.

Jim was amazed at sight of his buddy. "Lawsy, Ultra, you is a pitcher fo' sore eyes. I ain't seen you fo' ten yeahs come next Sunday."

Ultra dropped an affectionate arm over the broad shoulders of his friend.

"'Tain't my fault, Jim. I aho has missed you terrible since my wife tooken a husband."

They stared at each other, pals of bygone days when both were as free and as lazy as Mr. Melon yet was. Marriage had indeed blighted their intimacy.

"Where you wukkin' now, Ultra?"

"Ain't workin'."

"Says which?"

"Says I ain't workin'. I is an idle."

"A which?"

"An idle. Fum now on I don't do nothin', an' I does it constant."

"Hot ziggity dam! You an' me bofe."

Ultra linked his arm through that of his friend and drew him into the odorous precincts of Bud's place. There he ordered Brunswick stew for two. Jim Melon, pop-eyed, gave attention to his one-time intimate.

"Did—did Mirtel happen to an accident, Ultra?"

"Naw, she's all right."

"But I thought ——"

"Me too, Jim; an' Ise still thinkin'. Ise thinkin' that you can do me a big favor an' make yo'se'f twenty-five dollars cash money fo' same."

Mr. Melon's eye lighted acquisitively. "'Splain to me, slim boy. Favors fo' you is the most things I like to do, an' money is the fondest reward I is of."

Briefly and graphically Ultra Smith explained to his friend the nature of his windfall.

"Mirtel don't know nothin' 'bout it," he concluded. "If she did, she'd be fo' hundred dollars richer an' I'd be just where I was at. So what I figures is this: That you take my ticket an' go to Isaac Gethers with same. You collec's fum him the fo' hund'ed dollars which you is sposed to of won in the raffle. You keep twenty-five fo' yo'se'f an' gimme the balance. I hides it away an' draws fum it fifteen dollars a week, livin' off same luxurious. How 'bout it?"

Jim Melon did not hesitate. "Slip me them ticket, Ultra. I works fast."

Less than two hours later Jim returned. He piloted Ultra to a very secluded corner, where he counted out three hundred and seventy-five dollars in cash. Mr. Smith grinned broadly as he pocketed the money.

"Just one more thing, Jim," he said. "You an' I has been pretty good friends, hasn't we?"

"Tha's the one thing we ain't never been nothin' else but."

"An' you woul'n't do me no dirty trick, would you?"

"Cullud boy, I woul'n't even understan' a dirty trick was it explained to me."

"Good! Then I trusses you explicit never to let nobody know nothin' 'bout all this money I got."

Jim promised. Then each selected a cue and they indulged in a delicious game of rotation pool. During all the afternoon they lounged around Bud's place, and at 5:30 they separated; Jim to his customary haunts and Ultra to his wife's home.

Approaching his domicile, Ultra tried to look like an unhappy married man, but despite his best efforts his step was springy and a slight amile clung to the corners of his mouth. He opened the front door and his nostrils were assailed by the odors of frying ham and boiling collards. That was indeed one of Mirtel's outstanding virtues: she could cook—and did. Her catering left nothing to be desired. After all, he was honest enough to admit that Mirtel was within her rights in insisting that he work. So long as he didn't have to do it, he was quite ready to admit anything.

He marked time. A neighbor summoned Mirtel to the porch, and instantly Ultra acted. He climbed a rickety flight of steps which led to a sort of loft which did duty as an attic. He extracted his wallet and counted out two hundred dollars. This he wrapped carefully in an old rag and hid it in a corner behind a pile of ancient magazines. It would be the last place in the world that Mirtel would ever look for it. And now Ultra felt doubly protected. If discovery should come, he would swear that he had spent the portion of the money which Mirtel did not discover. He had one hundred and seventy-five dollars in his wallet and two hundred in the attic. Slim chance that Mirtel would succeed in locating both hoards.

Flushed with affluence, Mr. Jim Melon also planned great things. Completing a large and succulent supper, his thoughts turned to the lady of his heart.

Rosetta Trigg was, without question, one of the most desirable young colored damsels in all Birmingham. She was pulchritudinous, efficient and generally worthwhile. Furthermore, she was very deeply enamored of Mr. Melon. Jim requited her affection and they had long considered themselves betrothed. Thus far financial stringency had militated against any such drastic step as matrimony. "It—it jus' woul'n't be right, Rosetta," explained Jim frankly. "You gits ten dollars a week as a housemaid, an' you know good an' well us bofe coul'n't live on no such money."

Rosetta admitted the truth of his statement.

"But if you also had a job, Jim ——"

"Job! Me? Gal, don't you reelize what a job would do to me?"

"No, honey. What?"

"It'd kill ev'y scheme I has got. What chance would I have to do high finance was I to be tied up in some li'l' ol' twelve-dollar-a-week job? Ain't that so?"

"Yeh. But if we was ma'ied ——"

"Shuh, sugarfoots! Just you bide yo' time, till I gits anyhow th'ee-fo' hund'ed dollars. Then us gits ma'ied in fine shape an' takes a honeymoon with each other, an' ev'ything."

Tonight there was twenty-five dollars in Jim's pocket. He sent a messenger to Rosetta and requested her to prepare to accompany him to the Champion Theater at eight o'clock. He was genuinely fond of Rosetta. He hoped some day to commit matrimony with her. Meanwhile he was eager to share every dollar which came into his possession.

Rosetta was radiant when Jim arrived. He frowned in puzzlement at her unusual ardor and failed to figure what caused it. She was eager and palpitant, and spoke honeyed words during the course of the flicker drama. Afterward they absorbed ice-cream sodas and he walked southward with her along Eighteenth Street. It was then that she mentioned the subject which was uppermost in her mind.

"Jim," she murmured, "when is us gwine git ma'ied?"

"Huh?"

"When does us perform ma'iage with each other?"

He frowned. "Gosh, gal, you don't crave that any more than I do, but I ain't in no position to do such now."

She held his arm tightly. "Shuh, Jim, you cain't fool me. I know!"

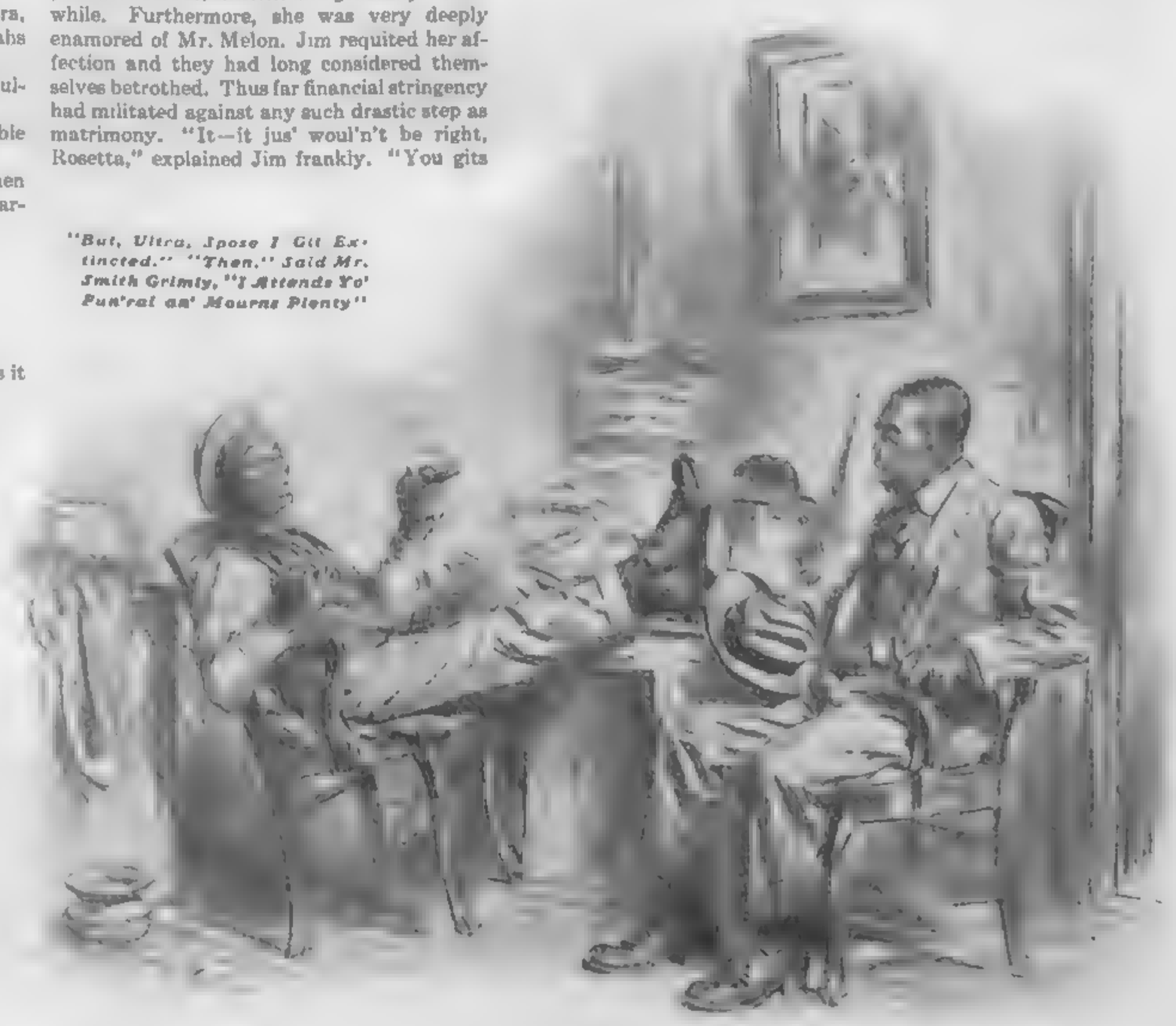
"You know which?"

"That you has got fo' hund'ed dollars cash money. I reckon ev'ybody in Bumminham knows you won that brooch an' took the money instead. I think you is jus' wonderful!"

Jim Melon blinked rapidly. This was a disconcerting complication. Explanation was on his lips, but he choked it back because of the promise he had given his friend Ultra. He regretted keenly that he did not own the four hundred dollars. There was no prospect in the world more alluring than that of marriage with the delectable Rosetta. But facts were stark and unyielding. He was broke, save for

(Continued on Page 50)

"But, Ultra, Spose I Git Extincted." "Then," Said Mr. Smith Grimly, "I Attends Yo' Fun'ral an' Mourns Plenty"



THUS MAN LEARNED TO FLY

The Story of the Wright Brothers and the Airplane

By Howard Mingos

Orville Wright Flying at Kill Devil Hill, North Carolina, December 17, 1903. Wilbur Wright is Running Alongside

THE second Wright machine was built like the first but larger, the wings measuring four feet more between the tips, making a twenty-two-foot span, and two feet wider than the first, a total of seven feet. It gave them an area of 308 square feet, twice that of any glider ever built, and of a size that had always been thought uncontrollable and therefore dangerous. They had made an important change in the curve of the wings. Thinking that they had been wrong in using their own idea of what the curve should be, they fell back on Lilienthal's tables and gave the wings his greater curve—a camber of 1 in 12.

Out of their experience the year before, when they had trouble protecting the machine from the high winds while on the ground, the Wrights now provided a shed of wood and tar paper about sixteen feet wide, twenty-five feet long and seven feet high. The materials were shipped to Kitty Hawk and the brothers went down about the middle of July, 1901.

While they were building their camp they were joined by two others: E. C. Huffaker, then financed by Chanute in an experiment, and Dr. G. A. Spratt, a Pennsylvanian who had been attempting to take measurements on the travel of the center of pressure.

Late in July their glider was assembled and ready for trial. They launched it in a thirteen-mile wind. It went only a few feet when it dipped headlong into the sand. The brothers realized that the center of pressure was too far in front. Wilbur, who was riding the machine at the time, continued trying it out, moving his body gradually back to tip up the machine and present the wings at a greater angle to the wind, thus restoring the balance. In other words, the pressure must counterbalance the gravity, both to be centered in the same spot.

Trouble in the Air

FINALLY, he was able to get off on what appeared to the observers a successful glide, for the machine traveled 300 feet before reaching the sand. But Wilbur knew that he had been forced to work constantly at the controls to prevent plunging headlong. Again he started off. Despite his efforts the thing reared up like a frightened horse and stalled—a dangerous situation, for it might have caused the machine to slip off sidewise on one wing and tail-spin to the ground. Those underneath shouted a warning. Wilbur at once shifted his body forward and turned the elevator down fully, whereupon the glider leveled off and settled safely to earth.

After several glides had been made, Wilbur again went into a stall. This time the machine actually started to move backward, and only his energetic handling of the controls prevented it slipping to the surface. Something was wrong.

The Wright Brothers Flying Near Dayton in 1904

Besides the pestiferous aspects of a science which seemed to be casting up insurmountable obstacles, there were other pests—mosquitoes. Never had they seen such mosquitoes or such numbers. There was no evading them. At night, while trying to sift the bits of knowledge gleaned during the day or attempting to reason out some especially obnoxious problem prior to the next day's work, they would be driven to turn out their light and take refuge under the woolen blankets—often with the thermometer at 90 degrees—where they would lie sleeplessly for hours, first one then the other venting his opinion that soon he would have enough of mosquitoes and flying.

But next day they would forget the mosquitoes and return to that mysterious lack of balance under certain conditions.

The brothers agreed that the fault must lie in the changed wing curve—Lilienthal's 1 in 12.

Lilienthal had stated that with the wings of large curve set at nearly level position—say, within three degrees of horizontal—which was desirable in order to have any sort of control, the wind, instead of striking the entire under side of the wings, actually struck the upper side in front, and by creating a vacuum above the rear, removed the lifting power where it should have been strongest. For that reason he had advised against using wings with too much curve.

Let the reader curve his hand slightly in a wide arc, holding it before him palm down and toward the wind at a slight angle. He will see that the wind strikes the palm underneath in the rear only, where it does not count at all, at the same time hitting the upper front of his fingers and the nails.

In designing the wings of their first glider the Wrights, as a precautionary measure, had brought that front part of the wing down more abruptly than the arc of a circle, expecting that this would prevent too much wind striking the upper parts, but in this second machine they gave the wings Lilienthal's full arc of a circle.

Both Huffaker and Spratt had approached the truth of the matter. They had warned the Wrights of what might occur—that the wind, by striking the forward upper edge of the wings, might remove the pressure underneath so that the center of pressure, instead of moving forward continuously, would actually reverse itself at a certain point and move rapidly back past the center of gravity to the rear. This upward pressure in the rear and in back of the center of gravity would disturb the normal balance of the wing and force it to tilt down in front, taking the machine with it. However, neither Lilienthal nor any of the others had worked out that law.

The Wrights set out to prove this to their satisfaction. They removed the upper wing and flew it as a kite. In a mild wind the wing had a strong upward pull, showing lifting power. The pressure was underneath. In a stronger wind the wing carried out almost straight, yet with only a slight pull, showing perfect equilibrium. The center of pressure and the center of gravity were at the same spot, counterbalancing each other.

A New Lesson

BUT in a very strong wind, which tended to keep the wing out perfectly straight in a horizontal position, the effect was astonishing, the wing dipped forward, its rear edge much higher than the front. This showed that the wind was not creating any pressure underneath the front. The center of pressure must be well in back of the center of gravity. They at once changed their wing curve to about that of their first glider—1 in 18. After a few trials they made a glide of 389 feet. The fore-and-aft control was perfect. They had locked their lateral-control system until they had practiced with the other, and they were much pleased to find that they could make the glider skim the sand, follow the undulations down Kill Devil slope like a roller coaster or sail nearly level with its starting point.

Still they were far from satisfied. Though they could make glides into a twenty-seven-mile wind, they had to bring the machine to earth at once if it started to tip sidewise. They freed the wing-warping cradle and bravely attempted to make it effect lateral balance. By jerking the controls back and forth rapidly they could bring the glider down the hill.

"After a few minutes' practice," said Mr. Wright, "we were able to make glides of more than 300 feet, and we felt perfectly safe even against a wind of twenty-seven-mile velocity. The difficulty in high winds lies in maintaining balance, not in flying against the wind.

"In these glides we were surprised to find several things which we had not expected. We found that, contrary to the teachings of the books, the center of pressure on a curved surface traveled backward when the wing was inclined at small angles more and more edgewise to the wind. We also found that in free flight, when the wing on one side of the machine was presented to the wind at a greater angle than that on the other side, the wing with the greater angle—warped to catch more of the wind—descended and the entire machine turned in a direction just the reverse of what we were led to expect when flying the machine as a kite. The larger angle gave more resistance to forward motion and reduced the speed of the wing on

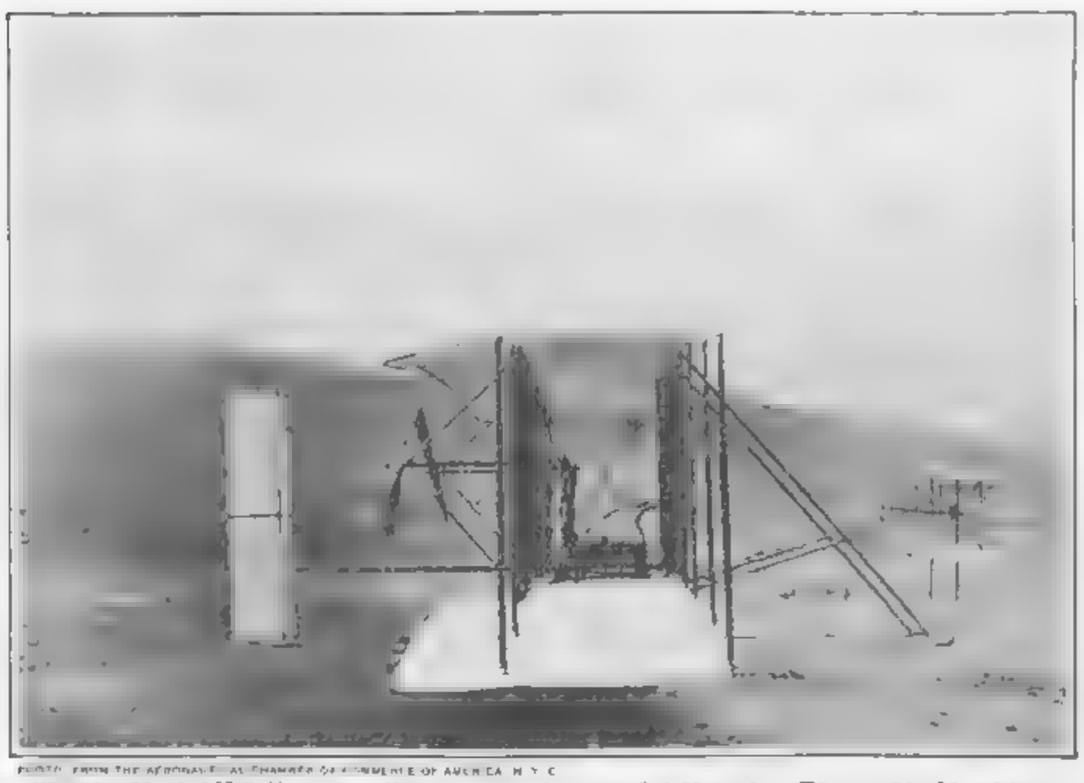


PHOTO FROM THE AERONAUTICAL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF AMERICA, N. Y. C.

Wright Model "A," 1903. Their First Successful Heavier-Than-Air Machine

that side. This decrease in speed more than counterbalanced the effect of the larger angle.

"When we left Kitty Hawk that fall of 1901 we knew that many problems remained to be solved. Though Mr. Chanute assured us that we had done better than any of our predecessors in control and carrying weight, we felt that all the existing scientific data were wrong. Our glider gave only a third of the power we had expected according to the old tables. Either our instruments were inaccurate or these estimates of air pressures on curved wings were wrong.

"Wilbur did not intend to come back to Kitty Hawk for more experiments. He was convinced that we had not been able to accomplish enough to warrant further tests. We had learned a great deal, of course, but when we considered the time and money spent and what still remained to be done, our progress seemed very slight. Wilbur predicted that men one day would fly, but that it would not be in our day. Back home we found that we could not drop the subject. The puzzling things we had seen during the actual experiments kept popping up again and again.

"We felt sure that the others had been deceiving themselves with their tables. The effect of the wind on different curved surfaces was not that which had been accepted and used by all the experimenters, including ourselves. Possibly some of the tables were accurate; others fairly so; and others, we knew, must be totally wrong. One thing we must do: We must cast aside the scientific data of all the others and shift for ourselves."

In a Maze of Formulas

"YOU may realize the task involved in measuring wind pressures. The standard of this measurement is the force produced by a current of air of one-mile-an-hour velocity striking squarely against a plane surface one square foot in area. To measure this force presented the greatest difficulty. We had to obtain measurements on all the angles by which a wing might be inclined edgewise toward the wind.

"The French Academy had prepared tables in the eighteenth century. Later the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain had made its own measurements. Several persons had published their own tables and formulas. Yet they varied 50 per cent. The results obtained were so unsatisfactory that later Professor Langley had made up a series of his own and in 1891 published them in his Experiments in Aerodynamics.

"When we studied Doctor Langley's statements and conclusions we found that they also were most contradictory. Especially so were the findings regarding the effect of the wind on the wings when inclined at small angles. They were not accurate. To find out for ourselves just what these pressures were under all the various conditions Wilbur and I built a wind tunnel, a device in which we could test wings under conditions simulating wind."

Their wind tunnel was the first of its kind. None of the others had attempted to go that far. Langley's method, somewhat like that of Lilienthal's, was to place his surfaces on a revolving table and observe their action as they were spun around at varying speeds. These speeds he translated into wind velocities and pressures by means of self-recording instruments. But he could not be on the table to watch the results and so there was every chance for error.

The Wright wind tunnel was about sixteen inches square and six feet long. A fan blew a current of air into one end, and this was straightened and made uniform by passing through a frame of pigeonholes on the inside. Past that small arms were pivoted, designed to hold the tiny models of planes, curved surfaces and wings under test. Before they had started their experiments in the wind tunnel, Wilbur went out of town to read a paper before the Western Society of Engineers, of which Chanute was president. The paper dealt with their experiments at Kitty Hawk during 1900 and 1901. Wilbur came out strongly and denounced the old tables. Orville, meanwhile, had started the experiments in the wind tunnel.

He got some decidedly interesting results. In so far as the tests concerned the larger angles at which wings might be set against the wind in flight, the old tables seemed fairly accurate. He became very uneasy and wondered if they were on the right track after all. On Wilbur's return he showed him his findings and Wilbur at once changed his paper so that much of the criticism was deleted when it was published in the official organ of the society.

Mr. Wright showed me a number of the little wings that they had made and tested in their wind tunnel. They were cut out of sheet metal, curved lengthwise and bent double at the front, with the edges joined at the rear and smoothed with wax. They varied in length from three to nine inches. Some were not of double thickness but single, with the front edge bent underneath and smoothed with wax. They were tried out as biplanes, triplanes and monoplanes. They were tested in every conceivable position, including tandem, one set of wings back of another. They represented the first accurate scientific effort to determine the effect of air on surfaces to be used as wings in flight. They remain today the perfect evidence of that infinite patience and mental energy, combined with true scientific insight, without which the Wrights could not have carried on.

In So Simple a Thing as a Wing

"WE FOUND," said Orville Wright, "that to work intelligently we had to know the effects of a multitude of variations that could be incorporated in the surfaces of flying machines. The pressures on squares we found to be different from those on rectangles, circles, triangles or ellipses. Arched surfaces differed from planes and they varied among themselves according to the depth of the curvature. True arcs differed from parabolas and the latter differed among themselves. Thick surfaces, or wings, were different from thin, and wings thicker in one place than another varied in pressure when the positions of maximum thickness were different. Some wings were most efficient at one angle; others at other angles. The shape of the edge made a difference. So you see that thousands of combinations were possible in so simple a thing as a wing.

"We had taken up flying as a sport. We reluctantly entered upon the scientific side of it and soon found the work so fascinating that it drew us in deeper and deeper. We had much to do in our regular business, but both Wilbur and I spent all of our available time in the wind-tunnel experiments and planned a new glider for the season of 1902; though Wilbur did not believe that it would pay us to go back to Kitty Hawk and test it. But he finally agreed to go."

Curious as to the kind of instruments which the brothers used to determine the accuracy of their measurements, I asked Mr. Wright what they were and how they had procured them.

"We worked largely in trigonometry," he explained. "The angles to be measured were invariably so small that the use of instruments would have resulted in errors. Our measurements were made in angles. We thought in terms of trigonometry and figured the results in angles."

More than 200 wings of varied types and surfaces were tested in the wind tunnel before the brothers started work on their third glider, which they were to take to Kitty Hawk

(Continued on Page 121)

Orville Wright Flying at Fort Myer, Virginia, September 8, 1908. In Circle—Wilbur Wright and the King of Spain at Pau, France, 1908

A SAGA OF THE SEA

All That Past of Bitter Disillusionment, of Fruitless Effort, Swept Over Him as He Gazed Upon That Calm Ocean Whose Lingering Westward Illumination Seemed to Mock Him

Through the Eyes of Columbus

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

ON EVERY day of this fair-weather honeymoon voyage to Porto Santo—the island whence Madeira had been perceived like a cloud fifty years before and whereof his aristocratic wife's brother was hereditary governor—he had thus argued his idea, vehemently, exasperatedly, in his imperfect Portuguese. The thing was so self-evidently practicable, the reward so dazzlingly certain. Only stubborn pig-headedness, such as that now of Dom Joaõ Moñiz, his wife's cousin, could refuse to perceive it.

Felipa herself, young in her dark beauty, believed in him, his every word gospel to her, though as a mere woman she could not be expected genuinely to comprehend—adored him dumbly with her great somberly lustrous eyes as the three of them sat together on the high stern-castle deck of the tubby little caravel pitching slowly over the smooth swell.

But Dom Joaõ, owner and master of the ship, middle-aged, shrewd, and coolly condescending in well-bred nobility, remained smilingly unkindled by his ardent mispronounced eloquence. Inwardly he raged against that complacently superior obstinacy, almost hated that sallow deeply lined face whose heavy-lidded dark eyes scarcely disguised a mild amusement at the fantastic notions of this plebeian Genoese pilot. He suppressed that rawly sensitive resentment—the idea was more than himself, and he must convert this potentially influential patron if he could—reiterated again, with a fervent intensity of conviction, the arguments he had so often found conclusive in the silent solitary watches of his many voyages, had so often thrashed over with his brother Bartolomeo in the little Lisbon shop where they had made and sold the crude sea charts based on the latest, if utterly fallacious, cosmography of that year of grace 1478. Once more he picked up the globe he had set down upon the deck.

"But, Senhor Joaõ, I entreat you. Look again upon this globe I copied from that of Master Behaim and that of Regiomontanus, corrected by the measurements of Master Toscanelli. Here you see plainly that the great city of Quinsay in Asia, written of by Messer Marco Polo, the Venetian, is distant twenty-six spaces of two hundred and fifty miles each in a direct line westward from Lisbon. That is six thousand, five hundred miles, or but little more than one-third the circumference of the world, since Master Toscanelli calculates that it is six thousand leagues around at its widest part. It is manifest therefore that it must be a nearer road to the Indies to go west than it is by the east, which, even if a way be found around Africa, is two-thirds of the earth's circumference to reach the same lands!" His words came tumultuously in their eager utterance as he demonstrated with his finger on the globe.

Dom Joaõ remained pleasantly skeptical. Many wildly visionary projects had he discussed with crack-brained mariners in those days when the constantly pressed Portuguese explorations down the coast of Africa, revealing what was enthusiastically hailed as a "new world," had awakened a general passion for maritime discovery. There was no merchant or seafarer who did not dream of a sea road to India, the land of the spices so essential to a Europe ignorant of refrigerators, which should tap at its source the immense wealth brought overland and distributed by Venice the magnificent. He smiled tolerantly at this impetuous young Genoese pilot with whose tall, ruddy-haired, aquiline-nosed handsomeness his pretty cousin had been so infatuated as to insist on this absurd misalliance.

"Master Colombo, you but say again what you have already said," Dom Joaõ said. "But even if, as you assert, the world be round—whereon I have no opinion, though holy church holds it for heresy—how may a ship sail across six thousand miles and more of empty sea? It is impossible. Could you get a crew to go with you, they must perish of hunger and thirst in so unheard-of a voyage, even were your ship not lost in the storms of that ocean where, as all men know, the waves are as high as mountains—to say nothing of the great monsters that there abound."

The young man could scarcely let him finish in his impatience to answer.

"It is not necessary to go so far without meeting land. I pray you, look again, Senhor Joaõ!" Once more he demonstrated on that globe which, shrinking the earth by a quarter, suppressed an unguessed-of Pacific and the unimagined continent of America. "Here is the great spice island of Cipango, whereof Messer Marco Polo tells such wondrous things. As you see, it is but twenty spaces southwest from Lisbon. And here, halfway in the midst of the ocean, ten spaces from Lisbon and ten spaces from Cipango, is the island of Antillia, spoken of as certain by all the philosophers, where a ship may stop and be refreshed with water and provisions. And since Antillia is in a direct line from the Canary Islands, and there blows

always a northeast wind in that latitude, a ship may sail westward thither with certainty."

It was so plain—so plain! If only he could make these doltish aristocrats of his wife's family understand—these aristocrats who might procure him speech with the King of Portugal! He had other arguments in plenty—flotsam from unknown lands drifted eastward by the sea, the stories he had heard told in Bristol taverns by English mariners returned from Iceland, where yet persisted a memory of a western land long ago discovered by Viking ancestors, a mass of acute logical deductions from the charts and theories of Martin Behaim the Nuremberger, Johannes Müller of Königsberg, known to the learned as Regiomontanus, and Toscanelli the Florentine, admittedly the three greatest geographers of the age. He could argue from morning until eve with ever-fresh reasons convincingly proving the truth of that great idea which yet should make him, the unknown Genoese pilot, rich and famous beyond all men. How vividly he often dreamed of that achieved triumph, so that it was agony to awake from its dissolving splendor!

Dom Joaõ, however, was not convinced. He found another argument.

"But surely those same winds would be foul for your return, Master Colombo. How then would you sail back?"

"That also have I considered!" Had he not, a thousand times, considered everything? "I would sail north until I reached the latitude of the Azores, where the winds are westerly. Everything have I thought of, Senhor Joaõ. There is no difficulty I cannot overcome!"

Dom Joaõ raised his eyebrows.

"Yet, methinks, there is a great difficulty you have not considered. If, as you say, the world is round, it seems to me that though a ship might sail down the slope westward, it could not sail uphill again to come back. What say you to that, Master Colombo?"

The young man hesitated. That was indeed a problem which perplexed him sorely, as it similarly perplexed the most subtle philosophers of his time. Not yet had the theory of gravitation come to solve it. If the earth was round, and one sailed down from this familiar safe area of it, surely one must sail uphill again to return? He cut boldly through the problem.

"Nowhere yet has a sea been discovered on which a ship cannot sail," he said. "I will take the risk that there may be such to the westward, leaving myself to the care of God and the Blessed Virgin, if but that I may persuade the King of Portugal to give me three ships and provision them for a year for such a voyage."

Dom Joaõ smiled shrewdly.

"Hardly, methinks, will you persuade His Majesty to such folly. Portugal needs no westward way to the Indies, but rather a way around that great new world of Africa which, by the favor of God, is already surely ours."

"Then will I ask it of the Spanish kings!" He spoke with the vehement determination he felt invincible in him, the determination which would, which must, beat down every obstacle. "And if they refuse me, will I ask of the King of France and of the King of England. Without doubt one of those great princes will listen to me, will accept of me those great new lands I shall give him for the increase of his realm and the extension of our holy faith!"

Dom Joaõ's smile had become subtly sarcastic.

"You are indeed generous, young man," he said. "And giving so much, will you ask nothing for yourself?"

That also had he thought of, as he had thought of everything—had long ago and in detail determined what he should ask as his reward. It came glibly, arrogantly, off his tongue:

"For myself will I ask the office of Admiral and Viceroy over all those lands and a tenth of all their revenues. And surely shall I be the greatest and the richest subject of any king in the world!"

Dom Joaõ laughed.

"A modest ambition, in faith, for the son of a Genoese wool spinner!"

He felt his face flush hotly red. If only that unlucky Genoese sailor had not come to Lisbon, with that tale of knowing old Domenico Colombo in his little shop in the Vico Dritto di Ponticello, destroying his boasting pretensions to be of the noble blood of many famous admirals, humiliating him under the shrugs and smiles of his wife's proud relatives. He sat savagely silent. One day God would help him to confound these mockers.

Dom Joaõ rose from his seat on the deck planks. He yawned, made a low bow.

"Future admiral of a third of the world," he said ironically, "I am Your Highness' humble servant. With your permission, I shall now retire a while to my cabin. I have some matters of importance."

He could have annihilated the little man as he strutted to the ladder, disappeared. And it was on such pompous fools that he must depend for a chance to make triumphantly actual that great idea which burned in him, which consumed him! So they all gibed at him. But he would yet—he swore it inwardly by the most vehement of oaths—prove that he was right.

He himself rose, turned and gazed over the bulwark to hide those sudden involuntary tears of mortification. Felipa must not see that weakness. To her, he must be always that strong-willed clever husband she adored.

He felt a soft light touch on his arm, a soft little body caressingly against his. It was Felipa, looking up to him with her large dark liquid eyes. Adorable she was! He must remember to love her—as much as the idea would allow him. If only she were not a Moñiz!

"Cristofero! Cristofero," she murmured to him, "I believe in thee. I believe that one day thou wilt be great and rich as thou sayest. But now canst thou not for a moment forget thy voyages and thy great thoughts—remember only that thou hast thy Felipa, remember only that we are wed and that we love?"

He gazed down upon her from his tallness.

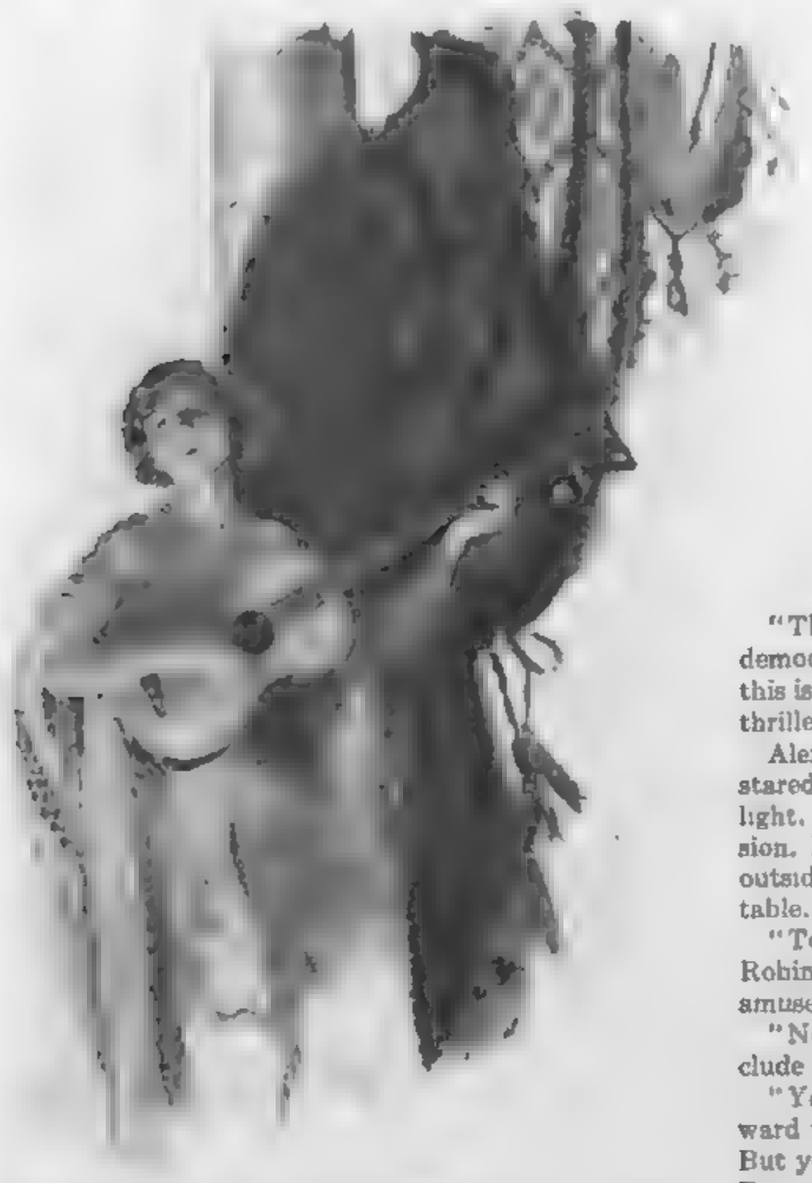
(Continued on Page 126)

The Wind Blew Stiffly From the West-Southwest—Again a Favorable Omen, Since It Assured the Crews That They Could Sail Back Again

MIDNIGHT BLUES

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING



"Imagine," Guthrie Said, "Hearing That in St. Petersburg, in a Rose-Colored Private Dining Room"

THE difficulty of belonging to two nations," said Alex Guthrie, "is that you keep balancing one kind of absurdity against another. National contrasts keep you from accepting anything final in philosophy or æsthetics. The American is a sentimentalist on paper and a realist privately. The Russian pretends to be realistic on paper and is always a sentimentalist. Any Russians in your regiment?"

I shook my head, but Regimental Supply Sergeant Robinson said, "Yeh, there's a big boy in B Battery that's a Russky. Used to be in the Third Field. A young fella. . . . I was wonderin' if you was an American."

"I am," said Guthrie, breaking a straw in his lemonade. "I was born in St. Petersburg and more or less grew up there. Never was in this country for longer than six months until I was twelve. My father was a banking agent. But I am an American—technically. Nationalities are a damned bore, like social distinctions. But one is what one's born, I suppose, for three or four hundred years yet. This war may make nationalism idiotic. But I don't suppose it will."

"You spose right," Robinson yawned, "'cause so long as you got different languages you got different nations. You can bull in the newspapers about this cosmopolitanism"—he pronounced it cosmo-pole-ite-niam—"until the ink gives out, but you still got your sep'rate nations. You sketch quick."

Some newspaper had excited itself about the troops in Texas and thus I had picked up Guthrie strolling around the Leon Springs Military Reservation in middle afternoon. We were now in San Antonio, and it was eleven o'clock, and I was being privately realistic with myself about Guthrie. He was annoying me. All his sketches were satires. He sat with his pad on a brown marble table under a pouring globe of cheap ground glass and burlesqued a hard old cavalry sergeant leaning on the counter, giving the man a curve of belly that did not exist and making his grave face fatuous. My attack of realism went on. Guthrie's voice was tired and tiresome to hear. He was thirty and looked forty. In three years he had changed enough for a whole decade of disappointments.

"I guess I saw some pictures of Russian soldiers you had in a magazine about two years back," Robinson drawled, watching the sketch with his meek hazel eyes.

"I was on the Russian front in the spring of 1915. Yes, I did a lot of sketches."

"See any real fightin'?"

"About twenty minutes' worth. Inane. . . . What's the yellow string on that imbecile's hat mean?"

"U. S. Cavalry," said Robinson. "These red cords on our hats means Field Artillery. Blue's infantry."

"Thanks. . . . One sees so little of the United States Army that ——"

"Yeh, the poor little thing gets lost between wars, don't she? I've been in her twelve years—ever since I was fourteen. She's just a poor girl strayed from home when nobody's lookin' at her. . . . And will this Kerensky be pres'dent of Russia now?"

Guthrie stopped his pencil and sincerely said, "I give the Kerensky régime until just about Christmas—January, perhaps—spring, no."

"Then what?"

"The form of sentimentalism known as communism—democracy's little stray sister, Mr. Robinson. . . . And so this is the wicked city of San Antonio. I must say I'm not thrilled."

Alex Guthrie put his sketch in a leather portfolio and stared down the soda bar under the vehement globes of light. His thin high-colored Scotch face had no expression. He peered at the movement of East Houston Street outside the doors and listlessly tapped a cigarette on the table.

"Too bad they've shut the Red Light District," said Robinson. "It was kinda rough. You might ha' been amused some."

"Nothing's so desolating as a Red Light District. I include Paris in the indictment."

"You're makin' me feel bad, friend. I was lookin' forward to Paris kinda expectant, like it was birthday cake. But your job's takin' the fuzz off peaches, ain't it? . . . Excuse me while I break a lady's heart."

The slim sergeant got up and lounged away to the counter. Flora, the oldest and fattest of the five waitresses in this reputable resort, beamed on him and remained philosophically busy with the arrangement of walnuts on a bed of ice cream while Robinson smoothly broke it to her that her youngest son, Private Francis Xavier Magee, was now confined to the guardhouse of our regiment on the hills of Leon Springs. She took it calmly. I could just hear her say "Well, the little fool!" before their conversation proceeded into gossip of the enlisted men's married quarters at Fort Sam Houston and of the baking town.

"He's rather an amusing type," Guthrie said, "as people go."

"What's the matter with you, exactly, Alex?"

"Nothing. Inanity. Occupational neurosis. I'm bored with putting little black marks on paper and seeing them printed."

"You've certainly done nothing much today for your ghastly employers. Comic cartoons."

"Give the demnition public what it wants," said Guthrie, still tapping his cigarette. "They want the soldier a curly-headed Hermes or a comic slob. The slob's nearer the mark for me. . . . No, I'm run down. As a matter of fact, I'm envious. I'd like to be a soldier. Must be a certain pungency in it. Raw routine. Coarse food. Simplicities." He shifted his deformed foot in its heavy shoe with a scraping sound on the tiles. "I'm run down."

"When did you get back from Europe?"

"In January."

"Been painting?"

"No; done next to nothing. Wouldn't have taken on this job if I wasn't broke and in debt." He was silent, but the foot scraped tile again. "Been celebrating the age of thirty. Been taking the fuzz off peaches. Dreary process. You'll find out in about four years or so. I'm not Russian enough to jam my head on tables in cafés and yawp about my soul. . . . No, I've been having a bad time. Hear my dark secret!" He grinned. "I'd give my brains and my talent and everything else to be ——"

He aimed his cigarette down the room, past the alcoves of cheap brown wood, to a lone figure at a table near the doorway.

"Handsome, strong and seventeen, Alex?"

"And stupid," he nodded.

"Sorry, but he isn't. He's an awful little prig, but he isn't stupid. Intensively educated. That slightly stupid expression is mere innocence. He's been thirty days or so in the Army. His mamma and his step-papa—who are presumably in some eugenic heaven where all the seraphs wear sterilized wings—brought him up on philosophemes and boiled history and gymnastics. He's a shivering lump of sweet ice cream. He's just discovered that men can drink, swear, chew and gamble and be rather nice. He's amazed about it. He aspires to be called Jimmy. His stepfather hung the name Waldo Emerson Grant on him. His name's Jimmy Kaelred. . . . That's his big brother sitting down with him."

Corporal George Kaelred, C Battery, waved his hat to me along the room.

"The curly-headed Hermes," said Guthrie. "Two of them. Big brother isn't just sober. But what fine bodies!"

A waitress fluttered from the counter and languished over Corporal Kaelred for an order. I observed suddenly that he was no longer Corporal Kaelred. The military machine's cogwheels had lifted him by one revolution. New chevrons bloomed on his sleeves since yesterday. He was now Sergeant Kaelred.

"Been wettin' your stripes, K?" Robinson called.

Ma Was Serenely Lying to a Puzzled Young Officer, New in San Antonio, Who Did Not Believe That Such a Nice, Fat Mother Would Have a Bar in Her Cellar

"Naw. Bestushev's givin' a party in Carney's place. Champagne an' everything. . . . I'll have a great big drink of Vichy, Tess, an' a lot of ice in it—about a quart."

"An' where did Bestushev get all this finance, K?"

"Off his wife. She's over from New Orleans to see him. And say," said the handsome sergeant, ungallantly forgetting the choir of waitresses, "she's it! Y'oughta see it! She'd be a widow if wishin' made 'em. Red-headed too."

"You be careful of red-headed women, K," said Flora, the matronly head waitress. "They make trouble. And I don't like that Bestushev neither. I don't like gentleman rankers."

"Huh?"

"You been readin' a book, Flora," said Robinson, rolling a cigarette. "We ain't got gentleman rankers in this man's Army. We got bums which have seen better days. Is this the wife which sends Bestushev checks, K?"

Sergeant Kaelred took in a deal of sparkling water and said, "She looks like she'd murder her mamma for a shot of rye. Handsomest dame I've seen in a couple of years. A big Bessie with a lotta teeth an' things."

"Is this the wife sends Bestushev checks all the time, K?"

"I guess so. Iand Bestushev ain't good friends, Robbie. I went in Carney's to pay Carney a bill and he was givin' this party. So I stayed some. But y'oughta see her once—an' red-headed!" He dropped back his head and broke out in the familiar, charming wail:

"Here I'm in jail,
with my face to
the wall,
An' a red-headed
lady is the cause
of it all!
Oh, the blues ——"

A great bang of laughter came from an alcove and a voice out of Mississippi rose in a doleful ecstasy of sliding syllables:

"Boys, you be care-
ful; boys, you
take care!
Never get fond of a
girl wie red hair.
Oh, the blues ——"

Guthrie's face turned to the new singer. This was fresh in 1917, to strays from the North and East. Yellow entertainers and white mimics had not strutted to the old tune under many lights. A woman in the alcove laughed and caught up the rhythm, ringing a spoon on the table:

"He was a cow-puncher, down from Cheyenne.
Girls, you be careful of a cow-punchin' man!

Married at Easter an' quit me in May.
I'm washin' dishes for six bits a day!"

Suddenly everyone was singing couplets. The soldiers at the counter and Fat Flora behind it lifted their mouths and looked to the globes hung from the gaudy ceiling for an inspiration. The blues had got the world.

A big sergeant of the military police, with a blue brassard on his arm and a revolver's butt shimmering on his thigh, idled and grinned in the doorway. Robinson loitered out past him with a nod, licking shut his cigarette. But the rest of them were singing. The old cavalryman croaked at the ceiling:

"First I drunk red licker, then I drunk brown.
Now I'm a dead beat in San Antone town ——"

And presently, coming to it because memories ran out, half the men in the long room were roaring heavily the first and last of the couplets, which came from England perhaps two hundred years ago:

"Ashes to ashes an' dust unto dust.
If the good Lord won't take you, the devil he must!"

Then it was all over because someone dropped a glass from the counter and the smash cut the singing mood. We were again a lot of hot people in a soda bar. Guthrie picked up his pencil and began to sketch Sergeant Kaelred in his chair. He did not seem to move his frail hand as rapidly as he had moved it, snapping down satires on drilling troops and single figures that afternoon on the baked hills at Leon Springs. He produced Sergeant Kaelred slowly and honestly, as if the music had put him in a better temper with his world.

"I Went Down on My Knees and Kissed Her Skirt as if I Was Muzhik! She Said, 'Oh, My Good, Kind Alexei! My Brother!'"

"Ever noticed how beautifully I do feet? Compensation, you know."

"Ever tried an operation, Alex?"

"Yes—three. No good. . . . What's Carney's?"

"I'm sorry to tell you it's an illicit bar, in a cellar, maintained for enlisted men. We can't buy a drink when we're in uniform. I expect Robinson's gone around to examine this Mrs. Bestushev. He'll come back and report."

"Do you know this Bestushev?"

"No. . . . Why?"

"It's not," he said, "at all a bad name in Russia. More than middle class. There was a banker named Bestushev in Moscow when I was a kid. Rather a pretentious duffer," he mentioned. "Go and talk to the Hermes brothers and get young hopeful to look up at you. That'll be about right. Stand behind big brother."

I walked down the room and stood behind Sergeant Kaelred, who was not at all tipsy, although flushed, and who was lecturing his lamb on something. He said jubilantly to me, "The judge advocate says it's all legal for babe to change back his name. Lemme introduce you to Mr. Jimmy Kaelred. Useta be Mr. Waldo Emerson Grant. They changed his service record 's afternoon. We came to town to celebrate."

"How did you celebrate, K?"

"We had a lot of supper and a real bath in a tub and the kid tried to smoke a cigarette, and coughed his head off, and we went to a movie. It's a good thing I didn't take him into Carney's. He might ha' fell in love with this red-headed devil an' deserted or somethin'."

Private James Kaelred said emphatically, "I don't like red-headed ladies, Georgie," and swallowed some lemonade in an assertive way.

"Babe, if you call me Georgie again I'll haul you into Carney's and make you kiss her!"

Jimmy quite humanly asserted: "It'd take some hauling," and this assertiveness continued as a motion of his heavy arms. He even grinned.

"Ain't he gettin' to be a tiger cat? Been in the Army three weeks an' thrashed a guy and had a colonel bawl him out. He's gettin' tough," Kaelred drawled, kicking his brother. "Who's your civilian?"

"Alexis Guthrie. He's a pretty good artist. Been making sketches at the reservation. He was asking about Bestushev."

"What about him?"

"What is he and where's he from?"

Kaelred wrinkled his nose and described Bestushev in four placid words. The last two were "drunken bum." "He's from the town—lemme think—the town where they have the church or place with the bells. The Kr——"

"Kremlin, K," said Private Jimmy, who knew everything. "Moscow. It was formerly the capital of Russia. It ——"

"Put in a question, turn crank to right and hold your hand under the spigot. . . . Thanks, babe. . . . Yeh. Moscow. Says his folks are rich. Bestushev and I were in the same lot of recruits in 1913. I'd got fired outa college in Ohio for takin' a calf to chapel an' he was off the street corner. . . . That woman's been sendin' him money all along. Remember him gettin' a check from Paris at Manila. Some of us went to the bank to help him cash it. We'd got claims, kind of."

Private Jimmy remarked, "Some of the men seem very careless about being in debt. They ——"

"James," I said, "you must try to be less critical. I've been in the military service since April. The tradition of the service is a long-time credit system. If K hasn't told you to be careful about mentioning that you boys get money from your farm in Ohio, let me give you the advice now." *(Continued on Page 37)*

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The McNary-Haugen Veto

THE McNary-Haugen bill which President Coolidge vetoed recently was not identical with the one vetoed at the previous session of Congress; but from the standpoint of the President, the differences were inconsequential. This bill was drawn by the farm bloc as a compromise measure, in which the endeavor was made as far as possible to meet the stated objections of the President to the earlier bill. The provisions for loans to coöperative associations, the emphasis on development of cooperative marketing and the attention paid to stabilization of price represented attempts to conform to the views of the Executive. Also, the Executive was accorded a wider latitude in appointments than in the earlier bill. The bill provided for a heavy initial appropriation, which did not accord with the President's policy of economy in the use of public funds.

The so-called equalization fee remained the heart of the bill, the chief objective of the proponents and the principal bar to presidential approval. In the theory of the bill the equalization fee was designed as an operation under the commerce clause of the Constitution. In discussions it was often referred to as a device for making coöperative marketing compulsory. President Coolidge regards it as a sales tax. Around the fee as a sales tax centers the argument against the constitutionality of the measure. Since agreements under the equalization fee imply price understandings, the President objected to the measure as one attempting price-fixing. He also objected to the widespread bureaucracy which would necessarily be set up to carry out the provisions of the measure. Under the workings of the plan, manufacturers of foodstuffs would be able to engage in a riskless cost-plus operation, and one thus conducive to profiteering and wasteful distribution, to which the President objected as not in the interest of national economy.

The fundamental objection of the President proceeded from the view that under artificially raised prices production would be increased, with subsequent enlargement of surpluses despite artificial scarcity in the markets, with the tendency to lower consumption due to higher prices paid by consumers. The result would be not palliation but exaggeration of the difficulties under which agriculture is laboring. As sound policy, the President suggested the development of coöperative marketing, with stabilization of price and control of production from within.

The two bills and the two vetoes bring into clear relief the fundamental difference in economic viewpoint between the proponents and opponents of the equalization fee. But it would be an error to assume that the affirmative votes by which the bills were passed afford an indication of the strength of opinion in favor of the equalization fee. No attention was paid to the export-debenture plan supported by the National Grange. There has been no little playing of politics in connection with the McNary-Haugen bills. This was particularly true of the last bill. Certain Democrats were obviously not unwilling to embarrass the President; certain Republicans were more than willing to embarrass the President. One of the political objectives of some Corn Belt leaders has been to make it appear that the Administration is against the Corn Belt. Were this not the year of a presidential campaign, the passage of the bill would not have been accomplished with the apparent ease with which it was rushed through both houses of the Congress. The bill provided political ammunition for conflicts within the parties rather than between the parties. Doubtless the so-called equalization plan will arise in the Congress again; if not in the forthcoming lame-duck session, certainly in the following session. The problem of agriculture will be settled right only when it is approached as a nonpolitical problem.

The International Account for 1927

THE international account for the past calendar year, recently issued by the Department of Commerce with a foreword by Secretary Hoover, is replete with information and exposition. With each year its scope is broadened and the accuracy of the data improved. Gradually the report is coming to be recognized as being as interesting to business men as it is to economists and other students of international exchange. Above all else, the relative values of visible and invisible items in trade are being made clear to the man in the street.

The balance of commodity trade, the excess of exports over imports, was five hundred and forty-eight million dollars, contrasted with two hundred and sixty-six million dollars in 1926. Apparently the day of the excess of imports over exports, so long prophesied, is not yet in sight. The volume of exports was scarcely changed from the previous year, but the imports of goods were valued at two hundred and forty-seven million dollars less. A striking feature in the exchange of goods was the fact that the average prices of both imports and exports declined rather sharply during the year, to the extent of nearly eight per cent.

The report presents an interesting compilation of estimates of tourist expenditures at home and abroad. According to the final summary, during the year American tourists expended abroad no less than seven hundred and seventy million dollars, while foreign tourists expended in this country as much as one hundred and fifty-three million dollars, a balance of six hundred and seventeen million dollars. The expenditures of American tourists in Canada were one hundred and ninety-seven million dollars, those of Canadians in the United States were fifty-one million dollars, a large part of which was carried on via automobiles.

The estimates of immigrant remittances have also been subjected to a revision. Despite the conviction that these estimates have tended to be too high, the net figure for 1927 is still given as no less than two hundred and six million dollars. With restriction of immigration, these are due to decline.

Finally, the subject of foreign investments is given an interesting rediscussion, in which an attempt is made to estimate what is called the backwash—meaning thereby the gradual reduction of foreign investments through various secondary transactions. A range of estimates of American long-term investments abroad is given as eleven and a half to thirteen and a half billion dollars. In an attempt to evaluate the present foreign investments in the United States—which were five to six billion dollars before the war—British investments are given as one billion eight hundred and fifty million dollars and Canadian investments as seven hundred and twenty-two million dollars. Probably the investments of other countries would bring the total of foreign investments in the United States to more than three and a half billion dollars. It is interesting to observe that whereas before the war by far the largest fraction of British investments in this country was in railways, now their investments in industrials and public utilities substantially exceed those in railways. It is also interesting to learn that a large proportion of foreigners' investments in the United States is held in trust by bankers and brokers in this country.

The net export of capital, strictly defined, is much less than would be indicated by issues of new securities underwritten in the United States. During the year, American underwriting of foreign securities reached the record figure of one billion five hundred and ninety-three million dollars. Adding other items, the gross figure for foreign investments during the year reached the apparent total of one billion nine hundred and seventy-six million dollars. When this gross figure is appropriately reduced to take account of commissions, discounts, refundings, resales to foreigners and new foreign investments in the United States, the figure is reduced to six hundred and seventy-one million dollars, representing the net amount of capital exported. We take it this is not quite twice the net export of capital exported from Great Britain during the year. New foreign investments in the United States reached the large total of nine hundred and twenty-one million dollars.

It would be interesting to have a study of investors' motives leading to the simultaneous investment of American capital abroad and of foreign capital in the United States. Perhaps it may not be extreme to remark that American investments abroad may be colored by speculation and foreign investments in this country colored by prudence.

Democracy in Sport

A TENDENCY away from overemphasis of one branch of athletics at the expense of another is indicated by the recent action of Dartmouth College and the University of Pennsylvania in dropping the existing distinctions between major and minor sports. These institutions feel that the terms "major" and "minor" tend to emphasize unduly the present so-called major sports and minimize the value of the minor sports.

By removing these distinctions, which have been in vogue for the past fifty years, it is hoped to remove the stigma of inferiority from sports labeled "minor" and to encourage young men to go out for all sports.

The time, energy and ability demanded by the minor sports often equal or exceed those of the major sports. In many cases it has been harder for a minor-sports athlete to obtain his insignia than for the boy who sports the big block letter emblematic of membership on a major team. At Pennsylvania a player on a minor sports team was required to win an intercollegiate championship before recognition by the Council on Athletics. Under the new order of things boxing, wrestling, swimming, water polo, gymnastics, fencing, tennis, lacrosse and golf will be governed by the same system of awarding insignia that applies to football, baseball, track, crew and basketball.

At Dartmouth a summary of student opinion was obtained before the radical step was taken. The supervisor of athletics was surprised to learn that forty-three per cent of those voting were in favor of abolishing all major and minor distinctions. Of those voting against it, many of them, upon thinking the question over carefully, came around to the idea that major and minor distinctions were of no benefit. Only five per cent were satisfied with the previous classification or were not interested.

That other colleges will probably fall in line with the movement is shown by the fact that Cornell, New Hampshire, the University of Illinois, the University of Iowa, Wesleyan, and Williams have already revised or are contemplating the revision of their whole system of awarding insignia to participants in sports. Such a democratization of intercollegiate athletics is a healthy symptom and is a long-deferred recognition of the many who sweat and strain for their alma maters in lowly capacities far from the blare of the band and the spotlight of fame.

Presidential Walls and Others

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

ONCE upon a time there was a poor fellow with an idea.

It is fair to say that the ideas of most poor fellows—and rich, too—come to nothing. We cannot find a full record on the books of the trouble this particular poor fellow had in presenting his idea to the great persons who later underwrote him, but I am certain of this: He had troubles enough with the secretaries. It was a long time ago, but we can be sure there was the devil's own time to get an appointment. It is certain he was told that the magnificent personages were in conference. It is almost certain that he got the supercilious secretarial look and the doorman's snooty. I am sure he had to scale the walls around the great, the rich and the politically prominent before he was able to lift two great figures of his time into a place of recognition among the school children forevermore.

The light of these glorious and isolated persons with whom he sought a moment's interview was to put him on the map quite literally, and besides, for their part, it turned out that the light he shed on them has made them immortal.

If the secretaries and doormen had not failed in protecting their bosses no one would ever have sung Columbia, Gem of the Ocean, and the American flag might have been the Turkish half-moon or the Japanese full sun.

The walled persons were Ferdinand and Isabella, and everyone has heard of their caller, who once kicked his heels in the anteroom.

For good or evil, the great men of the world—particularly the modern world, with its annoying details—have walls.

Some of the walls are built for men's own desire for fortresses against annoyance, futile talk, wasted time and fools, but some are built when the walled men know it not and innocently believe they have access to the truth as to what is going on in the world and about what people are thinking—especially about them. Some of the walls are amusing; others are tragic, as in the case of Wilson.

If anyone believes that wallitis is not a considerable disease and that it is not a problem for the great man, whether he knows it or not, then that person has less experience with the walls which surround presidents, kings and so-called magnates than some of us who have seen them from the inside as well as from the outside and on occasions have built them up and, on other occasions, torn them down.

It is good advice to say to the next President of the United States: "Watch your walls."

Perhaps it would be a good start to examine some of the practical problems which arise when the Chief Executive finds himself between the Scylla of not being able to have the bald truth as he should be told it—and almost never is—and the Charybdis of dropping dead from seeing people—which he sometimes may do. This is an election year, and if not this year some other a man will step into the White House with all the innocence of the fly which enters a spider's web. He will have much in common with magnates in their secretarial cocoons and with the unfortunate, isolated and dizzy Kaiser, and with the Czar of Russia, surrounded in his glittering web by the machinations of the Black Hundred. He will have something in common with Mussolini, who, before he learned his lesson, had been hoodwinked by bad men who were admitted to his inner offices and to his confidence by the same secretarial entourage which went to great pains and petty conspiracies to create barriers against some good men and completely shut them out from coming to tell a little truth or two.

The great man may be approached and tangled up, as Harding was, by a group of incompetents and worse, until he is spattered with their spray, or he may be as shrewd as Coolidge, whose keen observation and noncommittal apparent unresponsiveness draw out and expose the truth from good men, just as they expose the falsities and dissemblings of bad men. He may be personally as tragically afraid of strong human beings as Wilson or as tragically unafraid of them as was Taft. But on top of any of his own human weaknesses he will learn that there is an undefined, mysterious pressure around him—the nervous tension of one toward whom men are ceaselessly struggling to get over the walls; over walls designed to protect him or over others designed by circumstance or cabal to keep him a prisoner from the sunlight of knowing the facts.

It is not necessary to prove that men are influenced by their contacts. Of course they are! It is not necessary for anyone to have had a long experience with the White House, or with men who have dwelt therein, to realize that, except in cases of that rarest combination, the man who can stand endless contacts without losing much of himself, any man either isolates himself or is wound up in a cocoon woven by the silky threads of the men who wall him up in it. Harding was walled up until disillusioned. Taft was walled up until he was out; even Roosevelt looked through the cocoon walls at times, although most of his errors—those minor errors of judgment—came from his enthusiasms for new personalities and for vivacious ideas. Wilson created his own walls; he became suspicious of his best lieutenants and irascibly reluctant to hear reports from those well informed. Cases of that were brought out when he took no advantage of the knowledge Page brought back from London, or of that which Root, who had headed a special mission to Russia, brought back from across the Pacific. He grew so chary of suggestions that, probably with perfect innocence and sincerity, he rejected, hide, hair and

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If the Secretaries and Doormen Had Not Failed in Protecting Their Bosses No One Would Ever Have Sung Columbia, Gem of the Ocean

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Of Course the Old Bathing Suits Were Ridiculous, But ——

—— Look What They Covered!

Artificial

OH, HIS brow was very black
And his manner was judicial,
And he said,
"Alas, alack!
Life is now so artificial!

"Where our fathers fought the night,
Cold and hunger and destruction,
We are now content to fight
For a little tax reduction.

"Lovers once would go to meet
Death in mighty manly fashion;
We, with artificial heat,
Sigh our artificial passion.

"Life and food and poetry
On one formula are founded;
They are artificially
Colored, flavored and compounded.

"Now I read, alack, alas!
News that we may see our doom in;
Some accurst inventor has
Made an artificial human!"

For the Park I saw him make,
And he plunged, demanding pardon,
In the artificial lake
Of the artificial garden.

Some policemen, standing nigh,
Brought about his extrication,
And restored existence by
Artificial respiration.
—Morris Bishop.

Saturday Night and ——

—— Sunday Morning

Tell Her

THE stag lifts his head from the rim of the lake
And trumpets and bells to the doe in the brake;
He blares that of all from the hills to the sea
The swiftest, the lithest, the lightest is she,
The loveliest waif of the wood and the wold—
And she knows that she is, but she likes to be told.
The oriole gallantly swings on the spray
And flutes to his love in the blossoms of May
That she is a blossom as fresh as the dew,

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The Choir Director Who Moved to the Country

"What's the Matter, Aunt Eli? Since You Moved Into Your New Home You Seem to Have Lost All Interest in Life." "So Would You if You Was on a Party Line With Two Swedes and a Dutchman!"

There's health in its sunny flavor!

Fresh from sun-bathed fields come the luscious, ruddy-hued tomatoes for Campbell's Tomato Soup. Plucked from the vines just at the moment when each tomato is ripened to its full deliciousness. Bringing to your table all the tonic, appetizing flavor and glowing healthfulness for which the tomato is famous.

Campbell's use only the choicest, most nutritious parts of the tomato—the rich juices and tender tomato "meat", strained to a smooth puree. Golden country butter further enriches the blend, seasoned to perfection.

You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes! For the most charming Cream of Tomato Soup you ever tasted, add milk, cream or evaporated milk, as the label directs.

Tomato Aspic for your summer salads

Tomato "aspic" jelly for delightful hot weather dishes! Soak two tablespoons granulated gelatin in one-half cupful cold water. Dissolve in one pint boiling water. Add one-third cupful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt and one can Campbell's Tomato Soup. Pour into a cold wet ring mold and set in cold place to chill.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of these Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)		Vegetable-Beef

The roses in my cheeks, they say,
Come from Campbell's Soup each day.
How soup makes roses, I can't see,
But there they are, adorning me!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE SANDALWOOD FAN

"This Man Took My Pocketbook! Look! Right Out of My Hand Bag. He Pulled It Open and Grabbed It and Passed It to Another Man, Who Ran Right Away With It"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XI

FLORENCE came home about eleven o'clock in the morning. She had attended a bridge; the affair had been its grim and fanatical self until the unexpectedly early return of the men from the city, and then things had become jolly and nobody had wanted to take her prize and go home. Doctor Wessel dropped in, too, having heard a rumor of the housebreaking.

He refused to find significance in the potter's verse, even when told that the captured robber had the paper in his hand. Dick had noticed the peculiar quality of the psychiatrist's mind—his admirable skill in fetching conclusions from afar, and his misinterpreting the obvious. He was like ball players whom Dick had known, who could catch anything that was hit at them, and who didn't know what to do with the ball after they had it. Still, it couldn't be that Wessel lacked plain horse sense; he was successful as manager, owner and medical director of his large sanitarium near by.

Dick was not sure that he was discreet, but could not keep him, the co-executor, in ignorance of any development in the estate's affairs. They were legally equal. Dick had a certain moral priority, having advanced the estate, out of his own funds, a little less than five thousand dollars to date.

Wessel sat on the floor and methodically went over the litter that had been pulled from the wrecked safe, while Dick, interested in the mechanics of the job, was studying the wrenched plates of the door.

Wessel spoke to Florence: "Did your husband ever confide to you his suspicion that he was under constant surveillance?"

"Surveillance?" repeated Florence, to whom, it was evident, the idea was new.

"But that wasn't any mere suspicion, doctor," interjected Nell. "I know that his affairs were pried into. Letters addressed to him were opened before he received them."

"How do you know that?"

"He told me so."

"Oh, yes," nodded Wessel.

"But it is true, doctor," insisted Nell, nettled by the knowingness of his tone. "He thought at one time that he was being watched by the Secret Service of the income-tax bureau. He paid every cent that was due, but because of the way he made his money—in speculation and betting—they couldn't very well check up his returns. I can tell you how he proved that his mail was opened; he found out what ink was made of, and he put those two things under the flap of the envelope, but keeping them apart with mucilage, and then he mailed those envelopes to himself. One of them reached here with an ink-stained flap, and Garry said that showed it had been steamed open."

"Oh, yes," said Wessel in the same superior tone. "Tannin and iron sulphate make ink. So far, good."

"The doctor has his industrial chemistry down pat," commented Dick.

"Very sketchily," said Wessel. "I read handwriting, and it would be odd if I hadn't a special knowledge of ink. I asked the question because of a phrase that occurs here in a letter that Garry wrote his wife but did not post—you were in the Catskills at the time, it seems:

"Flo, here is one of those funny things that have me guessing. Having nothing to do, I sat down to write you; having nothing to say, I stopped writing, and went to reading a book. Then I was called down to the phone, and I marked my place in the book with this letter, and when I came back, so help me Bob, the letter was in a different place. I guess I must be getting dotty."

"That doesn't mean that anybody was watching him while he was writing," said Florence, taking the letter and tossing it onto the secretary.

"Certainly not. That wasn't my suggestion. But pardon me, please, for looking at the letter at all."

"What do you think of Garry's handwriting, doctor?" asked Dick to make a diversion. He saw that Florence, with her usual unreliability, had exhibited temper.

"May I?" asked Wessel. He reached to the secretary, picked up an unfinished letter and adjusted his glasses. An expression of aversion appeared on his face; he made gestures with the flat of his hand as if he would erase the offending script.

"Who-o-oo," he breathed audibly through touching lips. "No need to study this. My patients write this way—no balance here at all. Secretive and underhanded, and yet temperamental and throwing caution to the winds. People of this type take violent likings, and then love turns to hate. There's a definite looseness in the character of this person. The writer is hiding something very painful; I'll try to tell you what it is. Come—look there!" He pointed at the page as if he were pointing into a dark pit. "Can you see it? Do you see the arrow? Here's another one—there's another. Who-o-oo. See that queer 'And'—written perpendicularly. There again. Do you see the outline of a flat face? Every writer puts his own symbol in his writing, unconsciously. Now, I'm getting it—wait—wait ——"

Dick was watching Nell. He pressed close to Wessel to tell him to reverse himself at once, but when he saw the letter he laughed suddenly.

"That's not the letter you had before, doctor. That's one Florence was writing just now."

"How stupid of me," gasped Wessel, while there was a general laugh at his expense. "It is the case, however, that

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Creamery fresh . . .

With a new-churned goodness

FLAVOR as delicate as the fragrance of the newly opened churns . . .

You find it always in this butter, made of graded, tested cream and brought to you from our spotless creameries.

Brookfield Creamery Butter goes to your dealer—wherever you may live—by the quickest, most direct route possible.

Our own refrigerator cars carry it to the Swift branch house in the city where you live—or direct to dealers in the smaller communities.

Of the same high quality—Brookfield Eggs and Brookfield Cheese, the name plainly printed on the cartons. Also Brookfield Poultry.

Our own rules of strict cleanliness guard its purity and flavor from the time it leaves the churns until your dealer receives it.

None of its first, new-churned goodness is lost—you get it Creamery Fresh. And what a difference such flavor makes—on your table, in your cooking!

Swift & Company

Brookfield

Butter--Eggs--Poultry--Cheese

© S. & Co.

(Continued from Page 28)

when I am intent on the handwriting, I don't notice the sense, and vice versa. Let me have the other."

"Too late, Mr. Magician," said Nell gayly. "Everybody's walked out of your tent. But seriously, speaking of being watched, everybody knows what that feeling is. I think I feel it more acutely than do people who are used to depending on their eyes. You remember the other day, Flo, when I told you a man was standing in the doorway and looking in at us? I just knew that. You remember."

"I remember there was nobody there," said Florence crossly. "If you want to know what such feelings mean, Nell, give Doctor Wessel a sample of your handwriting, and he'll smother you with compliments, as he did me."

"But I did not know it was your writing," protested Wessel. "And the writing shows only the emotions, the impulses, the natural self. I said that the writer was hiding something painful, but the thing hidden may have been a mere delusion, something believed in without evidence—a hallucination."

"That is to say, I may not be a loose woman, but I'm probably insane."

"I'd hate to write you a letter, doctor," smiled Dick. "But tell me this: If you knew a person for a long time and then saw his writing, would you let anything in his pothooks and hangers change your opinion of him?"

"But of course, Phillipse," said Wessel, staring. "It is a science."

The admission contented Dick. It chimed with his conception of Wessel's nature—he would go back on a friend if he didn't like his handwriting an amazing admission. Dick had a sturdy disbelief in graphology, palmistry, and the like; they smacked to him of black art.

Dick intended to go into New York immediately after lunch, returning the following afternoon for the week-end. He took a walk about the grounds with Nell, and was in a hidden path by the brook that ran through uncleared woods to the bay, when he saw the man cutting the telephone line at the road. He saw the line drop and hang among the trees, but he did not know then that it was the telephone line and supposed that the man was about his lawful business as one of a trouble crew. He did not even tell Nell what he saw, nor was he uneasy when she said, "How fast that car is going! Can you see it?"

"Nothing in sight." Then he heard the hum of a hard-driven motor. The car came shooting down the road, reeled into the Duane drive and sailed along it toward the house like a flung stone. It was an open car, carrying five men with caps pulled down against the wind. It pulled up under the porte-cochère and the men piled out and jumped up the steps. One of them was unassisted and moved as nimbly as any of them, although he had only one leg and was driving himself on and up with a crutch.

"Where's the nearest telephone, Nell," he asked—"outside the house?"

"In the barn. What's the matter, Dick?"

"Curiosity. That's on the same line as the house. Nell, I saw the bay from my window, but I didn't notice. . . . How far is it?"

"About a half mile. But it's just about a thousand feet from the house to the boathouse on West Brother Creek. But, Dick, what is it? Tell me, please. You're very nervous."

He had divined instantly the objective of the one-legged man and his band. That objective, in the shape of a single sheet of linen-bond paper on which was printed by hand a familiar old verse, was at that precise moment in the bill fold in Dick's breast pocket; he had not let it out of his hands, and had intended to get it with all possible haste into the keeping of a deposit box in a bank. He saw now that he had made haste too slowly. Knowing his New York as he did, he would have felt like calling out the National Guard to escort him to the train if he had twenty thousand dollars in cash on his person, or a substantial fraction thereof; and yet he had dallied in this remote countryside while he had that in his pocket that spelled fortune to dangerous men. And he had no weapon.

"Garry's boats are lying there yet, aren't they? Thank God for that. Bend over, Nell, and run as fast as you can; don't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid," she said, holding his hand tightly while he warned her against the places where the land and shrubbery fell away from the footpath and exposed them to view from the house.

"It's last night all over again," he said as they ran like affrighted pheasants. "A car crowded with men has just rushed up to the house. I saw that man Tap-tap Tony. They're looking for Garry's paper all right."

They were still nearly a hundred yards from the boathouse on the creek when Dick paused to let Nell draw breath, and ventured a look back through waving fronds.

The men had come from the house and were spreading over the grounds and drifting toward West Brother Creek. This was not sheer ill luck; the grounds were in lawn, even under the trees, except the land lying along the brook and creek, which, being wet and low, had been left in the rough, and afforded cover. The men were shouting to one another in high spirits, and were proceeding with all the confidence in the world, as if there was no law in the land but theirs, no will to stay them. Dick's thoughts went back suddenly to a hectic night in a French hotel following the Armistice, when he, regimental provost sergeant, had been jumped by cognac-maddened soldiers and felled with a bottle; and there, in the heart of the regimental cantonment, the rioters had taken charge and had been, for a good ten minutes, as jolly and carefree as skylarking laborers on a barge. It would not be a matter of ten minutes here; no sentry would discharge his piece, no guard with bayonets fixed would double in from the South Country Road. Dick knew that the problem before him was going to be worked out with the quantities on hand; at least he did not have the paralyzed astonishment of the average urbanite in the face of an outburst of the lawlessness that is ever brewing under the surface of civilized life.

"Run, Nell," he urged. "They're coming."

They neared the boathouse. This was a one-story frame structure built out over the waters of the creek. Dick knew that boats were moored underneath it. If they could get going down the creek toward the bay in a power boat they could drop their hunters.

But the boathouse was on rising ground which it was a gamble to cross—a gamble that must be made. They scurried across it and into the open doorway of the shelter. Dick looked out a salt-bleared window. One of the men was only fifty yards away, and was running directly to the boathouse. In his hand was a revolver; he shouted as he came. He would arrive in a matter of seconds, and the others close behind him. It was idle to hope to get down the steps to a boat in time, and start a cold marine engine, and nose the boat out through the gate in the paling and into the creek. They wanted minutes, not seconds.

"Too late," said Dick. "They have us." He threw a look about him. He was looking for a nook or cranny into which to throw the bill fold, though he knew that if he were found there, the place would be adequately searched; and he did not doubt that he himself would be given the choice between revelation and death. He was pretty sure that he would reveal.

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Wessel Spoke to Florence: "Did Your Husband Ever Confide to You His Suspicion That He Was Under Constant Surveillance?"

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Fisher leadership in four essentials of body manufacturing is responsible for the superiority of Fisher Bodies. These four chief factors are: 1st, Immense industrial and financial resources; 2nd, Well balanced and highly intelligent engineering and research; 3rd, Unexcelled craftsmanship; 4th, Efficient, modern machinery and unequalled factory facilities. It is Fisher leadership in these fundamentals which enables Fisher to contribute so greatly to the unusual *value, beauty,* and *durability* of the cars equipped with Body by Fisher.

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GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 30)

"Tell them I've gone toward the road," he said quickly. He leaped and caught a rafter, swung himself up and stretched himself along some stored spars and sweeps. A rolled sail bulked alongside him. He could not be seen from the floor, but he would be found quickly if the place were searched for him. There was just a chance that he had not been seen entering the boathouse; he had crouched low, while Nell had been almost erect.

The greeting shout of the man he had seen running was reassuring. "Here she is!"

Dick heard the other men enter. And then the dry voice of the one-legged man, all its silky veneer gone, cold and deadly: "Where is he? That"—Dick's fear fell away from him oddly when he inferred that a weapon had been thrust against Nell—"is a gun."

"He went toward the road," she said tremulously. "He left me by the brook. He told me to come this way so that you'd follow me."

"I'm telling you I saw him up that way," said another man.

"Look around here, Bull. Come on, you. Up there, and rouse him out. Don't lose time chasing him; give him the works."

They were going. They were gone.

"How far off was he when he left you?" growled the man who stayed.

"Quite a way," said Nell. Her voice had sunk to a whisper.

Dick heard the man moving about. The lid of a storage locker creaked and fell with a bang.

"Blind," grumbled the searcher. There was a silence of several seconds, and then the man shouted: "All right, boys, I'm coming!" His feet pounded the floor and Dick knew that he had run from the boathouse.

He looked over the top of the sail. Nell was standing below him; her mouth was open and her head was tilted in a listening attitude. She spoke just as Dick saw the man reappear in the doorway. His flight had been a feint; he had stolen back over the soft turf to observe her.

"Dick," whispered Nell. And then more loudly, "Dick, they've gone!"

"So that's how you're gaited," growled the man triumphantly; and he stalked into the room and up to the terrified girl. "He's here, is he? Where is he—understand me?" His hand, contemptuously open, met Nell's cheek in a stinging slap.

Dick did a shoulder roll out from among the spars. He didn't care how he got to the floor, if only it was the quickest way. He landed asprawl, which saved his life for the time being, for the thug fired point-blank.

Dick bounced at the man like rubber, swinging his right fist with every ounce of his strength. The full blow did not land, but there was enough of it and to spare. The man, dodging, took it on the side of his head; his arms flew apart, and he fell. The pistol sailed neatly through a window and into the creek.

Dick was off balance after that first furious stroke. The thug had time to turn over and climb to his feet. He was as big as Dick, and fifteen years younger, and his chosen way of life had not yet sapped his strength. He was no dub with his fists either; the roll of the head, that had saved him from taking Dick's blow frontally, meant something. He was hurt, jarred, but a few seconds accorded him to shake off his daze would have assured a fight worth seeing. He did not get those necessary seconds.

Dick was on him, all over him, hitting with both hands like a kicking mule. He wanted to kill the fellow right there on the floor; he wanted to kill him with his fists. He had seen the red mark on Nell's white cheek. He hated the man with passion, was revolted by him as by something obscene and inhuman. Dick was wrong to feel that way, and was unjust to the thug, who had done no more to Nell than he would have done to his own sister or wife, but Dick was blindly prejudiced in the premises.

The thug fought back, and without shouting; he had no time to waste in calling out. They were fighting like wild beasts, all skill of fence gone in the mad whirl of battle. The thug reeled back over the floor, driving his fists in a despairing effort to beat back the maniac who was Dick, whose blood lust was plain in his ravening eyes. The thug's eyes rolled up and his head swung aside, but not of purpose now. Dick did not set himself for the finishing blow, because his every blow was starting from his planted feet. His fist smashed against the thug's jaw, and down the man went. Dick stumbled over him and pulled up sobbing for breath—sobbing with unslaked fury. He saw the man on the floor; he pulled himself together, glanced about for the pistol in vain, caught Nell's hand and hurried her down the open steps to the water.

"Which is the boat for us, Nell—which?"

"The Miss Bayport is the faster by far, Dick, but I think it's out of order. Better take the cruiser."

"Wait here," he ordered curtly, pulling the cable of a raised deck cruiser some thirty feet over all. He saw the sea sled that she called the Miss Bayport, but he had no time to lose in tinkering with a high-speed marine motor. He climbed onto the cruiser's cabin, ran aft, jumped down into the cockpit and switched on the heavy-duty motor. It responded at once—as pleasant an ugly noise as Dick had ever heard. He eased the boat by the steps, gave Nell a hand into the cockpit, and turned the nose of his craft out into the creek.

"Down, Nell—quick!" he cried, stepping the engine up to full speed. He had caught a glimpse of men running on the ground before the boathouse. He could not watch them; could not leave the wheel nor stoop. A bend in the creek was before him, and he had to stand bolt upright to look over the cabin and steer a course. Pistols were being fired right beside him, it seemed; there beside him was a splintery hole in the polished oak. He made the turn, and was in the shelter of the bank and the tall salt grass; the tide was out fortunately, and the creek was sunk between its banks. The boat was making its honest and reliable ten miles an hour toward the wide Great South Bay.

"Have we water here, Nell?"

"Lots. Over six feet, anywhere between here and the bay. We won't go aground. Oh, Dick, we're safe! Wasn't that frightful? When I heard you fighting back there, I felt that I would go mad. But, Dick, I wasn't afraid."

Dick rounded another bend, sending the black waters swirling over a mud flat. He bent an ear to his engine; there was a sound he could not account for. Nell told him what it was; her tone was informative in itself.

"They've started the Miss Bayport."

"How much does she do, Nell?"

"Thirty miles."

Dick caught a glimpse of the bay over a waving green flat. The nearest boat was a half mile away, and that was only a tubby sloop that probably housed a water tramp—no help there. He disregarded the two baymen who were tonging clams from small boats. And it was more than a mile to Bayport or Blue Point.

"They'll come up on us as if we were hooked to the bottom," he said. "I have an idea—can you swim?"

"No, Dick."

"Just the same, Nell, you and I are going to step off this boat into the water right away. Will you do it?"

"If you will with me, Dick. Must we?"

"Our one chance."

They were in the straightaway to the open water of the bay; he lashed the wheel. They would leave the boat in the middle of the creek; he could not risk bringing it close to the bank, lest it nose into it. And the banks, cut by the swift creek, were sheer. There, ahead, was a shelving spot where a runlet emptied into the current.

"Come, Nell." He caught her hand and helped her to the gunwale. "Hold your breath when you hit. One—two ——" They were in the water, under it, up to the surface. "Good girl! Breathe, now."

It was only twenty-five feet to the shelving shore—fifteen, and they found footing. They heard the snoring of the Miss Bayport; at any moment she would skid around the turn behind there. They struggled to the shore, across the flat and into the high and dense salt grass. "Down—down flat!"

It seemed a long time before the Miss Bayport appeared, and it was probably all of four minutes. Dick remembered thankfully that the craft was a sea sled, a scow-shaped boat that picks up speed slowly; the motor had probably been idling while the men studied their vessel. And meanwhile the cruiser was driving out into the bay, steering as straight a course as if a smart skipper were at its wheel. It was over a thousand yards away when the Miss Bayport came around the bend. Dick hugged the moist black earth.

It was not making more speed than the cruiser when it passed Dick and Nell, but now, with the open water before it, it began to climb. Higher rose its snub bow, higher. It was beginning to plane, getting up out of the water in which the cruiser wallowed along. Its speed mounted; it rushed toward the cruiser.

"Now, Nell." They jumped up and scurried for the house. The five men were in the Miss Bayport, closing on the cruiser.

The boats did not return. Baymen brought them back in the afternoon, having found them unmanned, and thinking they had found evidence of a double tragedy.

Doctor Wessel was gone in his car to bring help. Florence was not greatly excited. "They did no harm here, except to charge around a bit," she said. "They saw you from a window almost at once. No, I won't leave this house, Dick; this is my home, and I shan't be frightened out of it. And where would we go?"

"I feel sure that you won't be disturbed again, for that matter," said Dick. He tapped the bill fold containing the precious and inscrutable rime; the paper had not suffered because of his immersion. "This thing will be behind a foot of chilled steel in my safe-deposit box before three o'clock. It will stay there, too, if we have to call the United States Army and Navy. We'll tell the world where it is, too, for fear that the grapevine that disseminates information about our private affairs may not be working perfectly. And then I'll see Inspector Conlin about this Huey Gow."

"I'll stay if Flo wants to," said Nell. "Though to be quite honest, I'd love to go to some secluded spot like Forty-second Street and Broadway and settle down for a rest. It may be dull and boring there, with nothing interesting to do, but I don't want any interest in my life for a long time now. I love Blue Point, but it's too darned crowded with excitement."

Dick was most uneasy of the three. He prevailed on them to go back to New York with him for a week-end of summer matinées, supper shows in smart restaurants, churchgoing with pomp and circumstance.

XII

"MA BONN told you, eh?" chuckled Inspector Conlin. "I'll tell you about that lady, Mr. Phillipse; you can believe almost anything she tells you, providing it agrees with what you know for certain yourself."

"You don't flatter her," said Dick. "You don't like her so well."

"I'd like her a lot better at Auburn. She's had a long run, but she'll get there. That woman is a professional receiver of stolen goods. There isn't any doubt but that she knew that fan was stolen; she probably wouldn't have bought it if it wasn't—she would think there was something queer about it."

"Mr. Hinkle spoke very highly of her."

"She always spoke very highly of him," said Conlin.

Dick caught the sardonic grimace of the old policeman. "Mr. Hinkle tells me that you and he are close friends."

"Why not? He has a big reputation, and anybody would be proud to know him, presumably. And being that he is a lawyer, he is a man of good moral character, presumably. However—and although he's a great lawyer and I'm only a common policeman—we're not as thick as he lets on. There's a great many people anxious to spread around that they're my friends; I can make five thousand dollars for being seen to shake hands with any one of twenty men in New York—no favors—only a shake. Still and all, I don't see what good it does to be on the level when reputable citizens like yourself, Mr. Phillipse, take it for granted that I got secret influence with crooks and gamblers, Chinese or any other kind."

"I didn't mean anything to that effect."

"You did too. I want you to know that there's no secret wires running out of this office to Chinatown, or Forty-second Street either. Any man in New York can snap his fingers in my face if he behaves himself, and if he don't he gets the rap. I got no influence with those kind of people at all, Mr. Phillipse, because they don't do business if I know it. And if I don't know it they should worry about me."

"I so understand, inspector," said Dick, meeting fairly the challenging gaze of the chief of the detective bureau.

"Well, since you understand that thoroughly"—Conlin pushed a button—"we'll have in Mr. Huey Gow."

A door opened, admitted Huey Gow, and shut behind him.

The Chinese gambler looked blankly at Dick, and then turned his expressionless gaze on the inspector and awaited his pleasure.

"Huey," said Conlin complainingly, "I got some bad reports on you. What kind of a game is this you're running down in Doyers Street?"

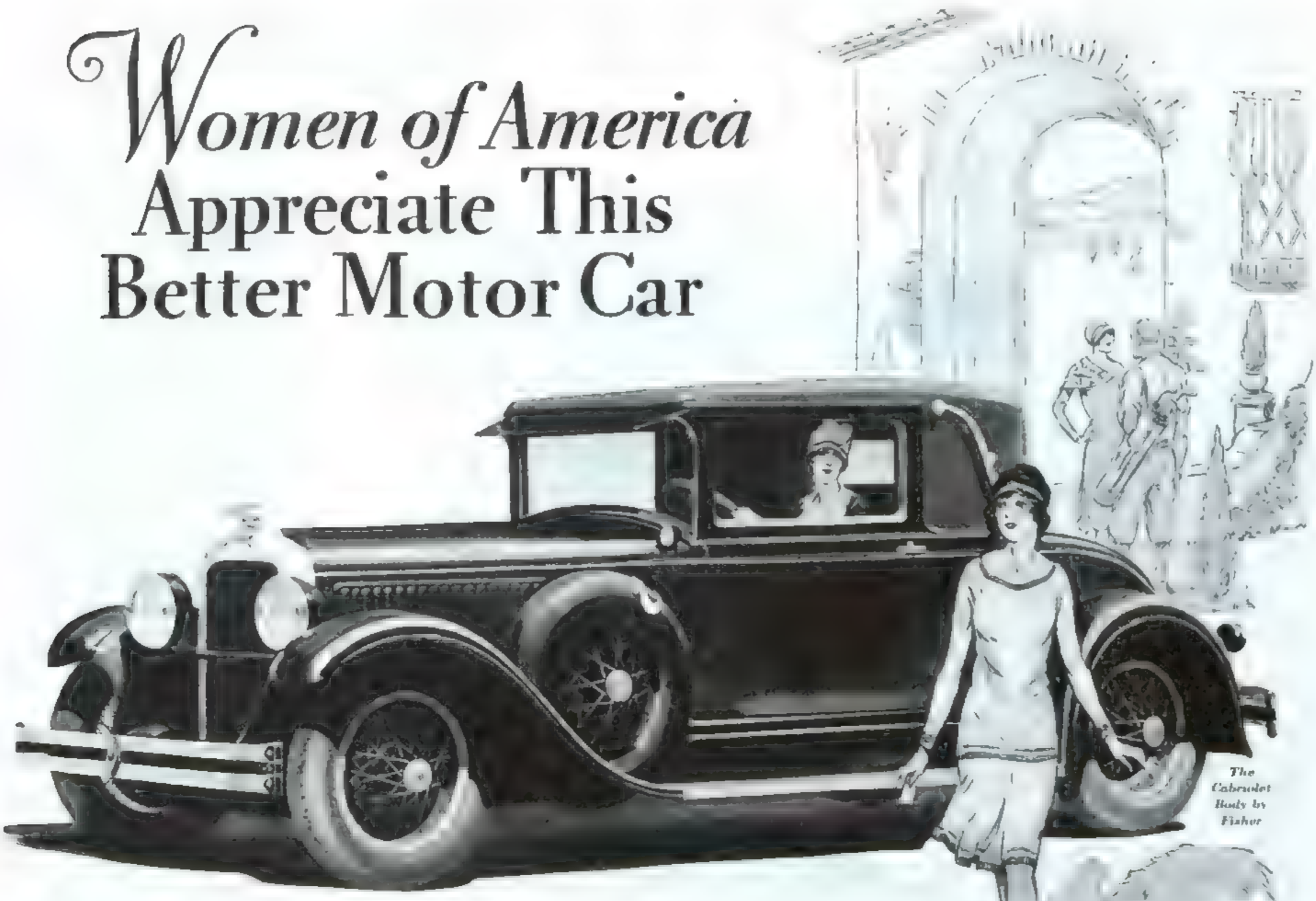
"Fan-tan, sir. Very nice game for nice people. No noise; no fight. If police-a-man come up to the watchman, he can come and look in. Never the watchman stop the police-a-man; it is a lie. Who tell you this? Hing Chu that got a gambling run on Mott Street? Everything very nice; everybody got money to go home—to Paterson, to Stamford, to Bay Shore, to Linoleumville, to Fort Lee, to Rockville Centre—to everywhere. It is not for stopping the police-a-man; it is for the Hip Sing. If the watchman sing out 'Hey, shut the door!' that is for me to know ——"

"Don't try to talk me out of it. You're getting rough, and the next thing you know, something is going to drop in Doyers Street. I believe in letting people alone while they don't annoy other people, but I won't stand for rough stuff. You and your friends ganged a fellow down there a few Sundays ago, and tried to kill him, and this gentleman saw you and saved the man's life."

"No, sir, it is I saves the man's life. Maybe I hit the man, but I right away sorry. He lay down to get rest, for his body all over hurts painful. Best way to get a Chinese doctor or an American doctor to put medicine on him. I do

(Continued on Page 117)

Women of America Appreciate This Better Motor Car



The Cabriolet Body by Fisher

Men admire it . . . respect it. For its power . . . its bigness . . . its advanced engineering design. But there are certain things about this All-American Six appealing to women. Certain qualities that men might never give a second thought.

★ ★ ★

Women aren't interested in the size of its engine. In the importance of its cross-flow radiator. In technical details of its G-M-R cylinder head. But they do appreciate its power and reliability . . . its smoothness and silence at any speed.

★ ★ ★

They're delighted with its Fisher bodies . . . roomy . . . luxuriously appointed . . . smart. With its easy handling. The way it slips through traffic. The effortless, convenient gear shift. The slight foot pressure required by its brakes and clutch.

★ ★ ★

And something more. They sense in the All-American a quality of construction . . . a fineness that they could never describe. Something of the sincere desire of its builders to produce a better automobile. Something of the craftsmanship that only sincerity can impart.

★ ★ ★

No . . . most women won't tell you that it has 212 cubic inches piston displacement and a wheelbase 117 inches long. But you'll find thousands of them enthusiastic All-American owners. They appreciate this better motor car.

PRICES

2-Door Sedan	$1045
Landau Coupe	$1045
Sport Roadster	$1075
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4-Door Sedan	$1145
Cabriolet	$1155*
Landau Sedan	$1265

*Wire Wheels, Spare Tires and Bumpers Extra

New Series Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory. Check Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices—they include lowest handling charges. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

KIDS IN THE COUNTRY

By MARGE

THE thing that makes me maddest about this business of living on a farm is the way that dumb people from the city come out here, take a look around and say, "But what do you do out here?" What do we do? My eye! What don't we do? The only trouble is finding enough time to do it in.

I don't see how city people can be so dumb. They come out here, all dressed up in white shoes and things, and faint if a little mud gets on them. Such a business! Why, once a lady from the city even asked me "Do cows have teeth?" Can you imagine it? I pity people like that. They've never lived. I say you've never really lived until you've sat on a yellow jacket's nest, or ridden a pig, or played hide and seek in a haymow, or been thrown off a pony onto your head. That's what I call living!

Now, take our farm, for instance. It's not much to look at. The whitewash is always coming off the barn, the fences are all the time falling down, and, as dad says, our vegetable garden has always been and always will be our greatest hope and bitterest disappointment. We never have been able to get the thing planted. One year we had almost all the seeds in by August. That's our record. Once we raised some pretty good celery. The goat ate it all in one night. But we do have a flivver and a radio and a darn good time. I may not be a hothouse flower, but I can pitch a lot of hay.

The things you can do on a farm! One thing, you can run around in your bare feet. That's real. You run along, feeling like a child of Nature and as light as a feather, and all of a sudden you step on a rock.

Another thing you can do in the country that you can't do in the city is think. Living away out here, with no neighbors to bother you, and, if you handle it right, not many visitors, gives you lots of opportunities for thought. Betty and Dot and I think all the time. We have a Thinking Tree—an old cherry tree—and sometimes we go up in that tree and think and eat cherries until we get woozy. We don't think that way very often, though. Mother won't let us.

One day Betty and I were sitting in a swing and thinking. We got to thinking about eternity—you know—living forever and ever, day after day, year after year. It's a terrible thought. We got all worked up about it. We sat there, crying and swinging and swinging and crying, swinging higher and crying louder, until the swing broke. After that it was all right. We quit thinking about eternity.

We Have a Thinking Tree—an Old Cherry Tree—and Sometimes We Go Up in That Tree and Think and Eat Cherries Until We Get Woozy

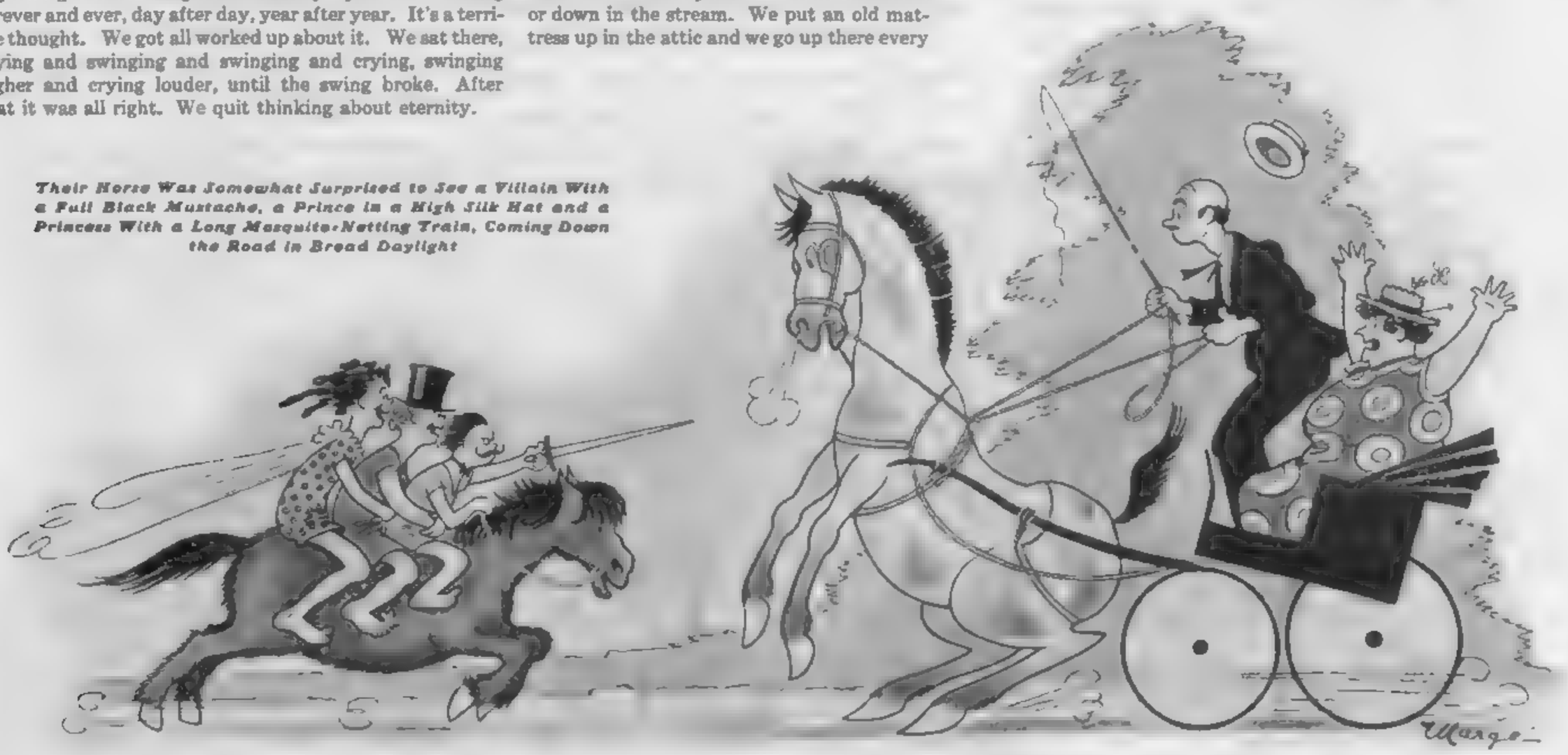
Another thing we enjoy is fighting. You can fight much better on a farm than anywhere else. Once we spent the winter in the city and it was no good at all. Every time we got a decent fight started, the lady in the house across the street came out and made us stop. The city is no place to bring up children. Out here we can fight in the attic or the haymow or out in the woods or down in the stream. We put an old mattress up in the attic and we go up there every night and close the door and fight. Dot always gets hurt, though, and then she yells. So we keep a pillowcase there for such occasions, and when she starts to tune up we stick her head in the pillowcase and tie it up with a string. That always stops her.

The best fight we ever had was when our two cousins, Bus and Babe, came out here to spend the week-end. Mother and dad were in town the day they came, so we expected to have a pretty good time. We all got into our bathing suits and went down to the stream to build a dam. Things were kind of dull until Betty dropped a rock on Bus' foot. Then we had a fairly good mud fight. After that, we decided to rest and make Babe into a mud man. He lay down on the bank and we covered him up with mud. That was all right with him until Dot stuck a crawfish into the mud on his stomach. Then he got mad, and as Bus was already mad, we began to have a real fight. First we fought up and down the lane with green apples. That wasn't fair because they hit us oftener than we hit them. I got socked in the ear with an apple and it hurt, so we stopped being good-natured and rushed them with a rake and a shovel, and Dot had an old plowshare. They got scared and ran into the house, and we cornered them in the bathroom.

Betty said, "Do you surrender?" and Bus said, "No!" So Betty brought the rake down on his dome.

Then he grabbed a flowerpot and the fun began. We fought in and out of every room in the house, leaving mud and water on the rugs, beds, curtains, wall paper and other things. Finally, thinking we might have some trouble explaining about it to the parents, I locked Betty and Bus up in mamma's room, and Dot and I ran around with a mop, trying to clean up the mess, while Babe hammered on the door and yelled to be let in because his brother was getting killed. After a while I unlocked the door, figuring that the fight would probably be over, as we'd heard the rake and flowerpot break. We fixed Betty and Bus up with some adhesive tape, but couldn't seem to fix it up so well with mamma when she got home. Bus and Babe were

(Continued on Page 37)



Their Horse Was Somewhat Surprised to See a Villain With a Full Black Mustache, a Prince in a High Silk Hat and a Princess With a Long Mosquito-Netting Train, Coming Down the Road in Broad Daylight

You wouldn't shoot .22 calibre bullets in a .38 calibre gun

Facts about "light," "medium," "heavy" oils

What is meant by the word, "light" or "medium" or "heavy" which is supposed to describe the body of the oil you buy for your automobile engine?

Of course you don't know. Nobody does.

Engineers recently tested 7 samples of oil which were selling as "medium." Tested at the same temperature, they showed viscosities ranging from 148° to 485°—a range all the way from what some people call "light" to what some people call "heavy."

Similar tests on so-called "light," "heavy" and "extra-heavy" grades showed differences just as wide.

Such unsuitable oil makes your engine wear out much quicker than it should.

With Gargoyle Mobiloil there is not the slightest chance for you to make a mistake on "fit" or lubricating quality. The Mobiloil Board of Engineers has studied your particular make of car in every detail. Their recommendation for your engine in the Mobiloil Chart is based on precise engineering findings.

Grade for grade Mobiloil is distinctly richer than most oils on the market today.

Owing to a "stepping-up" of engine compressions you need now, more than ever, an oil of the very highest quality. For engineering exactness in lubrication you are always sure in using

The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(above) HARD GOING in the desert: Mobiloil lubricated the first automobiles (Citroën) to cross the Sahara.
FAST OF SUEZ: Mobiloil is used everywhere by motorists in the Far East.
THE MOORS SURPRISED Mobiloil-lubricated cars interest natives in the Sahara.

Make the chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1928		1927		1926		1925	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	...		...	...	A	A	A	A
" 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	...
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	...
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	A	Arc.	A	A	...	...	...	...
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" Imperial 80	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A		
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Flint	...		A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc						
Model T			F	F	F	F	F	F
[illegible]	BB	[illegible]	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
other models	...				A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
[illegible]	BB	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	[illegible]				
other models	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Overland *all models*	...		A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	A	A	A
[illegible]			A	[illegible]	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless 90, 70, 72	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Reo *all models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
[illegible]	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
[illegible]	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
[illegible]	...	...	...	...	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Southwest and Far West.)

Complete satisfaction or new rug free, says this Quaker Girl Certificate

No one could guess these rugs are low-priced!

And the added value of the new Accolac finish—a dirt-resisting lacquer you can dust clean—is a real boon to busy housewives

FRESH, clean-looking rugs of beauty! Every woman wants them in her home.

Thousands of women have found the way to have them . . . without spending much money, without spending much time in cleaning care, either. In their homes today—you've been in some of them, perhaps—are rugs beautiful beyond their low cost . . . rugs, too, that hold no hiding-place for dust and dirt.

These women keep their new Quaker-Felt Rugs sparklingly spick-and-span with just a simple damp mopping.

"What of it?" they laugh, when tiny feet track in mountains of mud, when butter-fingers drop the gravy bowl, when father's elbow tips the ash tray. For a damp cloth . . . once over . . . and every trace of soil has vanished from the satin-smooth Accolac finish.

These women first learned about Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs with the Accolac finish from a magazine page such as this. At first it seemed too good to be true. At least, they decided to find out for themselves the next time they went shopping.

And . . . here's the delightful discovery you'll make, too . . . they learned that an Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rug, with all its rich beauty and labor-saving virtues, costs less—much less—than they expected to pay. Some of them bought two or three for but a few dollars more than they had *planned* to spend for one.

Stores near your home are displaying the latest designs—all the work of Armstrong's artists long skilled in creating beautiful linoleum floors. Or, send for—

"Rich Beauty at Low Cost." This helpful booklet contains color illustrations of Quaker-Felt Rug designs, rug sizes, and other interesting facts about these low-priced rugs of beauty. A post card or letter brings you a copy free. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

To completely cover an old floor, Quaker-Felt comes by-the-yard in 6-ft. and 9-ft. widths. Many different designs. All have the dirt-resisting finish of Accolac . . . satin-smooth . . . easy to clean.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rug No. 4572. Four sizes, 6 ft. x 9 ft. to 9 ft. x 12 ft.

(Continued from Page 34)

sent up to grandmother's house on the hill, and we weren't even allowed to speak to them, which was a pity because by that time we were good friends. It's funny, but the harder you sock a person, the better you like him.

We don't fight all the time, though. On rainy days we generally play dress-up. Mamma lets us use all the old clothes out of the trunk. There is a dressmaker's dummy, named Sarah Anne Jekipity Can, who plays a lot of parts in our games. She hasn't got any head, but a swell figure, and is great for the villain to carry off on horseback.

One time grandma gave us a mosquito tent—or whatever you call those big mosquito-netting things they used to hang over beds. By cutting a hole in the top and two places for arms to go through, it made an elegant lace dress for the princess to wear. One day we decided to go outdoors and find a place in the woods for the king's hunting lodge, so we all got onto the pony—we only had one pony then—Dot sat up front, Betty in the middle and I was back in the rear somewhere near the tail—and started off at a fast gallop down the road. We met a couple of people in a horse and buggy and pretty near caused them to have an accident, as their horse was somewhat surprised to see a villain with a full black mustache, a prince in a high silk hat and a princess with a long mosquito-netting train, coming down the road in broad daylight.

We were having a great time, when all of a sudden the pony got her foot caught in the edge of my train. Naturally, it pretty near choked me to death and I shot right off the back, taking Betty and Dot along with me. The pony by that time had both feet tangled up and she turned a somersault. We all lay on our backs in the mud and just yelled because it was so undignified.

After a while daddy bought us another pony, as we were sort of wearing the first one out, and maybe we don't have some games of cowboys and Indians! We play polo, too, with croquet mallets tied to clothes props. One hot day we got into our bathing suits and rode down to a pond near our house and took the ponies in swimming. Gee, it was fun! They used a sort of doggie-paddle motion and we hung onto their manes and trailed out behind. The people that owned the pond got crabby, though, and made us stop. It seems that the water in the pond is pumped up to the bathtubs in their house, and the ponies stirred up so much mud that they weren't able to take any baths for a week. Though why anybody should want to take a bath, anyway, I don't know.

When I had the scarlet fever mamma stayed in the room with me all the time I was sick, and Betty and Dot didn't have anybody to make them take baths for six weeks. So they didn't take any baths. Dad used to try and make them do it, but they just went into the bathroom and closed the door and let the guinea pigs go swimming in the tub. We had forty guinea pigs then.

When things get dull we generally manage to stir up some excitement. Once Dot ate some pokeberries, and then, not feeling so good, went out to the barn and took some horse medicine. You couldn't tell about Dot, though—she was crazy. She used to eat alfalfa. No kidding, I mean alfalfa feed. We saved all the big lumps for her. She likes cracked corn, too, and hay. I tried a few toadstools myself once, but not on the farm. They were in a graveyard, and as mamma came to the rescue a bumblebee flew down her back. That was very exciting. Also, we've had everything. They talk about the country air being so healthy, but we've had measles, mumps, chicken pox, scarlet fever and whooping cough.

I guess I should finish up with some remarks about the beauties of Nature, but, to tell the truth, I don't know much about them. We're so busy living in the country that we don't get much time to look at the beauties of it. People come out here and rave about how artistic that old apple tree is, and here all along we've been sort of liking that tree on account of its apples making such good cider.

One summer Dot spent a couple of weeks at the seashore. Some friends brought her back in their car. As they got near home they started pointing out the beautiful rosebushes, green grass, and so forth. Dot wasn't even interested. But suddenly she snapped out of it—they were passing a mushroom plant.

"Boy, that smells good to me!" she said. Naturally, the people were surprised. A mushroom plant doesn't exactly remind you of lilies of the valley. "It smells just like our barn!" said Dot. And that's the way we feel about it.

Some day we'll buy a lot of books and learn how to tell an oak tree from an ash. We'll study landscape gardening and fix things up right. And then we'll go live somewhere else.

MIDNIGHT BLUES

(Continued from Page 23)

"Oh, K, why didn't you tell me that?" asked innocence.

"I've been tellin' you so many things since you joined on, kid, I've lost count, kinda. Well, we got to be home in our little battery for reveille, huh? S'posin' we start."

"Robinson's got a car chartered to take us back at midnight," I told Sergeant Kaelred. "Come back with us. It's to pick us up at the second pawnshop this side of the bridge."

"That's the nicest pawnshop in Santone, too," K yawned. "Remember it, Jimmy. You'll meet some of the best folks from Fort Sam Houston there about the middle of the month, when pay day can't come too quick. What time's it? Remind me to buy a new watch, next check from Uncle George. Lost mine when Robbie an' I were at Corpus Christi in May."

"Half-past eleven, K. . . . How did you lose it?"

"By sittin' on the beach with a girl named Laura, lookin' at the moon. She was a nice girl. Said so herself. Went off to tell her aunt to meet her at church in the mornin' an' didn't come back, an' I waited some, an' looked for my watch an'—what do you think?—it was gone. An' so was the chain!"

"Oh, she was a regular thief?"

"Kid, maybe she wasn't regular. But she was smart," said Kaelred, finishing his Vichy. "When a dame rubs her nose on your ear and says she wants to sit some place quiet and look at the moon, babe, it may mean she's admirin' your looks or it may mean she's collectin' things. You got to remember that us handsome hounds don't knock 'em all dead. . . . What's your civvy been drawin'?"

"You handsome hounds, K."

That brought them tramping after me down the room. Sergeant Kaelred was twenty-three or four and Private Jimmy would not be eighteen for some months. The minimum age for self-restraint when told that your picture has been drawn is about twenty-nine, I think. They were openly pleased. Jimmy, as the model product of his dead stepfather's courses in hygiene and gymnastics, was used to being sketched and petted by enthusiastic ladies at conferences, but his bigger brother was just used to being petted by enthusiastic ladies. A considerable color developed under his tan.

"I'll send you that after it's been reproduced, sergeant," Guthrie said.

"Thanks a lot. . . . Hey, want to see a beautiful woman? I mean beautiful, too! She's harder than hell's cellar floor," Kaelred grinned, "but she's worth lookin' at. Just around the corner."

The civilian had dropped his eyes to the tall soldier's feet. "Hard as hell's floor?"

"Yeh. I bet she'd murder her mamma for a shot of rye an' ten cents."

Private Jimmy here had an attack of nobility. He had been trained to see Light in Every Dark Corner and Gold in Dross.

He said, "K, just because a woman is tough, she may not be altogether ——"

"Turn it off, kid. This is a married lady. Maybe she's bringin' up a family, for all I know. She's just hard. She's visitin' her husband," he told Guthrie, "and they're givin' a party in a speak-easy. She dances for a livin'. Her name's Anna Bestushev. She —— Aw, I'm sorry! I must ha' shook the table."

He dropped limberly on his knees and began picking up papers from the spilled portfolio of Russian red leather. His clipped curly hair glittered in the light. He lifted one paper from beside Guthrie's big shoe and glanced at the frail man when he was loading back sketches in the portfolio with that alarmed, shy pity for a physical disaster one sees in very strong people, as if an impossible condition scared them suddenly.

"Ever heard of her, Guthrie?"

"Anna Bestushev? . . . Yes, I have."

"Mr. Guthrie," I said to Private Jimmy, "was in Russia in 1915 and '16. He came back last winter."

"I know." The omniscient child knew, of course. "I saw some of his pictures. They were very realistic. Do you believe that art ought to be as realistic as that?"

Guthrie stared at the boy. "How old are you?"

"Seventeen, sir."

"Seventeen? That is about the age where most people stop in their judgment of the arts. The soldier," he said, "is to die neatly on canvas and paper, without any suggestion of nasty, disagreeable gangrened wounds and chopped flesh. The novelist should restrict himself to the seemly side of emotions. Heroines should never die of smallpox and trains should always come in on time. . . . Art is to be a polite arrangement of truth."

Private Jimmy was not abashed. He said, "I like realistic sorts of stories. But pictures are different. I mean —— Well, what I mean is that one of your—your Russian businesses gave me a nightmare—the one of the man dying, with the big officer looking down at him, in the snow. Wouldn't have scared me in a book."

"But the visual reality gave you bad dreams, eh? . . . I got in trouble in Russia over that sketch," Guthrie said. "You and a general with twenty decorations thought the same way about it, when a copy of it leaked into Russia in '16. He said it gave him a *cafard de minuit*."

"A-huh?" Sergeant Kaelred asked.

"Midnight blues," I translated.

The big soldier laughed, and softly chanted:

"Got the midnight blues, an' I got 'em bad,
Thinkin' about the good times 'at I've had.
Oh, the blues ——"

Guthrie took up his hat. "Let's go along and see this vampire. Or will Sergeant Robinson come back here to find us?"

"Robbie's probably eying the vampire now, Alex. We can go on."

The crowd of East Houston Street was thinning. Cars creaking under great blended lumps of uniforms rattled off to Fort Sam Houston, high in the town, or their drivers were shouting for fares to Leon Springs. But light flowed in the arcades, and as we trudged around into the Plaza the torches of the tamale sellers were still orange spires in a lovely spaciousness. Night had grown really a little cooler; stars impended on the jammed city.

"Look up," I said.

"I am. You're incurably romantic about night effects. I admit it's gorgeous. I could not sleep last night on the train. The stars seemed to be getting bigger as we came south. . . . We've lost the Hermes brothers."

"No. You get used to telling one uniform from another. They're ten feet ahead of the Mexican lady in the green shawl."

"They've beautiful feet," he said, and then he jeered at himself: "Excuse the morbid sentiment. . . . So we're going to look at a woman who'd murder her mother for a drink and—what was the other benefit?—ten cents? Ought young hopeful to be allowed to see this specimen?"

"K can protect him. . . . You've really been having a bad time, Alex?"

"Atrocious. I don't know whether you've ever simply been made a complete ass of by a woman or not; made use of—given a hand to kiss—had your talents admired from under half-shut eyelids," he said, "in a cloud of cigarette smoke. . . . I know the whole mechanism of the affair. And I've had lots of time since last fall to think about it. *Cafard de minuit!* The insufferable thing is knowing, you know, that I knew all the time she was hard as hell's cellar floor. A square inch of gray matter inside my thick head knew that. I was born and raised in Russia. Nevertheless, being twenty-eight years of age, I just walked in like the usual green goose and had my throat cut. . . . You can't damage your good opinion of yourself like that and not suffer. I ran into her on my way to Russia in 1915. She'd been in this country with some little troupe of some kind. She had a kind of private success at officers' parties in St. Petersburg singing American songs. I met her again at an officers' party. And—you know—she took me off in a corner for a cigarette and told me how she suffered at these coarse entertainments where men got so drunk. But what would you? A poor, sickly sister in Chicago, with three children, and her brothers at the Front, and the old folks—way down upon the Neva River—at home needing little comforts. She told me how hard and strange life was. And did I yawn in her face? No, it just burbled into both my ears like cream on strawberry shortcake." The satire in his voice ached. "I make it out that my noble sympathy for Anna Petrovna Bestushev cost me about four thousand dollars—and I never even kissed her."

I stopped short. "Then ——"

"This is she," he said. "I'm not going to make a scene, you know. Her husband probably could thrash me with one hand. I just want to look at her again. . . . I helped her out of Russia last fall. There was this —— There's a Scotch word that describes it beautifully. Oh, yes! Scunner—a cold shudder. There was this cold shudder in St. Petersburg around the last of November. It wasn't an official rumor or anything else. It was a mixture of hints from downstairs and upstairs. It was just bad news in the air. It got to her. . . . I was this lady's courier and banker and chaperon. She was going to see her poor sick sister in Chicago. I solicitously put her in a taxicab at the New York pier and took another. And that was the end of it. Did you see me jump when that boy said Anna Bestushev?"

We were in the quiet street parallel to East Houston Street's persisting roar, halted before a laundry. Light came past the name painted on the dirty window. Inside, a Chinaman was spitting on his iron in the classic manner. I got out a cigarette and stared at Guthrie's flushed cheeks.

"Are—are you sure you'd better, Alex?"

"Why not? Can you imagine me making a scene? Am I not," he jeered, "a civilized person? I've got a dinner jacket and white shirts in my kit at the hotel. But I want to find out something."

"Oh, what? What's the use of making yourself miserable?" I got that banal twaddle out of my mouth and watched his flush.

"I want to look at the—the basis of all this. Mind you, when this cabaret girl told me that she'd graciously allow me to escort her out of Russia—and trouble—I went down on my knees and kissed her skirt as if I was muzhik! I did that! It was priceless! She said, 'Oh, my good, kind Alexei! My brother!' And," he snarled, "she bent forward—motherly affection, Pose Number Three—and patted my head. She knew the imperial government was on its last legs, of course."

"Go back to the hotel and go to bed, Alex!"

"No!"

We walked on, with that. Stars poised their idle beauty over us and Kaelred began whistling the blues. The rhythm swayed up and down in the cooling air and made me furiously want to hear some vast and heaping music, a great, deafening clatter of all instruments that would take the thing out of my head. It had the intoxicating quality of a drum pounded far away.

"Imagine," Guthrie said, "hearing that in St. Petersburg, in a rose-colored private dining room. She patted the back of a guitar and sang it. Then she danced to it. Fifty uniforms in the room too. . . . Is that a military cop?"

I had a moment of hope. A burly sergeant of the military police had stopped the brothers twenty feet ahead of us. We were now opposite the sedate little cigar shop under which Mr. Carney conducted his quiet bar. I slowed my feet and dawdled up.

"—— trouble," said the sergeant. "But two guys come outa there all skated up right now. You tell Carney he's gotta be careful. Somebody'll tell on him. So long as he don't let 'em get bad, y'unnerstand me, K, I ain't sayin' nothin'."

"I'll tell him, O'Keefe. Thanks a lot."

"Oh, now look at that, will you?" the official moaned, as if he had found a fly in his mess of beans at supper. "Now you tell Carney he's gotta be carefuller!"

A youth came out of the cigar store and began putting on his hat. He put it on several ways. Its blue cord fluttered in the lamplight. After he had put the hat on several times, he tucked it under his arm and walked carefully away from us, down the street. He walked carefully but in a series of angles. He was now out in the street and then back on the sidewalk. His olive clothes waned to black and then were receding patches of olive once more under the lamps. About three blocks beyond our notice he walked into the arms of an officer and kindly advised him to go up to Carney's place under the cigar store an' looka th' red-headed woman, or some phrases of the sort. And the officer was not feeling liberal that night.

"It's that kinda thing," said the sergeant, "which gets guys in trouble."

"I'll tell Carney to close up," Kaelred promised.

Mrs. Carney was embroidering a doily for her second married daughter in the shop, sitting in front of cubby-holes filled with packets of cigarettes.

"Robbie downstairs, Ma?" Kaelred asked.

"Yes, he is, K. . . . Is this your brother you was tellin' me about?"

"Jim," said Kaelred, "meet Ma."

Private Jimmy took his hat off his fair curls and met Ma with the most distinguished courtesy.

"Now you stick to light beer, sweetheart," Ma advised. "And that's a real mean party downstairs. I ain't in favor of ladies patronizin' bars in any case. Howsoever, she's paid Bestushev's bill for him, and they're man and wife. . . . You stick to light beer, sweetheart."

"I don't take alcoholic beverages in any form," said Private Jimmy.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, sweetheart," Ma assured him. "You save your pay to get married on. None of my boys touch the stuff. Mr. Carney's got plenty of ginger ale on ice."

We went through the red plush curtains behind the shop and descended stairs. It was in this lower passage, lighted by the dreariest gas jet in America, that the blues met us, pulsing under the crack of a door. You had to be let in that door by someone, and then you were in a square, tiny room from which the length of the bar was seen. I am sorry, but there was nothing lurid about this unromantic and polite resort. It was just a whitewashed cellar, with some chairs and tables along its sides, and several ice boxes at the farther end. Mr. Carney was a tubby little man who perhaps dyed his mustache black. He did not even wear a diamond ring. The smoke, he once told me, hurt his throat a good deal. He now lives in kindly retirement at Santa Monica, in a rosy concrete villa. As he opened the door into the tiny room he looked sleepy and worried.

"I'm closin' in a minute, K. . . . Good evenin', corporal."

"We just came to pick up Robbie. We've got to get back to the reservation."

"Get him out, K," I begged. "We'll wait here."

Private Jimmy rubbed his nose and edged back into a corner beside us. Kaelred walked on into the long room alone. He had to swing over a tall man crumpled down on the floor, and I recognized Bestushev as someone from our regiment. I had noticed his height and his lint hair up and down the cantonments. He was not handsome and he was not plain. His flat young face possessed thick lashes, and afterward I noticed sometimes that his stupid eyes were of a remarkable reddish brown. He now lay on the floor in a half moon of pale bleached cotton cloth with an arm under his cropped head. Smoke flowed so densely in this room's depth that he was hazed from us, although he lay there not five yards off. Private Jimmy examined him with disapproval.

"I don't see what fun ——"

"Illusion, infant," I said; and then the blues broke out at us in a joined wail of fifteen voices. All the men packed at the bar were singing together and an accordion moaned with them in the hands of a Russian doughboy from Fort Sam Houston, squatting on the planks with a cigarette in his mouth and the glittering machine set on his doubled knees.

"First I drunk red licker, 'n' then I drunk brown.
Now I'm a dead beat in San Antone town ——"

She was an illusion of smoke and light, leaning on the bar's cover of red cloth. She was an illusion of a yellow scarf tangled curiously down over a gown of some black stuff. She leaned on this makeshift counter and brooded, with men singing in her ears. She was a romance of imperceptible shadows, with a lamp flaring above her head. I do not know what she was like. She seemed tall and there was a blue stone on one of her hands.

"Here I'm in jail, with my face to the wall,
An' a red-headed lady's the cause of it all ——"

Jimmy stared at her and I could see him getting scared. I simply did not look at Alexis Guthrie. But the boy was frightening himself, making an illusion of dreadfulness and power, because it was secret midnight and the smoke rolled at his eyes. His hard throat shook. I saw him swallow twice.

"Come along, Robbie," said big Kaelred, in the smoke. "We gotta get started. . . . What you goin' to do with Bestushev, ma'am?"

"Oh, it does not matter. Monsieur says he can sleep here. *V'là*," she said. "You see that he is asleep."

She spoke out of some profound space—out of a dream—and her voice was calm. It was the voice of a woman whose child has been a little bad and then has gone to sleep. The line of men was silent. Guthrie stirred, here, beside me on the whitewashed wall of the entry. I still did not look at him.

"Well," said Robinson, slimly leaving the line, "thanks for the champagne, lady. Glad I dropped in."

"It was a pleasure, monsieur."

"And when you goin' back to N'Orleans?"

"On Sunday. I play on Monday."

"In a play?"

"Bah! No; I go on dancing."

Robinson was making a cigarette. His hands moved against the breast of his shirt. He said amusedly, "I'd like to see you. What kinda dancin'?"

"Oh, this!"

She stirred from the bar and took four or five slow steps. The scarf delicately flickered, shimmered in the smoke. There was no gesture. She moved and was dancing. It was the smallest vibration of the body, an effect of rhythm and nothing else. Some boy said thickly "'At's swell!" And the lad with the accordion began to pump out a tune.

"Pretty good," said Robinson, his dry, meek voice covering a laugh in his mind. "You been in this country before?"

"Oh, yes; I was here two years ago—in 1914 and some of 1915. Then I went 'ome."

"Like it over here?"

"I detest," she said, "to be out of Russia. But I mus' see Pyotr. . . . Now I shall be here some time—months—I do not know."

She stood, dancing still, and looked down at Peter Bestushev with a smile. I remember the smile and not her face. The scarf vibrated in the smoke.

"How long you been married, ma'am?"

"Six years. . . . His father threw him out, you see. I stayed in Paris to make some money. He came over to here to make a place. He has the education of an engineer. So he drinks everything and goes in your Army. He does drink so much. Pyotr," she said, smiling, "is a bad boy."

Robinson snapped a match afire with a thumb nail and lighted his cigarette. I remember the glow on his narrow face.

Then Alexis Guthrie said "Anna Petrovna!" and walked forward into the room. His foot dragged on the floor. He said "Anna Petrovna!" again as he was standing in front of her, in the whimper of a beaten puppy.

"Oh, you!"

"Anna Petrovna!"

She went back from him and then she swayed toward him. Her face changed, because the smile altered horribly into a grin of contempt and—I think—of a kind of fear. She looked down at his feet.

"Anna "

"You may kiss my dress again," she said, "if you like."

Everything was still in the smoke. The soldiers against the bar made a high fence of dimness and some foot touched a bottle so that it rolled with a creaking sound on the wood. Then his knees began to bend. He was going to kneel and kiss her skirts again. He was a serf. She could kick him in the mouth and he would only whimper.

"Stop that!" said the boy beside me. "Stop it! Don't you do that! It's not right! It's not right! It's not ——"

Robinson reached and seized Guthrie's arm and his voice rattled in the place. He said, "Quit! Be a man, fella! Don't let her do 'at to you! It ain't human! . . . Hey!" Guthrie had spun into his arms, a lot of bones bound in gray cloth. "The man's dead!"

I know that Carney bounced from some place, and then the lights went out over our heads. A voice said "Gawd! M. P!" in the room and there was a long hush—the hush of disasters.

"Anna Petrovna," Guthrie said, as if he was asleep, in this blackness.

Mrs. Carney had touched out the lights by the switch at her foot under the counter. Heels banged on the ceiling over us. Ma was serenely lying to a puzzled young officer, new in San Antonio, who did not believe that such a nice, fat mother would have a bar in her cellar. She confronted him across the counter with the doily embroidered in a design of pansies and goldenrod immaculate in her hands. As for anything being in her cellar, goodness knew what the lieutenant was talking about! This was a cigar store. Mr. Carney had just stepped out. He had the keys of the cellar in his pocket. If the lieutenant wanted to wait a minute, he would be right back. After five minutes of this she was willing to take the lieutenant downstairs herself. She put the doily carefully in her workbasket. There was now nobody in the cellar to hear her descent of the stairs. Kaelred and I had lugged Private Peter Bestushev up brick steps out of the slanted cellar door into the back yard. Soldiers were vanishing over fences and down an alley into the next street.

"You see," said Ma Carney, patting the locked door into the tiny room, "I ain't got the keys, lieutenant. . . . What did this boy say about a red-headed woman?"

"He distinctly said Carney's cellar!"

"My!" said Ma, fanning herself with her apron. "The recruits get over in the Mexican end of town and get drinkin' *tequila* and those foreign kinds of things. It honest ain't safe to let 'em loose. . . . Well, if you'll wait until Mr. Carney comes back, he can show you."

Out in the back yard Anna Bestushev was kneeling with her man's head mixed in the scarf on her breast. Alexis Guthrie leaned on a kennel and the Carney dog was licking one of his hands. Over us the stars resumed their beauty. The woman was murmuring in Russian to the drunken waster. But everything had altered in the coolness of wide air and she was nothing. This was low comedy now, and my sore foot hurt, and presently Guthrie pinched my arm with his cold fingers.

"We can't camp here all night," said Robinson, and I heard him yawn. "S'posin' we shift him over into the garage. Go and see if it's open, K."

It was open. I personally supported Private Bestushev's left leg into a smell of gasoline. Robinson lit a match for a second and pulled a lap robe out of a car.

"You won't be very comfortable, ma'am."

"Oh, it will be all right. I thank you. . . . And do not stay here. It might be not so safe—dangerous. It is stupid for Pyotr to drink so much, is it not? But it is 'is *faiblesse*—a weakness he has. Go 'way. I shall be all right. . . . I thank you. Good night."

We trickled down an alley into the next street. I carried Guthrie's portfolio in one hand and his hat in the other. His heavy foot sounded on the sidewalk in a weary beat. He had come back into civilized manners with the grip of cool air on his face. But Private Jimmy looked at him as if he might explode all the way around the Plaza, past the vague walls of the Alamo and the flares of the hot-tamale sellers. And he shook hands gingerly with the artist when we paused in front of the hotel on East Houston Street. They moved off and left me with him.

"Incredible, wasn't it?"

"No. . . . How do you feel?"

"All right. One of those romantic night effects. . . . Just one thing."

"What, Alex?"

"She loves him. . . . Good-by."

Our car was waiting for us at the second pawnshop on this side of the bridge, and it went nosing out into the imperial night of Texas. Private Jimmy Kaelred was gravely silent, curled up against his brother, but his hat had an air of disapproving everything when the matches of our cigarettes gave its scarlet cord a glow.

"Don't be so kinda haughty, bud," said Robinson. "Folks are folks. . . . He knew her some?"

"Yes. All she did to him was to get most of his money and ruin his nerves, and he's never even kissed her! Incredible, isn't it?"

"You're an awful fool for your age," said Robinson. "What's that incredible good for? Folks are folks. But it's nicer to watch 'em than be 'em—some of the time."

DeSoto

Multum pro parvo

'Much for little

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

ONE who reads this column assiduously writes me that he is delighted at the absence of adjectives, bombast and over-praise. Our reasonable description of our productions, he says, "is refreshing in these days of wild and wooly advertising claims." This confirms my belief that adjectives are not half so effective as facts. It is out of the question that every picture we make is the best or greatest. Occasionally we slip and make one that even we can't stomach. I might be justified in claiming the earth as long as I have to pay for this space, but it wouldn't be fair to my readers and naturally their confidence would die out. The life of an adjective is brief. But the life of a fact is indefinite.

—C.L.

NEWS OF IMPORTANCE

Universal will present as a Laemmle Special *"The Girl on the Barge,"* Rupert Hughes' great story of the Erie Canal. SALLY O'NEILL has been chosen as the girl, MALCOLM MacGREGOR as the juvenile lead opposite MISS O'NEILL, and JEAN HERSHOLT as the barge captain. This picture will be "shot" along the harbor in New York, in Albany and along the Erie Canal, Syracuse. The entire cast has left Universal City, Cal. It is now East. Edward Sloman will direct.

George Sidney

Coming for Fall. *"Freedom of the Press,"* from Peter B. Kyne's sensational newspaper story with a most interesting cast: LEWIS STONE, MARCELINE DAY, HENRY B. WALTHALL, MALCOLM MacGREGOR, HAYDEN STEVENSON

Great screen successes which you must see: *"The Man Who Laughs"* with CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN; *"We Americans"* with GEORGE SIDNEY and all-star cast; re-issue of *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"* with LON CHANEY.

Mary Nolan

The most popular song-hit in many years, *"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly,"* has been turned into a delightful motion picture by Universal, a William Wyler Production, in which TOM MOORE and BESSIE LOVE will be featured

Hoot Gibson

GLENN TRYON has a splendid chance to display his different comedy in *"Fresh Every Hour,"* a William James Craft Production

LAURA LA PLANTE, the screen's great comedienne, will delight you with her versatile performance in Paul Leni's production of *"The Last Warning"* from the celebrated Broadway mystery play

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THE DARK SECTOR

Continued from Page 5

He was by this time in a state of excited hurry. At any moment somebody might come in to thwart his plan. Haste was imperative. Fully dressed, Gifford felt instinctively for his pocketbook, found it there and hurriedly inspected its contents. There were some papers and a sheaf of new bank notes. He did not examine either bills or papers in detail, but was puzzled to find that the pocketbook itself was unfamiliar to him—a fine black morocco one and much larger than he was in the habit of carrying.

There was an overcoat, also strange. No time to puzzle over that now. Gifford slipped it on, clapped on his hat and, crossing the room silently, went to the open window. He slipped through it, the screen fortunately being so hung as to swing. It was quite dark and nobody close about. He crossed the strip of lawn that was open to the street, came to the sidewalk and hurried along it in the direction of the town, which was determined by the illumination of the place. He came presently to the main street, where there was a soldiers' monument, and as he did so heard ahead of him the whistle of a steamboat not far away on the other side of the thoroughfare. Gifford hurried on in that direction, down a street that sloped away from him. That whistle seemed to announce a steamer of some sort either approaching its wharf or about to leave it.

The latter proved to be the case. Gifford came presently to a wharf at the end of which a big passenger steamer was lying and about to cast off. He hurried across the gangplank, saying to the purser at the inboard end, "That was close. I just managed to connect. About what time do you get in?"

"We're due at Eastport at seven o'clock, sir," said the man.

Gifford went to the office and asked for a stateroom, giving his name as Arthur Jennings. The key was given him with scarcely a glance. To the porter who asked for his luggage, Gifford answered briefly he had barely caught the boat and had been obliged to leave his luggage at the hotel. Then, on entering his room—a large one on the upper deck—he heard the creaking of piling as the steamer moved away from the wharf. So far, he reflected, all the luck was with him.

He stepped to the mirror over the washstand and stared in some astonishment at the face reflected. It wore the stubble of several days' growth; but as this was about the same tawny color as the tan that he had got that spring on the polo field at Aiken, it was not especially conspicuous. There was something aside from the unshaven condition that puzzled Gifford. Some curious change of expression, in the set of his features, had occurred, and this was not entirely in the fresh, clear, wholesome appearance of the skin itself.

Whereas on his last inspection of himself his face had been drawn, nervous yet florid of tint, with a puffiness under the eyes and the eyes themselves slightly congested, Gifford looked now at a physiognomy that was the image of good condition. The flaccid aspect of the skin, with the gashed lines that showed themselves in fatigue, had disappeared. His gray eyes were clear, steady and serene. The mouth was straight and firm, and the set of his jaw looked to be more decisive and more square.

The general appearance of his physiognomy was puzzling in the extreme. It looked at the same time older, yet younger. Its forceful salients were more pronounced, and also gave the general impression of a strong maturity; but as if to contradict this ripening, there was a total absence of the haggard aspect that had hitherto given to distinctly handsome features the look of a young man aged before his time.

Gifford drew in his breath, then let it out in a long, low whistle.

"Some cure!" he muttered to himself. "What in the name of Jehoshaphat could they have done to me in that get-well-quick joint back there? I seem to have been soused in a fountain of youth and come out a little older and a whole lot younger."

He was exultant at this mystic change. But there was still to be explained the vague and troublesome lapse between the time when he had been more or less conscious of himself and his surroundings and this astonishing return to a state of perfect health and strength.

When buying his ticket at the purser's office he had noticed a calendar with the date June 9, but that did not tell him how long he might have been in blighty this trip, because the dates that went before were absolutely undetermined in his mind. He seemed to have emerged from a sort of mental heavy fog in which all landmarks were blurred, to arrive at a state of clean-cut exactitude.

To pick up some sort of clew, if possible, Gifford inspected the contents of his pocketbook. There were some of his cards, a few memoranda that said nothing to him at all, a newspaper clipping that had to do with a railroad merger, though why he should have been interested in a railroad merger Gifford could not imagine. Another clipping puzzled him even more. It was from some sort of society magazine, apparently, and described his parents as having recently made a large donation to a new hospital at Rockland, near their summer home at Camden, Maine. There was something wrong here, because Gifford's mother had died ten years ago and his father had sold the Camden property. But there were no other Gifford Derrings, and this would have been an odd way of referring to Judge Derring and his wastrel son. If there was anything in it, then that was probably the hospital from which Gifford had just made his escape.

A yacht-club membership card also puzzled him, because he could not remember having joined that local yacht club. Here was something more interesting—a note in a well-formed woman's hand—or the well-formed hand of a woman, or both, for all that Gifford could remember. He reflected with a smile that as he had the reputation for a good picker, it was probably both. True to form, if baffling, it read:

Giff Darling: Don't let anything interfere with your being here the third. That anniversary is the one date you have with me in perpetuity. I'm as jumpy thinking of it as I was at this time six years ago. It will be heavenly when you can tie things off so that there need be no more separations at all. The days have been dreadfully long, and the nights longer. Don't go and buy anything horribly expensive for me, old sweet. [No danger, Giff thought grimly. His father would see to that.] All I want is you, and you and you—and then still more, just you.

Hungrily, D.

P. S.—The chickies are splendid and clamoring for you.

"Some love letter!" Gifford reflected bewilderedly. But he could not for the life of him remember who D might be or what particular girl that initial might fit. There had been so many girls, and a fair sprinkling of D's, no doubt. But there was a fervor to this missive that worried him—and what about that anniversary? Six years ago? There had been girls then, but nothing to make an anniversary about. D —— who the deuce ——

"Dad," he said to himself, "was right. He knew. I must have been not only a steady and bitter soak but crazy into the bargain. Off my chump—lost memory and rationality and sense of decency—everything that's rotten and dangerous. And now that in some wonderful way I've come clear, nothing would keep him from locking me up, as should have been done a year ago. And if they should do that"—his jaw hardened—"it would probably slam me right back again on the toboggan."

He went then to the dining room and ate a hearty meal. Still no desire for strong drink oppressed him. It did not so much as suggest itself. He hunted up the barber and got shaved, remarking to explain his bristles that he had been off on a fishing trip in the Rangeley Lakes. From the barber he purchased some collars, size sixteen and a half, and on trying to put one on discovered to his surprise that it was too small—that he required a seventeen. His neck seemed to have thickened.

He went to the writing room and composed a brief letter to his father in which he stated the curious change that appeared to have occurred in him, physically, mentally, and even so far as concerned his vicious habits, morally. He said that as the permanence of this condition was something scarcely to be credited, he had determined to test it out, if not prevented, by a few weeks of roughing it in some isolated region, or possibly by a sea voyage. He begged his father not to worry, but to hope for the best and to expect to find in him a little later a man completely and permanently cured.

Gifford had no desire at all to inform himself as to the world's news during the hiatus in his own activities. The peculiarities of his own case completely absorbed him. Feeling drowsy, presently he went to bed, slept soundly the night through and awoke with the same delightful feeling of refreshment in time to bathe and dress before the steamer got in to her wharf.

He went ashore and breakfasted heartily at a small restaurant. The question of money then presented itself. He found that he had in his wallet eighty-three dollars, and some change in his trousers pocket. This would not take him very far, nor long. He wanted to detach himself absolutely from everything that had to do with his vicious life just prior to the smash that had wiped out all recollection of the complicating conditions of his drink-befuddled existence. And recalling vividly the image of that lovely woman in his room, he dreaded learning more about the writer of that love letter.

It struck him then that, after all, the best means of testing himself out would be to shift for himself—to get along without any assistance from anybody. The idea attracted him enormously as he breakfasted on eggs and bacon and fresh cod. Why not assume himself to be in the position of so many other young men throughout the country who had been mustered out after the war, and with whom it was a case of root, hog, or die? Instead of being Gifford Derring, Jr., the dissolute son of that distinguished multimillionaire Judge Gifford Derring of New York, let him continue to be Arthur Jennings, not long back from overseas, but splendidly sound of body and mind. He wanted to smother all recollection of his late vicious habits in wholesome work.

This, Gifford reflected, would be the acid test. He contemplated the piece of flaky codfish on his fork. Why not go codfishing? He had been a yachtsman of experience, knew the ropes, knew boats and their gear and marine engines as well as airplane ones. He knew, theoretically at least, the technic of the trade. He felt this morning as strong as a boa'n's mate, and the idea of the sea attracted him.

Gifford paid his bill and went out, turning toward the wharves. The sun was very high, as it had a right to be at eight A.M. of June tenth almost in north latitude 45. Overlooking this, Gifford tugged out his watch, glanced at it, then stood staring at the handsome timepiece with a frown. It was his father's watch—a fine repeater in a gold hunting case, a testimonial presented Judge Gifford quite recently and prized by him.

The discovery that he was wearing his father's valuable gift watch fetched Gifford up all standing. Here was fresh evidence that his memory of events immediately preceding the crash that had landed him in

(Continued on Page 42)

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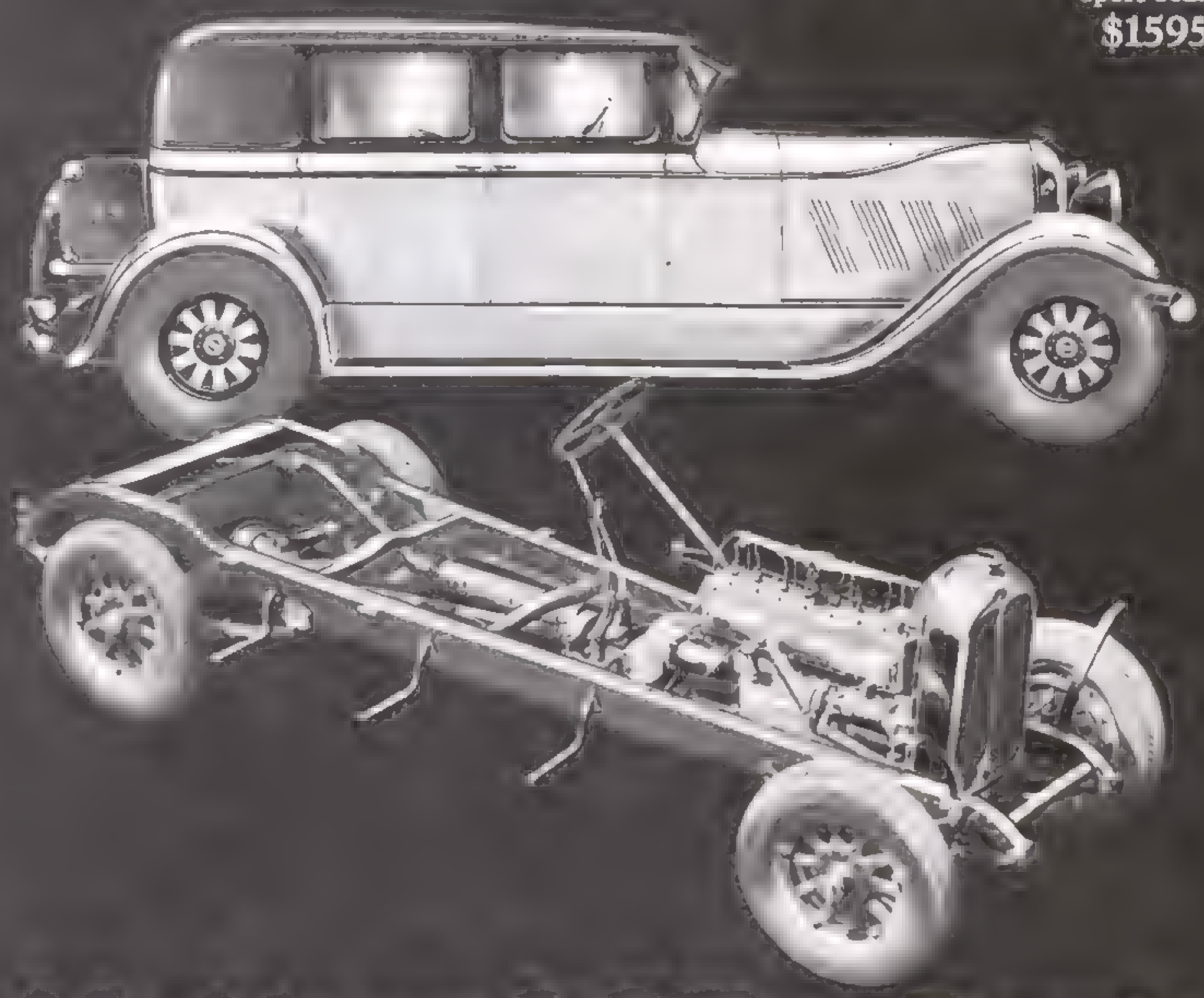

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1928

(Continued from Page 40)

hospital had suffered a lapse of some duration. He must, Gifford believed, have been on a protracted drinking spree. It occurred to him immediately that in the course of this debauch he might have been taken to his father's house and put to bed there, his clothes locked up in some closet where he could not have access to them. Then, regaining consciousness enough to discover his position, he had probably made up his mind to escape, moved by the same impulse that had incited him to escape from the hospital.

The chances were that he had acted with the same speed and stealth. Unable to find his clothes, he had probably slipped into his father's room and appropriated his father's costume, not pausing in his haste to empty the pockets of their contents. In a state of mind still dazed from drink, his insistent idea had been to avoid that commitment to a sanitarium for hopeless alcoholics that he had so dreaded and to which he had felt no appeal could be of the least avail after what had happened.

This conviction made his present situation more serious than ever. Gifford realized that if he were now to be identified, captured, no protest that he had in some extraordinary way been restored to perfect health and sanity would receive any serious consideration. He was certain to be dealt with in the same kindly, pitying but inexorable manner that might be accorded any other lunatic at large.

No criminal who had just managed to achieve a successful robbery of first magnitude could have been more eager to preserve his liberty than was Gifford at this moment to retain his own freedom. Moreover, he felt convinced that if given liberty of action for several weeks, he would be able at the end of that time to persuade his father that the cure was permanent and that in some marvelous way he had been hauled out of the quicksand and come into his heritage of cleanliness and of strength.

But Gifford's deep affection for his father would not permit of his disappearance without some greater assurance of his welfare than that contained in the brief letter written aboard the boat. To play fair, to save his father infinite anxiety, there ought really to be some convincing indorsement of what must seem otherwise to be the self-deluded statement of an irrational mind.

As if to reward this filial loyalty, Gifford thought immediately of a possible way to set his father's mind at rest. There was a Doctor McIntyre—an old family friend who had practiced for many years in Boston, and who, Gifford now remembered, spent his summers in Nova Scotia, somewhere near Digby. It was still early in the season and the chances were against the doctor's having yet come down; but on the off chance that he might have done so, Gifford went to the wharf of the Digby steamer, where he found the boat about to leave.

"Yes," said the captain, in answer to Gifford's inquiry, "we took the doctor over two days ago. He told me that his son and daughter were coming a little later."

Here, thought Gifford, might be a bit of luck. He did not know Doctor McIntyre very well, had never been his patient, nor had he seen him since his return from France. But he knew the distinguished physician to have been an intimate friend of his grandfather and to be held in high esteem and affection by Judge Derring. Doctor McIntyre's recommendation would, Gifford felt assured, be quite sufficient to satisfy his father. At any rate, even at the risk of his failing to convince the eminent physician of what Gifford felt so certain in his own mind, there seemed now to be something fateful about this opportunity to do what was sensible and what was right, and he decided instantly to take the chance.

The little steamer presently shoved off. Gifford seated himself in a deck chair, and for no reason that he could have analyzed, took out his father's watch and looked at it thoughtfully. He happened to remember then the miniature of his mother that was fitted inside the cover on the back of the case. Gifford opened this and glanced at the lovely little portrait, the work of a celebrated miniaturist who had executed the order at the time of his parents' marriage.

He looked harder, first baffled, then startled. The exquisite little masterpiece had changed, as if from the touch of a fairy wand. It was beautiful, but it was not the same. The face of another lovely girl was set there in the gold lid of the watch. He caught his breath sharply. For the first time since his return to full clear consciousness, he was gripped by a sudden doubt as to the perfect sanity of which he had felt so secure. That most convincing of special senses, which is vision, appeared now to be tricking him, to be playing him false.

For the lovely face that had been so constantly in his thoughts since he had covertly watched the woman by the window of his room in the hospital glowed at him in the bright sunshine. There could be no delusion here. This was not the mother whom he had loved so dearly, and whose image had grown a little dim in passing years. It was the portrait of another lovely girl, and one whom, Gifford now realized with a lifting of the heart, he had loved at first sight.

A rush of startling conjectures swept through his mind. These gradually crystallized into the conviction that his loss of memory did not immediately precede his recent accident, but must antedate it by a considerable period of time. It looked as if a great deal had happened of which he was totally unaware.

But this much seemed certain—that he was wearing his father's clothes and that the contents of their pockets—the wallet with what it contained, the watch with this portrait in its lid—were his father's personal effects. Herein lay the explanation of what had puzzled Gifford. He and his father were of the same build, so that the clothes fitted excellently, but the clippings—that love letter ——

Gifford's mind fetched up aghast. His father must have married this girl. But in that case the marriage must have been kept secret, and such procedure was entirely at variance with Judge Derring's forthright nature. There was no reason why Judge Derring, a widower for the past ten years, should not have remarried if he chose. He was only twenty-three years the senior of his son, having married on graduating from Yale, and Gifford had been the Class Boy. The judge was youthful of mind and body, a man of splendid vigor, handsome, charming, beloved. He had always been more like a devoted elder brother than a parent to his son.

But that love letter, with its reference to anniversaries that had begun six years before? Why, Gifford asked himself, should his father have desired to keep secret for six years his marriage to so lovely a young woman as this? And what about that clipping that mentioned the donation of a hospital wing by the Gifford Derrings? It would appear from this that if Judge Derring had indeed seen fit to keep his marriage secret for a number of years, then the fact of it must have been recently made public.

Gifford was badly shaken.

He gave up the futile effort to get his bearings. In fact, he dreaded getting them. There was no telling what horror might be contained in his immediate past. Perhaps that would prove infinitely harder to face than the penalty he stood to pay for it. For all he knew, his state of heart might not be love at first sight with this woman whose identity now appeared to be revealed as his father's wife. Possibly something had gone before that had not been entirely obliterated in his period of oblivion.

He snapped shut the back cover of the watch. That lovely face was not for him, now that he had for some inscrutable reason been restored miraculously to physical vigor and to mental sanity. Here, evidently, was a love forbidden, even though he felt it to be fraught with the essence of some sweet forgotten dream.

II

HAVING been told by the captain of the steamer that Doctor McIntyre's house was about three miles from Digby, Gifford decided to go there immediately, that he might interview the doctor before any news of his location could be learned by his father or others. He engaged a car, and it seemed to him that he had scarcely settled himself, deeply wrapped in thought, before his driver had drawn up at the door of what seemed to be a fine old stone house, long and low and weathered, and with the stamp of antiquity not to be found in dwellings on the mainland, across Fundy.

A grizzled serving man in neat blue clothes admitted him; and as Gifford was asking for Doctor McIntyre an elderly gentleman came from the big living room beyond, an open book in his hand. Gifford was conscious of a serenity and power that an age obviously not far from fourscore years had in no way clouded, and the voice that welcomed him was clear and sweet, with no hint of senile quaver. Gifford had not thought of Doctor McIntyre as so aged a man.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for this unannounced intrusion," he said diffidently; "but I find myself in a rather difficult position, so I turned to you, not only because of your profession but because I knew you to be an old friend of my family."

"That," said Doctor McIntyre, "was precisely the proper thing for you to do. If I am not able to place you immediately, you must pardon me on the ground that the younger members of the families of my old friends are now so very many and that I meet them so seldom since my retirement."

"I am Gifford Derring, sir—the son of Judge Derring, of New York. But I hope that you will not report my presence here to my father or to anybody else until you have given me a chance to explain myself."

Doctor McIntyre was staring at him intently. "Pray put your mind at rest on that score," he said. "I hope that you are not in any serious difficulty?" He took Gifford by the elbow with a kindly welcoming gesture that was paternally familiar and led him into the big living room, then motioned him to an easy-chair, seating himself in another. "And when did you see your father last?"

"I can't seem to remember, doctor. I woke up in a hospital about twenty-four hours ago without the slightest recollection of how I came to be there, but gathered from a conversation I overheard that I had been knocked unconscious in some sort of a smash."

Doctor McIntyre nodded. "I read about that in the paper and have been very much concerned. I have been also much disturbed to read in today's local paper that you evidently recovered your senses suddenly and completely enough to get up and slip away."

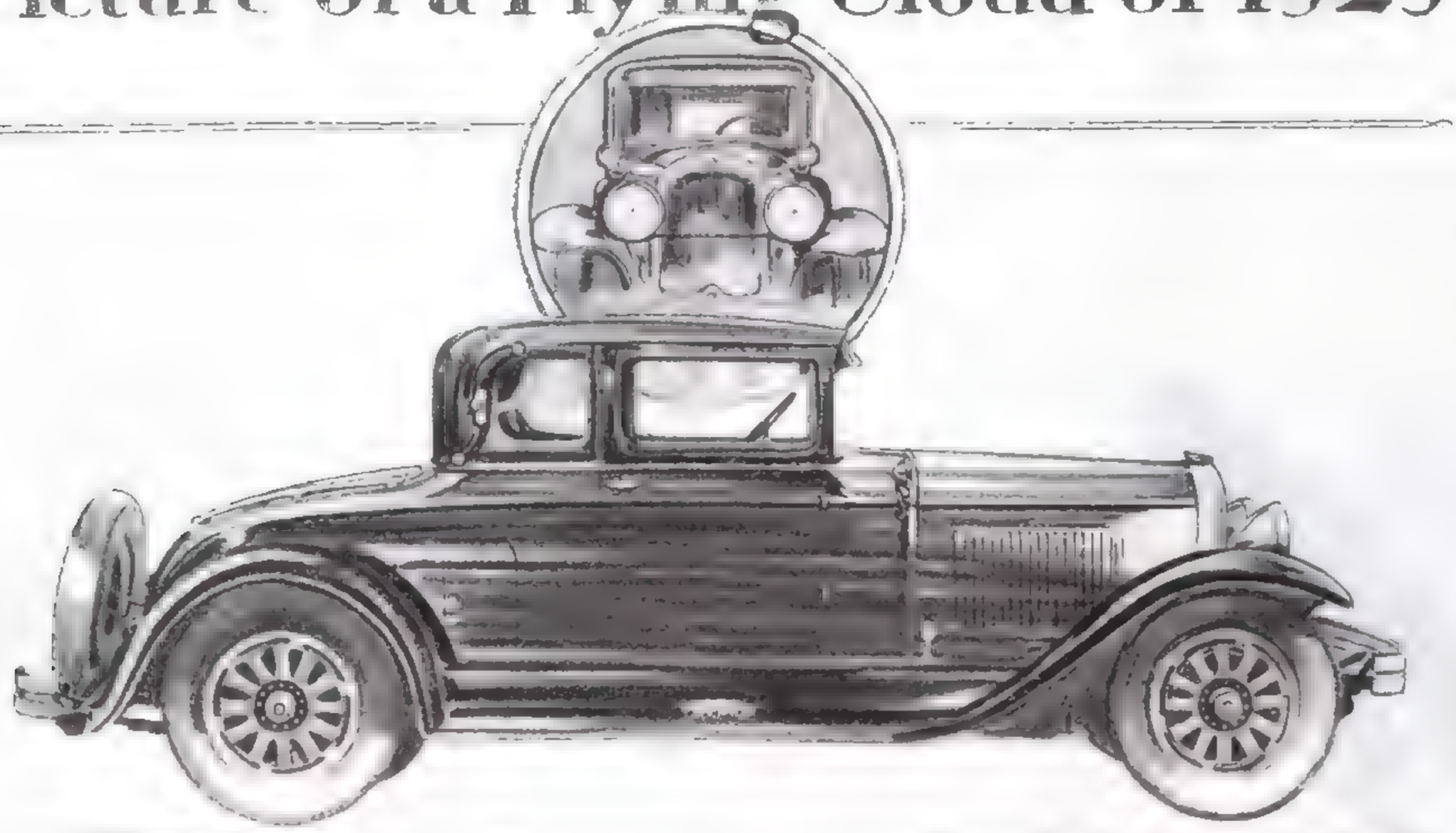
"You may as well know the reason for that, sir," Gifford said. "I had been drinking hard for a long time—since I came from France, in fact—and father had warned me that if I got laid up again he would commit me to a sanitarium for a solid year, with no appeal. I felt that I couldn't stand that, especially as it has been different this time. For some mysterious reason I came round feeling strong and well and absolutely clear in mind for the first time since the war."

Doctor McIntyre nodded. "What do you last remember clearly?"

"Well, the things that happened about a fortnight ago, I should say, just before an accident I had on the polo field. My pony went down with me and I got a rap on the head from one of his hoofs. It knocked me out for a few minutes, but I remember being up and about afterward. But all that happened is blurred. I seem to have lost my memory of everything between that accident and this last one, whatever that may have been."

(Continued on Page 44)

Picture of a Flying Cloud of 1929



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YOU KNOW THE INK

Continued from Page 42

"What put it into your head to come here to me, Gifford?"

"Well, sir, I didn't think of that at first. All I thought of on coming to in the hospital was to keep from getting sentenced to a sanitarium. I got up and dressed and beat it, wondering all the time how I happened to be feeling so wonderfully fit. I went down to the wharves and found a steamer just shoving off and got aboard her. Then, when I landed in Eastport, I realized that my father was going to be terribly worried, even though I had written him a letter on the boat. I remembered then that once when we were motoring Down East he had mentioned that you spent your summers over here. It occurred to me that if I could find you and convince you that I was really back where I belong, you might advise father to give me another chance to make good."

"That," said Doctor McIntyre quietly, "was very considerate of you and most complimentary to me. You certainly look like an athlete in the pink, though tired and a little haggard. Before we talk about this any further, will you go up and rest a little while before dinner? A bath might refresh you, and then a nap, if you can manage it."

"I shall do whatever you say, doctor. But please don't give me away until you have looked me over thoroughly. I tell you, sir, that for the first time in months I feel absolutely well, physically and mentally. And the odd part of it is that I haven't the slightest desire either to drink or smoke. Perhaps you may be able to explain that. I certainly can't. Heretofore I've been in dreadful shape after a spree."

"I shan't let you down, my boy," Doctor McIntyre said in his quiet, reassuring voice. "I believe that you are cured."

"Will you tell my father that, sir, if you telephone?" Gifford asked eagerly.

"I think that I may safely tell everybody that," Doctor McIntyre said. "Miracles do sometimes happen, and your case is a proof of it. There is a great deal of anxiety felt about you, and I shall want to do some telephoning, but you need not worry. Everything is going to work out for the best."

"Whatever you say, doctor," Gifford said. "But I really don't think that I could sleep until I know something more about what's happened since my memory walked out on me. I can't get rid of the idea that there's been quite a lot, and not so good."

Doctor McIntyre appeared to reflect for a moment, then said, "Well, suppose you go up and rest for an hour, then come down and we can have our talk."

He touched a bell and the manservant appeared. Doctor McIntyre told him in French to show Gifford to a guest room, and to draw a bath. Gifford was conscious of that relief a person who is sorely troubled and bewildered feels when he finds himself in strong and friendly care. Extreme age did not appear to have lessened the powers and perceptions of his distinguished host.

In the pretty guest room, with its fresh chintz and quaint old furniture, Gifford found himself again assailed by the temptation to open the watch and look again at that lovely face. But he resisted this desire. Before any such indulgence he must know the status of this woman.

He took a cool shower, then lay down on the bed, of which the man, Ba'tiste, had removed the flowered cover, and fell into a light refreshing sleep. It was no more than a nap, but he awoke with that same delightful sense of invigoration. Dressing, he went down, to find Doctor McIntyre in the big room. The eyes, still clear and filled with a sort of serene wisdom, rested inquiringly on Gifford's face.

Gifford smiled. "The miracle is still working, sir. I wish you would explain it. I might do that myself, if only I could pick up some of the lost strands."

Doctor McIntyre motioned him to a chair, taking one himself. "Gifford," he said, "when, to the best of your recollection, did you last see your father?"

"I can't be sure, sir, but I should say it was about a fortnight ago. He warned me about not getting in another jam that might lay me up. I'm beginning to think, though, that we must have been together since, without my being able to remember it."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because I've got the watch he always carried. I must have been with him somewhere for the night and picked up the watch and put it in my pocket, though that seems a curious thing for me to have done. Perhaps I put on his clothes. We were of the same build. I found in the coat pocket a wallet that must be his."

"Gifford, hasn't it occurred to you that perhaps this loss of memory may have extended over a long period of time? That perhaps this recent accident may have blotted out all recollection of the elapsed time preceding and the events it contained back to the date of your polo injury?"

"I've thought of that," Gifford said slowly. "For how long a time?"

Doctor McIntyre ignored this question. "That knock on the head in the polo field did not seem at the time to have been serious," he said. "You appeared to recover from it, but a few days later you went on another spree and were ill for about six weeks. Your splendid vitality pulled you through, and from that time on the whole tenor of your life was changed. You stopped drinking, stopped other vicious habits, went to work in a banker and brokers' office of which one of your father's friends was the senior partner, and became in time a partner yourself."

Gifford stared at Doctor McIntyre in astonishment. "How long ago was that?" he asked.

"Wait a moment. Your habits became of the very best, and your industry and ability on the same high plane. Your father was overjoyed, all your real friends—those worth having—delighted. Then came your father's accident, and you bore that ordeal like the brave man that you are."

Gifford's face whitened "What happened?"

"His back was broken by the falling of his horse in the hunting field. He died a week later. But he died happy, knowing that all was well with his beloved only son."

With a stricken face Gifford stared for a moment at Doctor McIntyre, then rose, walked to a window that looked on the ocean and stood there for several minutes. Presently Doctor McIntyre said crisply, "Gifford ——"

Gifford turned. His eyes were glistening with tears and his cheeks wet, but he asked steadily enough, "How long ago was that, doctor?"

"Three years ago, my boy."

"Then how long have I been this way?"

"Wait a moment," Doctor McIntyre said. "You must get it clear. What has happened is this—that your recent accident has blotted out your memory back almost to the time of your accident on the polo field."

"And how long ago was that?"

"That, Gifford," Doctor McIntyre said slowly, "was seven years ago."

This astounding statement did not react on Gifford's mind with the force that Doctor McIntyre may have anticipated. Or perhaps he did not anticipate anything of the sort, realizing that there is a limit to the mind's capacity for assimilating immediately information of an overwhelming sort. This lack of instantaneous apprehension of a situation, the shock of tragedy, of any vital human event or crucial instance, is Nature's provision against the damage to be sustained from such a mental blow.

So now it came to the rescue of Gifford's active intelligence. Perhaps it may have done so to a degree greater than Doctor McIntyre had wished. Possibly it may have been his purpose to jar into activity, if possible, the dormant brain cells, even at a risk of overwhelming their proper balance.

But if so, it failed of such effect. Gifford, strong, healthy, normal except for these walled-off reservoirs of memory, was unable to appreciate immediately the full significance of what had just been told him. Before he was able to make any great effort in this direction, Doctor McIntyre brought to bear the fire of another battery, to enfilade the trenches of the young man's mind

"Gifford, do you remember a girl named Drusil Sturgis?"

Gifford pondered for a moment. It was a futile effort. The name was utterly unknown to him.

"No, sir. . . . Why?"

"Because, my boy, that girl was the direct cause of your reformation. You two met when you were convalescent, after the illness I mentioned. You fell in love with her and she with you—and she has loved you devotedly ever since."

The blood crept up Gifford's strong neck, invaded his face. He thought suddenly of the woman in his room at the hospital, with the matron. He thought of the portrait in the watch. And then, last of all, he thought of the love letter in his wallet.

"What about her?" he asked sharply. "What is she to me?"

"Gifford, she is your wife—the mother of your two children. Their ages are four and five."

III

FOR several moments Doctor McIntyre had reason to hope that this bursting bomb had done its work, got through to Gifford's deeper consciousness and blown away the barriers containing it, set free the contents of the buried cells to mingle with the other perceptions of his mind.

Gifford stood for a moment rigidly, as if petrified. A deep color glowed in his face. His gray eyes were hard and bright. It was the lack of any softening in the intentness of their gaze that reported to the physician another failure. Gifford, he perceived, had accepted the information just given him, admitted its truth, but showed not the slightest sign of any recollection of what he had been told.

He lurched over to the big chair, sank into it, then stared at Doctor McIntyre with an expression of infinite dismay. The doctor's heart sank. He did not yet understand what was taking place in Gifford, and that the reaction to thrilling news may take a form of demonstration similar to that of any other astounding fact—a danger, a grief, an imminent catastrophe.

Gifford burst out suddenly, less to Doctor McIntyre than to himself: "Then she's mine—my wife! She has been mine all these years—and I don't even know her!"

He dropped his face in his hands, sat silent, except for his deep heavy breathing. Doctor McIntyre stared at him, completely at a loss. There had been in the first part of Gifford's outbreak a fierce rapture, and it had ended in a note of desperation, a sort of wail. The doctor, unaware of Gifford's state of heart, his love at sight of the woman in his room, the love letter from her, the portrait in the watch cover, could find nothing to account for this singular rhapsody. It sounded, in fact, like madness.

Gifford enlightened him. He sprang up out of his chair, drew the watch from his pocket, opened the back lid and thrust it at his host.

"There she is!" he cried wildly. "That's the girl—the woman who was in my room at the hospital when I came to. I kept still, pretended to be still unconscious. I hoped to hear something to give me my bearings. She sat by the window and I watched her. I loved her on the spot. Then I found her portrait here in my father's watch. I thought—I thought ——" His voice ebbed away. He stared wildly at Doctor McIntyre. "Well, what was I to think? I tried to shut her out of my mind. And now you tell me that she is my wife—that we have children—and I don't even know her. Doctor, what am I to do?"

"Gifford," said Doctor McIntyre quietly, "don't take it so hard. Sit down. Calm yourself and listen to me."

The steady even tones did not fail of their effect. Gifford reseated himself. Doctor McIntyre leaned forward in his own chair and said earnestly and a good deal in the

(Continued on Page 46)

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(Continued from Page 44)

tone of a business man who states some proposition clearly and with emphasis:

"Here is what faces you, Gifford, as the result of your loss of memory. You have got to live over again a great sorrow and a great joy. The death of your father is a dreadful shock, and you bear it bravely. It must comfort you to know that he died happy in the knowledge that his son had come into his heritage of manliness and of worth, and that he was firmly and happily established in life. Your father died happy, knowing how happy you were and what you had become."

Again the tears gushed into Gifford's eyes, but he did not speak. Doctor McIntyre continued:

"As for your wife, she adores you. She is probably at this moment the happiest woman in the world. I talked with her on the phone and told her that you were here, in perfect health physically, but still clouded in mind about past events, entirely sane, though in a state of partial amnesia that I believed would pass."

"Do you?" Gifford interrupted. "And when?"

"That I cannot say. It was my plan to keep you here for a few days under observation. But after what you have just told me, that you have fallen in love with your wife at first sight, as one might say with literal truth, and as except for this lapse of memory you are absolutely sane in mind, I see no reason for keeping you two apart. What is there to be gained by doing so? She loves you and wants you with her, and you love her. Why then remain separated?"

"But how can I go back as her husband when she is a total stranger to me?" Gifford protested. "I shall have to tell her that."

"If you do," said Doctor McIntyre slowly, "I believe that it would break her heart."

"But what else is there for me to do, with decency?" Gifford asked. "Am I to go to her and play the rôle of loving husband when, so far as I'm concerned, I'm not even acquainted with her?"

"She is entirely acquainted with you," said Doctor McIntyre quietly, "and she is prepared to find your memory clouded. But if you were to tell her that you cannot remember one single thing that has happened since your polo accident, even to having met her ever or at all, it would be to rob her of everything she holds most dear. It would mean to her the losing of her husband and having the hollow shell of a strange man come to take his place."

"But isn't that precisely the case, doctor?" Gifford cried.

Doctor McIntyre shook his head. "Not if you have fallen in love with her, as you tell me that you have. I should say that some deep memory was struggling for expression there. At any rate, let us assume that such is the case. Later, if you like, you can break it to her by degrees."

"But that wouldn't be fair to her," Gifford protested. "It wouldn't be decent. Just stop and think, doctor. I had merely a glimpse of her there in my room at the hospital, when I had been back to full consciousness for only a few minutes. I don't know her personality, her nature, thoughts, ideas, feeling about things. I haven't the remotest conception of anything at all about her, mentally or physically. And here you are advising me to step into the most intimate relationship that can exist between a man and woman—that of her husband and father of her children, come back strong and vigorous from the void. Mustn't there in all decency be a period of acquaintanceship, however brief?"

"For your sake," Doctor McIntyre asked, "or for hers?"

"For both our sakes," Gifford cried. "For the sake of all that's spiritual between a man and woman and separates the man from the beast."

"Why, yes, of course," Doctor McIntyre admitted, "if your love emotion toward her is that of a beast. Not that I think for a moment that it is. In such a case I should advise you differently. But I believe that in the case of a man like yourself, Gifford, it would be perfectly possible for him to meet a woman in the morning for the first time, fall in love with her then and there, marry her in the afternoon and take her as his wife that night, and all with no profanation of his love, if that love was all it ought to be."

Gifford dropped his hot face in his hands. "Perhaps you are right, Doctor McIntyre. The trouble is that because she is a stranger to me, I can't seem to get it through my head that I am anything but a stranger to her."

"If she were to believe the former," Doctor McIntyre said, "you would be apt to find the latter also the case. That is what I think should be avoided. Such a shock to your wife would be very grave. It might do you both infinite harm. Start a train of thought that could grow into a fixed idea, so that a stranger you would be, and a stranger to some extent you might indefinitely remain."

Gifford nodded, his face still buried in his hands. The veins on his forehead were distended. Doctor McIntyre watched in silence this supreme struggle for memory, to wrest back the past from wherever it might find itself entombed. He saw also, when Gifford finally raised his tormented face, that the struggle had been unavailing.

"Then you believe, Doctor McIntyre, that I should go back and play the false rôle of returning husband, come what may of it?" Gifford asked.

Doctor McIntyre shook his head. "I have recommended nothing of the sort," he said, with a note of austere reproof. "I advise only that you go back to your adoring wife and play the part that is really yours, whether you remember it or not. Why punish your wife and yourself for an unfortunate condition for which you are in no way to blame?"

This tonic admonition landed squarely on the mark. Gifford stared thoughtfully at the fine face opposite him.

"You are right, sir. It's hard for me to get hold of the idea that she must have been nearly crazy with anxiety, and is still worried to death, and that the longer I stay away the more the strain is bound to be."

"Precisely, Gifford. If you really love her as you say you do, then for her sake the sooner you return the better."

"Yes, of course," Gifford agreed. "And if she is to be saved from believing that I've lost my mind along with my memory, I can see that I've got to hold back the truth to some extent at least."

Doctor McIntyre nodded. "It would be asking too much of her to believe you as sane as you know yourself to be if you were to tell her that you do not remember her at all. She could scarcely accept the fact of a sound mind, a rational mind, that yet had lost all memory of herself."

"I appreciate that, doctor. She can't help but discover that my memory is full of gaps, even about herself, but for her own sake I suppose I must not let her know that she has gone from it altogether."

"That would be dreadful, Gifford, for the reasons I have given. It would strike at the very core of her being. Her heart would mourn you as dead. Memories are infinitely dear to mothers. Your wife would reason naturally that if you did not remember her or your children at all, then you could not possibly love them. Meeting a woman for the first time you might persuade her that you had fallen in love with her at sight. But in the case of a loving wife and mother, it would be asking too much of her faith, and it would be bound to exclude the children. They count tremendously."

"Of course," Gifford admitted. "Even if she were to believe it about herself, she could scarcely accept me as her husband if the children were left out. The worst of it is that she would be right. I haven't seen my children, and since I can't remember them at all, they mean nothing to me so far."

"Your wife would know that, Gifford. But something tells me that you are going to love them the moment you do see them. All three, wife and children, are bound to feel at first a vague estrangement about you, and it is for you to overcome that as soon as possible. The sooner you may be able to break through those barriers the better."

"It seems almost brutal, doctor," Gifford murmured. "But I understand. It would be even more brutal to let them think I felt them to be strangers to myself. Besides, I don't feel that way about—Drusil." He said the name diffidently, yet lingered on it. "I've seen her, and loved her then and there, although at first I couldn't realize it."

"You must keep before your mind from the very start what is actually the truth," Doctor McIntyre said impressively. "Say to yourself, memory or no memory: 'This lovely woman, these two darling children are mine, body of my body, flesh of my flesh, soul of my soul.' This may be difficult, but only at the moment of first contact. After that it will not be hard at all. It is even possible that at sight of them the veil may be drawn away. But if you were to let them feel that they were alien to you, then you might find them suddenly beyond your reach."

"That," said Gifford, "is too awful to contemplate. I'm beginning to get the right of this. At first it seemed downright shameful so far as it concerned Drusil. But you are right. If she really loves me as you believe, then it would be stark cruelty to let her know the whole truth."

"You will know for yourself how much she loves you when you meet her," Doctor McIntyre said. "And then you can tell better how to proceed. If I were not convinced that you are absolutely rational in mind I should not advise you as I have done. But I've never found any advantage in half measures. If you love her as much as you tell me that you do, then let her feel that instantly. It ought not to be so hard."

"That's just what bothered me, doctor. It seemed too easy—downright dishonorable to take advantage of what she can't possibly guess—like going to her in disguise—shameful and unsportsmanlike. That's a poor word for such a situation, but describes it."

"Well," said Doctor McIntyre slowly, "it would not be very sportsmanlike if through personal qualms and diffidence you were to bring sorrow where joy is waiting for you. There are times when a tacit deceit is not only advisable but a sheer duty, no matter at what cost to one's sense of delicacy. Besides, at any moment the barriers may be down, the floodgates of memory burst open and all the sweetness of dammed-back years pour through. It would be a frightful tragedy if that were to happen too late."

"Have you ever known of a case like mine?" Gifford asked.

"Not in all its aspects. No two such cases are alike. There are the amnesia of personal identity and the amnesia of long previous events and the amnesia of words—aphasia—and a rare amnesia of the identification of objects at sight. All amnesia is variously incomplete. A complete amnesia would be merely total unconsciousness. This last violent concussion has evidently paralyzed the function of storage cells of memory that were previously damaged at the time of your polo accident. I believe that at that time you lost something from your memory that you could do admirably without—the memory of a craving for alcohol and its attendant dissipations. Your wife kept it banished, once it was exiled from your mind. And now, in this last crash, your memory of your wife has for the time being been walled off with the rest. Well, I don't think it will prove difficult for her to start fresh, build herself up anew in your head and in your heart."

"No," Gifford said slowly, "that is not going to be hard for her to do. She may find herself back there before ever she learns that she has been A.W.O.L." He was silent for a moment, then asked: "By the way,

(Continued on Page 48)

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The clock said "NO"

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IF you are one of millions who drink coffee by the clock; if at breakfast-time the clock says: "Yes" —if at noon the clock says: "Try it again—but only one cup, and that weak"—and if at night the clock warns: "Think! Another cup may steal your sleep and ravage your rest"... Rejoice! The clock doesn't matter *now*.

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Tempted to change his brand, one whiff from another's pipe makes him stick to his good old standby

Just as the grass looks greener on the other side of the fence, smokers sometimes think the other man's tobacco smells sweeter than their own

Recently a Charleston optometrist found himself enticed from the fold, only to discover that his old favorite had led him astray:

Charleston, W. Va.,
March 4, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va

Gentlemen

Recently I stopped in a little village that consisted of about nine houses and a small hotel, which I entered

A little old man wearing a skull cap was seated in a rocking chair smoking an enormous pipe. I had come to buy a can of Edgeworth, but when I caught a whiff of the tobacco he was smoking I changed my mind. The aroma of that tobacco was so delightful that I made up my mind right then and there that I wanted some of the same brand, regardless of the cost

I began with: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I came in to buy a can of tobacco, and I would like the same brand you are smoking if you don't mind telling me." He looked at me for a minute, grasped his pipe with one hand and said: "I'm smoking Edgeworth. Would you like some?"

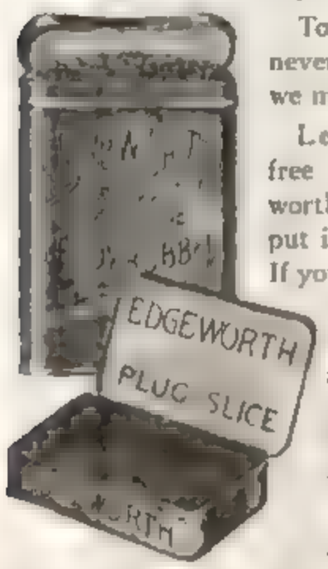
Of course I did, and I secured a supply from the old fellow. He spoke, of course, with an accent, but I went on my way pleased.

Yours very truly,
Dr. John R. Koch

Edgeworth seems to be just like life itself. You like what you've got until you see something that looks better. Then you long for that other something—you strive to get it. After a while you *do* get this thing that you thought was new, only to find that it is exactly what you had before.

When you re-discover Edgeworth, it's as Dr. Koch says—you go on your way rejoicing.

But there are still some pipe-smokers who have not yet discovered Edgeworth for the *first* time. They can do so at our expense.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

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what was this last accident? A motor crash?"

Doctor McIntyre smiled and shook his head. "No, it was on a higher plane, literally as well as figuratively. It was the direct result of your determination to spend your wedding anniversary, the third of this month, with your wife. Business had delayed you until almost the eleventh hour. Then, when it was finished and you despaired of being able to keep that most important of dates, a young man of your acquaintance offered to fly you to Camden in his nice new plane. He hadn't had his pilot's license very long and his habits were none of the best."

"And I took a chance like that—with my wife and children?" Gifford lingered a little on these new possessions.

"You did, though as a war flyer and a husband and father, you should have had more sense. You got off for a good start and did not discover until well on your way that your pilot was half drunk and nipping at his flask. First you remonstrated, then took it away from him forcibly and threw it overboard. He went from bad to worse. I don't know exactly what happened, but I should say that, nearly to your destination, the plane began to act badly, whether through its own or the pilot's fault, and you took charge. He reports that the plane got out of control and you loosed him and threw him out, impressing on his befuddled brain the necessity of opening his parachute."

"Some chance!" Gifford said grimly. "To chuck him out, I mean."

"It appears you saw fit to take it. He is quite positive on that score. It has also since been discovered that this young man's license had been withdrawn because of his habits, so he had no right to fly at all."

"That explains it," Gifford interrupted. "What I heard in the hospital, I mean."

"What was that?"

"Just as the two women who were in my room went out, a man in the corridor outside my door said to somebody: 'He's in there. He was full as a jug, as usual. We've kept it out of the papers, but the judge knows.' I thought of course he was speaking about me and my father. He went on to say that a guy like that was a public pest and source of danger that ought to be locked up, and that the judge had told him that that was precisely what was going to happen. I remember now. It was on that account that I got up and dressed and beat it."

"Well, he was evidently talking about your pilot. The young fellow got bruised and shaken up a bit on landing, but not seriously hurt. By the time you had managed to bundle him out the plane was out of control, side-slipping or something of the sort. You jumped, but by that time so much altitude had been lost that your parachute did not open in time to check your fall. Fortunately you landed in a boggy meadow where the ground was soft and spongy. The jar must have been terrific, and you appeared to have been killed by the concussion. You were picked up for dead, but taken to the hospital near by. Your wife insisted that there was still life in you, and a confrere of mine, specialist in physical diagnosis, examined you and pronounced your state to be one of catalepsy. This lasted for three days. Then you evidently returned suddenly to full consciousness and got up and dressed and made your escape from this hospital, which is, by the way, under obligation to you for a new wing endowed in memory of your father. That is where you were placed."

Gifford thought of the clipping that had puzzled him. He thought of the others—about the railroad merger. He scarcely knew what a railroad merger meant or how it was managed. High finance was a closed book to him, in the lost limbo of all knowledge attained within the past seven years. But this now was the least of his cares. Also the load of the others seemed strangely lightened, now that his course was clear, and his conscience in taking it.

Again the hot blood surged up into Gifford's head. Home, of which he had not the faintest recollection; waiting there eagerly for his arrival the lovely woman whom he had seen in his room at the hospital as if for the first time; she, his adoring young wife, waiting eagerly to welcome him. Not only had he no conception whatever of what his wife's personality might be but also he was ignorant of what their six years of married life had been, and what it had developed.

He was silent during dinner, but ate with relish. Doctor McIntyre observed this hearty appetite with satisfaction. It indorsed the fact that here was a man sound physically and mentally except for that sort of memory loss that is common to everybody in minor degree. Most men and all diligent students would be abnormal fonts of wisdom if they could remember everything they had ever learned; if they retained all the lessons learned in course of their education, all that they have read, been taught, mastered by intellectual effort.

Then, at the end of the meal, Gifford burst out suddenly:

"Doctor McIntyre, I could rise to what's ahead of me like a bird into the blue if only I could get out from under the shadow of this big black cloud of doubt that it's entirely right."

"Try to take my word for that, Gifford," Doctor McIntyre said quietly. "Now, in my later years, I am blessed in being able to look back on that greatest of all achievements—that I have always held honor to be first. I am not advising that you act a lie, but merely that you act on my assurance of what is really the truth."

"I know that, sir. It's the one fact to which I cling."

"Well, hold hard to it. You already love your wife consciously, so that all you need is the conviction that you have been likewise loving her consciously right up to the moment of your crash. Never more, no doubt, than in that moment when you expected to die."

"That's not hard to believe," Gifford admitted. "The more I think about it the more sure I become that it was love of her that led to the crash."

"No doubt. You took what you must have known to be a grave risk to keep your wedding anniversary."

"But it's dreadful to lose all those years of funded love and happiness, doctor," Gifford groaned. "Isn't there anything to break the jam—let the memory out? An operation, perhaps?"

"The risk would not be warranted as long as you are strong and well and rational, with no freakish ideas or disturbance of sensory or motor function or thought coordination. If there was the slightest symptom of intercranial irritation I should feel differently. But we can't tap a man's memories as you would bore into a keg of spirits to let them run out." He smiled.

"I suppose you —— But hang it, doctor, I want those memories back!" Gifford cried. "Not so much to ease the present situation, but because they are precious. They must be the very best of me, the soul and spirit and all that's good about me. It's not entirely for my wife and children's share in it. You tell me that for the past seven years, since I met Drusil, I've been all that a husband and father and square-shooting member of society ought to be. I can remember myself only as a silly, irresponsible souse."

"Consciously, perhaps," Doctor McIntyre said. "But there's a deeper subconscious memory in you that knows better, my boy. Otherwise you would still be that silly, irresponsible souse. And you know deep down that you are not. Thank God, your dark sector cuts inside of that."

The expression caught Gifford's attention. He looked thoughtfully at his host. "That describes it. My mind is like a lighthouse with a dark sector. The arc of the circumference is blotted out for seven degrees, subtended by the chord of a dark sector. But darn it, that dark sector falls on the wrong part."

"Does it greatly matter," Doctor McIntyre asked, "since you've cleared the breakers and come safely into port?"

"Why, yes, doctor, it matters everything. You must see that. What if now you were unable to remember anything at all about your own past married life? Please excuse the impertinence, but would it not seem to you as if you had scarcely lived at all—as if you had been horribly robbed?"

"It would, Gifford. But you must remember that you are still in your youthful prime and that your wife is waiting eagerly for you, and that there are many, many happy years ahead."

"Of course. I'm an ungrateful brute. I don't deserve it all. That's the trouble. I want to feel that I deserve it, that it's coming to me honestly. And I can't—I simply can't."

There was a wail in his voice. At this reminder of Drusil, his wife, waiting to welcome him, the blood surged into his brain until it seemed as if it could not help but burst the confines of this dark sector of oblivion, tear away the dam and let the rosy flood of remembrance pour out. He longed for this to happen, felt as if it were on the verge of happening. His host was watching him closely, hopeful of such a phenomenon.

But still the diaphragm stayed closed, denied the slightest glimpse of what was funded there, occulted the precious memories of those seven lost years.

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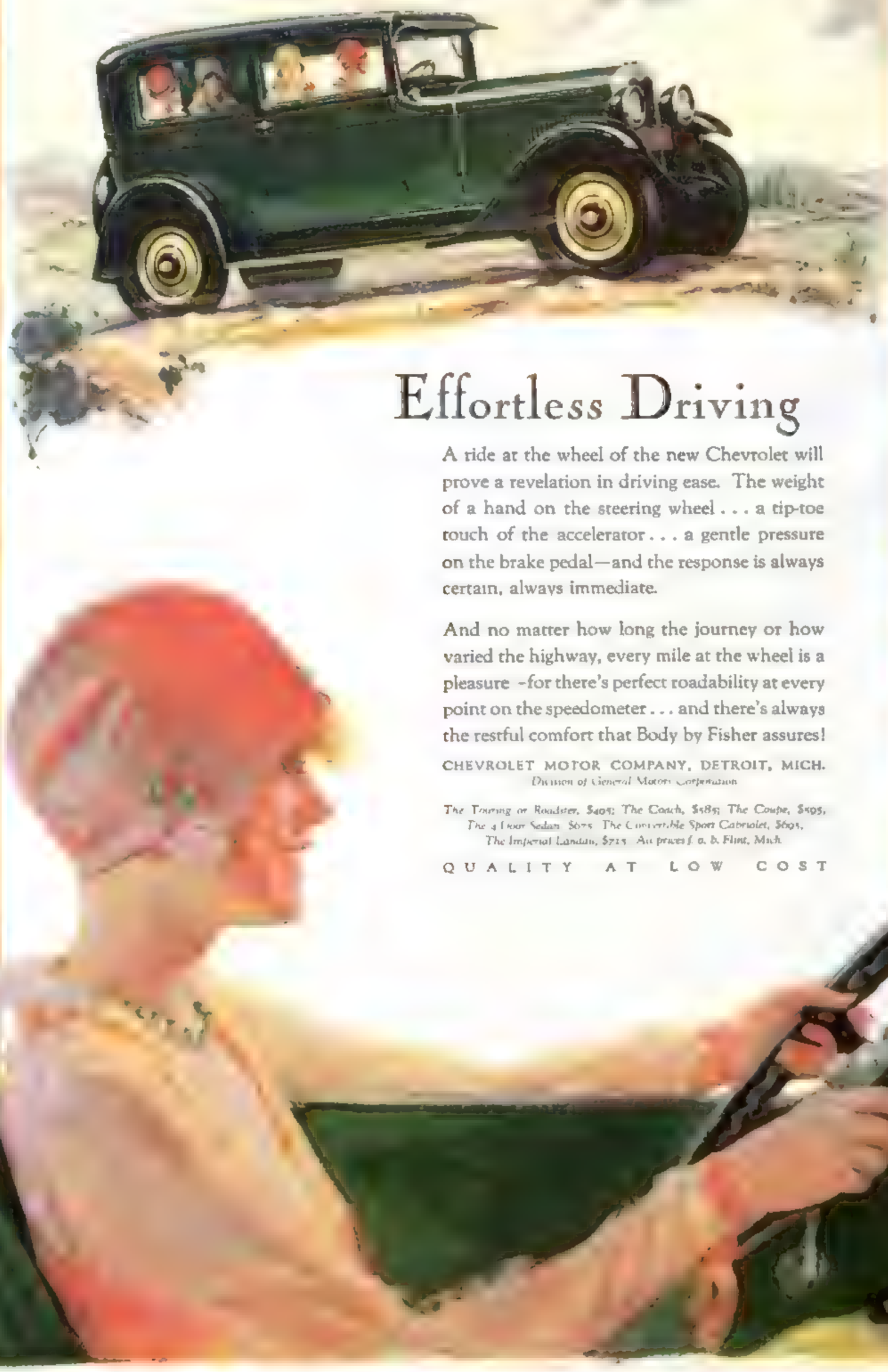

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Soothe it . . . heal it . . . quickly

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Unguentine

Apply this famous surgical dressing liberally at the first suspicion of burn

BROOCH OF CONTRACT

(Continued from Page 17)

the miserable twenty left of his original capital. He had to explain and he couldn't.

"Sugar," he evaded unhappily, "you don't understan'."

"How come not?"

"I—I ain't got that money to spend, an' ——"

"Oh!" Her tone became icy. "I reckon you mean you don't crave to ma'y me because you is rich."

"No, honey, that ain't it. You see ——"

"Sholy I see. I see plenty, Mistuh Melon. An' I reckon pride is one of the most things I has got. I ain't aimin' to fling myse'f at the haid of no man. So you just take yo' mis'able fo' hund'ed dollars an' spend it any way you want."

He argued, he pleaded, he cajoled. The truth struggled for utterance and was held back by a sense of loyalty. In the midst of his own misery he was conscious of the cataclysm he would bring upon Ultra's unoffending head should the story of his deception ever come to the eager ears of the militant Mirtel.

Rosetta bade Jim a frozen good night and announced that from then on he was *de trop*. He returned to town, shaking his head and wondering. As his staunchly built frame bulked in the door of Bud's place he was greeted with shouts of welcome. During the evening, news of his good fortune had become bruited about Darktown. Casual acquaintances attempted to assume intimate rôles. Florian Slappey, *de luxe* cavalier of color, attempted to inveigle him into a pool contest at a dollar a game. But Jim settled into the slough of despond and pulled the slough in after him. He was abysmally unhappy and didn't care who knew it.

"Uppity!" anathematized Mr. Slappey. "Them moneys has went to his head."

The following morning Jim Melon begged Ultra to release him from the sacred promise.

"Nothin' sturrin'," announced Mr. Smith positively.

"But, Ultra ——"

"Don't but me, Jim Melon. Not on'y you promised on yo' honor but also I paid you cash money twenty-five dollars fo' such."

"You don't understan'. Rosetta Trigg thinks I has got enough money fo' a honeymoon, an' if I don't ma'y her now, the chances are she ain't never gwine let me."

Solemnly Ultra extended his right hand.

"I congratulate you, Brother Melon. Fellers which is kept fum makin' fools of theirselves is lucky."

Brooding over his predicament, Mr. Melon walked away. For three long days Ultra Smith did not see him. But, unhappy as he was, Jim did not betray his friend. He endured Rosetta's displeasure; he avoided his customary haunts; he behaved generally like a man whose worldly cares weighed heavily. He created a more vivid impression than he knew, and most particularly he impressed Simeon Broughton.

Mr. Broughton was a large dark gentleman. He was proportioned gigantically and was reputed to possess a Jekyll-and-Hyde temperament. Ordinarily his disposition was equable, but there were times when he had been aroused to destructive fury. Simeon had started his adult life modestly as a neighborhood janitor. During the winter months he attended a multitude of furnaces. In the summer he manicured lawns. During the years he accumulated business acumen and some cash capital. The former had caused the latter to become materially increased, until now Simeon regarded himself as a real-estate investor.

Simeon dreamed great dreams of colossal wealth. He had known Jim Melon for several years and considered Jim a person of great ability, keen judgment and supreme worthlessness. Now, however, he saw an opportunity to use Jim as partner in his most pretentious deal—a deal which promised so much and demanded such great investment that he did not care to undertake it alone. He approached Jim as one capitalist to another. The proposition was very simple:

"There's this track of land over by Norwood, Jim. It don't matter how much they ask fo' it, 'cause we ain't never gwine buy it. But we can git an option on it fo' eight months at two hund'ed dollars for each two months. I got a hunch on what's happenin' over there 'bout a new viaduck bein' built, an' the minute them plans is announced, us can sell our option fo' two or th'ee times what it cos'. How 'bout you goin' in with me?"

Jim was flattered and flabbergasted.

"Eight hund'ed dollars!" he gasped. "An' we don't git nothin' but a chance of gittin' somethin'?"

"Tha's it. Ise posolute we won't have no trouble sellin' that option an' makin' a heap of money fum same. We should make anyway eight hund'ed dollars profit each, an' then most likely us would go into other deals together. F'rall I know, maybe some day there might be a big cullud comp'ny called Broughton an' Melon."

"Melon an' Broughton," amended Jim quickly.

"We-e-ell, maybe." Simeon eyed his friend hopefully. It was plain that Jim did not greet his proposition with proper enthusiasm and therefore Mr. Broughton was willing to make unasked concessions. "Tell you what Ise willin' to do," he said. "I'll pay the fust two hund'ed dollars. There won't be another two hund'ed due then fo' two months an' you can pay that one. Mos' likely you won't ever have to do it, 'cause the good news is libel to break any day. Then you git about eight hund'ed dollars cash profit 'thout ever puttin' up a cent."

Certainly the prospect was alluring. Jim discussed the matter and inspected the land. Simeon seemed to be on the right track. If a viaduct was located where Simeon expected, the property they were considering would triple in value.

Of course Jim Melon knew what was happening to him. He knew he was being credited with a financial stability he did not own. Just as public acclaim of his good fortune had cost him the affections of the fair Rosetta, so it established him as a man of parts and brought him a partnership offer from the budding Mr. Broughton.

His brain functioned swiftly. He couldn't rid his mind of the pleasing thought that the second two hundred dollars would not become due for two months and that the necessity for paying it would probably never arise. Suppose he rejected Simeon's offer? Then, when the property enhanced in value, he would have the unhappiness of knowing that he had rejected a cool eight hundred dollars.

The result was inevitable. He agreed. Two days later Messrs. Broughton and Melon owned a contingent eight-month option on that particular tract of land and the first option installment of two hundred dollars had been paid by Simeon. Jim Melon felt very important and not—at the time—worried. His first move was to inform Rosetta that he was engaged in high finance.

"Fumadiddles!" she snapped. "Reckon you just aims to excuse yo'se'f fum gittin' ma'ied."

"Aw, sugar, soon as I cleans up my profit on this li'l' deal, I comes aroun' with a ma'iage license."

"Well," she answered caustically, "you sho had better make it out in some other gal's name, 'cause me, Ise gwine be intrusted elsewhere."

But there was a gleam in her eye—a light of affection which even anger could not kill—and Jim was accordingly rendered hopeful.

As a matter of fact, in the days which followed, he found that the world was quite a worthwhile place. News of his partnership with Simeon Broughton had become noised about and Jim was gazed upon as a man of affairs. Furthermore Simeon informed him that he was sure the city was about to authorize the viaduct which would materially enhance the value of the land they had under option, with the result that already he had one or two nibbles.

"When you calculate us is gwine sell, Simeon?"

"Soon as we gits our price."

"You reckon we will soon?"

"I don't spose nothin' but that, cullud boy. We has got eight months an' don't have to be stampeded. But," he added, "we mos' likely cashes in durin' the next couple weeks."

Meanwhile Ultra Smith was living the sort of life generally thought to be the exclusive property of Mr. Riley. Each morning he bade his wife a fond farewell and marched off to his day's labor, carrying a neat package of lunch. Half an hour later he was in Bud's place chatting with friends who had more leisure than money. Occasionally he indulged in a game of pool or dominoes.

True enough, affluence had somewhat affected his natural caution. The hundred and seventy-five dollars which he had in his pocket was dwindling at a rate greater than fifteen a week. He was fortified by the knowledge of two hundred in his attic. Even Jim Melon agreed that he had been clever to hide it there.

"Brains what you got in yo' head, Ultra! I got to hand it to you. Even was Mirtel to find the extra money in yo' wallet, you could say all the rest was gone an' she coul'n't take it fum you."

"Nor neither find it," indorsed Mr. Smith. "'Cause it's hid right out in the open. She might look in trunks an' things, but she sho woul'n't look in a piece of rag right behind them magazines."

If Mirtel was suspicious, she gave no hint. Ultra was unusually docile, but that could have been attributed to the cumulative effect of her militancy. She had him under excellent control. And so she went her way happily, living on his meager wages of ten dollars plus the income from her safely invested fifteen thousand. No fool she to intrude on the capital. She was canny and capable, and Ultra felt that he should hold her in profound respect. Unfortunately, he didn't. His idea of money was that it was meant to spend. He believed that Mirtel was rather silly. What good was money if it merely sat in a bank? And most of all, what good was it to him?

Yet he was afraid of her. He knew that she cared for him, but she was of a disposition which had to dominate or be dominated, and he knew that it was beyond his powers to crack a whip over her head. Therefore he played the rôle of domestic worm, and only since his windfall had that rôle become bearable.

"It—it don't hahdly matter who that woman would of ma'ied," he informed himself dolefully, "she would of been the boss. She ain't the kind to take nothin' off nobody no time—'ceptin' my wages off me all the time."

Six weeks elapsed—six weeks of glorious indolence, six weeks of hope. And then one day Simeon Broughton came smiling to Jim Melon.

"Hot dawg, cullud boy, us is in!"

"In what, Simeon?"

"Luck."

"How come?"

"The city commission done deputized that viaduck, an' a'ready I has been offered fo' hund'ed dollars profit fo' our option."

"I accept!" said Jim promptly.

"Foolishment what you talks. Us each gits apiece eight hund'ed dollars profit, or else ——"

"Else what?"

"Nothin'!"

(Continued on Page 53)

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Chandler	Special 6	×	×	×		×
	Big 6 & Royal 8	×		×		×
Chrysler	52-62-72	×	×	×		×
	80	×		×		×
Cunningham	All	×	×	×		×
Dodge	All	×	×	×		×
Durant	55	×	×	×		×
	65 & 75	×	×	×		×
Elcar	6-70	×				×
	8-78, 8-82	×	×			×
	8-91, 8-92	×	×			×
Falcon	All	×	×	×	×	×
Ford	All	×		×	×	×
Franklin	All	×	×	×	×	×
Gardner	All	×	×	×		×
Graham Paige	610	×	×	×		×
	614	×	×			×
	612, 629, 833	×	×		×	×
Hudson and Essex	All	×	×	×		×
Hupmobile	6	×	×	×		×
	Big 8	×	×			×
	Century 8	×	×	×	×	×
Jordan	All	×	×	×	×	×
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Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
LaSalle	All	×	×	×		×
Lincoln	All	×	×	×	×	×
Locomobile	8-70	×	×	×		×
Marmon	68	×		×		×
	78	×		×		×
McFarlan	All	×	×			×
Moon	All	×	×	×		×
Nash	[illegible]	×	×	×		×
	6-80-8	×				×
	8-90	×	×			×
Peerless	6-71, 6-60 and 6-80	×	×	×		×
Pierce-Arrow	81	×	×	×		×
	36	×				×
Reo	Flying Cloud Wolverine	×	×			×
Star	All	×	×	×		×
Stearns-Knight	All	×	×	×		×
Studebaker and Erskine	All	×	×		×	×
Stutz	All	×	×	×		×
Velie	All	×	×	×		×
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	×	×	×		×
	Whippet 6	×	×	×		×
	56	×	×	×		×
	66-A	×			×	×
	70-A	×			×	×

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Jim's spirits sank perceptibly. "That don't seem right, Simeon. I never craved to die no millionaire."

"No? Well, I does. Besides, we ain't got no worries. Next week-end we pay our second option money, an' that gives us two mo' months."

"Us!" groaned Mr. Melon.

"Uh-huh. I has decided to wait awhile. What diff'ence does it make how much money we invesses when we is shuah to git it all back?"

"We!" murmured Jim.

"We is right, brother. Ain't we partners?"

"I—I reckon so, Simeon."

"Then what you worryin' 'bout?"

"Plenty! On'y I ain't got no mind to tell you. Me, I favors takin' small profits quick."

"Well," snapped Mr. Broughton, flexing his steely muscles, "we won't!" And he placed a sinister emphasis on the personal pronoun.

The interview served to acquaint Jim Melon with misery. There had been times in his past life when gloom had settled soggily over his shoulders, but never so depressingly as now.

Twelve days of grace, and then he would be forced to produce two hundred dollars cash to renew the Broughton-Melon option. Should he fail, the wrath of Mr. Broughton would be visited upon him with homicidal results. The prospect was far from alluring.

During the week which followed, Mr. Melon gloomed through the streets of Birmingham hoping against forlorn hope that a miracle might occur. It did to a certain extent, in that Simeon reported an even more profitable offer for their option. At the same time he notified Jim that he had refused point-blank. Jim's face turned green.

"I is positive you made a mistake, Simeon."

"How come you to be so positive?"

"I got reasons—private reasons."

With two days remaining, Jim's desperation drove him to seek the aid of his friend Ultra. Mr. Smith gave sympathetic ear and a positive refusal.

"You was paid fo' what you did fo' me, Jim. An' I ain't cravin' to lend you the li'l' money I got lef'."

"But, Ultra, spose I git extincted."

"Then," said Mr. Smith grimly, "I attends yo' fun'ral an' mourns plenty."

That was the best Ultra would do. He refused to amend his safety-first policy. Mr. Melon walked away feeling that he was ill-used. Nor was he encouraged by a report from Simeon that they would be able to sell at a proper profit within two more weeks.

Two days was more in line with Jim's problem. Ultra was false to their friendship. Jim did some quick figuring. If Ultra had been spending fifteen dollars a week, he had fifty-five dollars left of his original hundred and seventy-five. Two hundred cash lay idle in Ultra's attic—the precise amount which, in the form of a brief loan, would save Jim from annihilation.

Mr. Melon's face brightened. The idea started his brain to working. It never occurred to him that Ultra had drawn on his capital at a greater-than-fifteen-dollar rate. He figured a leeway of at least three weeks. If Mr. Broughton was telling the truth, then the deal could be closed and the two hundred returned well within that time, and Ultra would never be the wiser.

And why not? What was one danger more or less to a man in such desperate straits? Ultra wouldn't find out, anyway, and if he did—well, the worst Mr. Smith could do would be to grow angry.

Jim convinced himself that Ultra was quite deeply in his debt. If it hadn't been for him, in the first place, Mirtel would have acquired Ultra's money; and in the second place, there was no other person in the world who would, in loyalty, have kept a pledge of friendship in the face of a break with his very best girl. Mr. Melon reached his decision. It was his intention to borrow Ultra's reserve fund. Within a short time he would return it and Ultra would never know.

As dusk merged into the darkness that evening, the stocky figure of Mr. Melon became invisible in the shadow of a tree opposite the Smith home. At 7:30 two persons left the home of Ultra. One was distinctly feminine and luxuriously large. The other was small and diffident and belonged to Ultra.

Waiting until they had vanished along the broad reaches of Eighteenth Street, Mr. Melon walked to the corner, sauntered nonchalantly across and then rambled up on the veranda of the deserted house. To the casual eye he would have appeared as a visitor who was unaware of the fact that his friends had gone downtown.

In the gloom of the porch he acted swiftly. He forced open a window and climbed inside. His heart was thumping and his nerves jangled. He had never imagined a place could be so uncompromisingly black. He stumbled over furniture and bumped his head severely on the edge of a half-open door. Eventually he discovered the flight of rickety steps leading to the attic. Once in that cramped haven, Jim proceeded more boldly. There was no window in the loft and small danger that a light could be seen from outside. He produced an electric torch and snapped it on.

He instantly discerned the pile of magazines. It was the work of only a few seconds to locate the old rag which contained Ultra's cherished two hundred dollars. The money was transferred to the greedy pocket of Mr. Melon's pants. Then he returned to the stairway, extinguished his flash light and descended. Three minutes later he had crawled out through the window, lowered it and was on the street again. He breathed deeply and wondered why cold perspiration dripped from him. This informal borrowing was not at all to his liking, yet his chief fear had been of discovery.

The following day he sought Simeon Broughton and placed two hundred dollars in the horny hand of that gentleman of finance. He did it as though two hundred meant nothing much in his young life, and, in view of the relief he felt, he spoke with crisp authoritativeness.

"Le's us sell an' sell quick," he commanded. "There ain't no use of you puttin' out no mo' of yo' own money on that option, 'cause ev'y cent we spend that way cuts our profit."

Mr. Broughton was in a genial mood. He thought that his partner was very considerate. Therefore he promised, and within three days had opened negotiations with the would-be purchaser. He was given to understand that the sale might be consummated within the next ten days. It all depended on how much success attended the efforts of the option buyer to secure the signature of the prospective purchaser of the land itself.

Meanwhile events rocked along in the Smith home with excessive tranquillity. Mirtel remained the autocrat and Ultra bent under the domestic yoke. What spirit might have been latent within his skinny bosom had long since been stilled, and just at present he had small fault to find with life. Unfortunately, though, his original fund was becoming depleted more rapidly than he had planned. It was, in fact, just about gone and he found great solace in the knowledge that two hundred dollars more lay in wait upstairs.

There came a bleak, gray afternoon when Mirtel went downtown to purchase some kitchen ware. Ultra saw her when she passed Bud's place, and he streaked for home by a circuitous route. He sneaked into his own home and thence to the attic. With unerring instinct he made his way to the pile of old magazines and quested behind them for his treasure. He found the spot. His fingers touched the rag which had held the money. For a few seconds he did not understand; then the full horror of his predicament smote him. He sat down

(Continued on Page 55)

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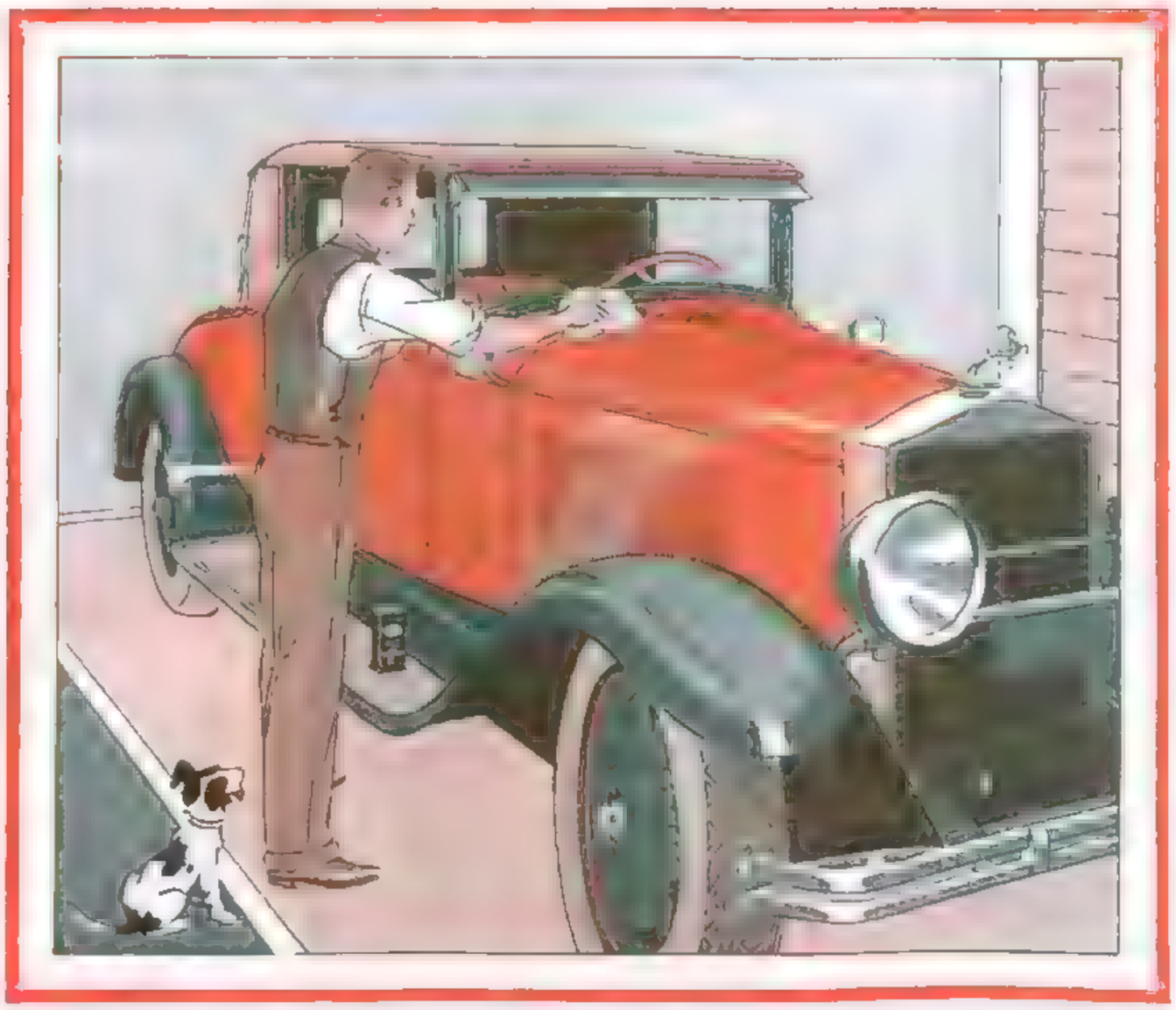

Under the Traffic Film *it's still a new car*

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Traffic Film is composed of minute particles of oily, sticky dirt, which are constantly settling on your car—in city streets, on country roads, even in your own garage.

These particles are cemented together by the sun and the heat to form a hard, dull coating, a Traffic Film which soap and water cannot remove.

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(Continued from Page 53)

limply, dropped stricken face into trembling hands, and gave vent to cries of grief.

"Oh, whoa is me!" he moaned. "I has done happened to a disaster!"

He was crushed, numbed by the cataclysm. He ceased to rock and moan. A thought came to him—a great powerful thought which crashed into his brain like a bolt of lightning.

Mirtel Mirtel the Amazon—Mirtel the positive—Mirtel had discovered his hoard of money and taken it unto herself without so much as a by-your-leave.

The effect of this thought upon Ultra was miraculous. Subconsciously he knew that if Mirtel had made her discovery and descended upon him in a cloud of righteous anger, he would supinely have confessed his guilt and made no protest. But this was different—she had tricked him. In one comprehensive wifely gesture she had swept from him his life of ease and indolence.

"Sh-she was 'fraid to lemme know," he told himself, and that brought on more thought.

One hour later Mirtel returned. She found the front door open and shook her head with annoyance. Queer. She had never before been so careless. She would have plumb ruined Ultra for doing the same thing. She strode into the parlor with firm, positive steps. And in the half light she saw a slim but dignified figure arise, and noticed that it belonged to her husband. Then she caught sight of his face. It was hard as granite and there was a demon glare in the eyes which bored through her. She opened her lips to speak, but Ultra beat her to it. His words came with the cold crispness of snapping icicles.

"Woman," said he, "this time you has went too far!"

She fell back a step, too startled now for mere speech.

"Me an' you," continued Ultra with deadly force, "has come to a show-down!"

Through the daze a spark of her old dominance flashed.

"Who you is to talk thataway ——"

"Silence!" came his thunderous answer. "Us ain't gwine argue 'bout this, 'cause I ain't gwine leave you say nothin'—not ary single word! What talkin' is done, I does!"

He walked closer to her, held her eyes with his, and croaked a harsh command:

"Gimme my money!"

She sank into a chair, staring wide-eyed at this apparition.

"Y-y-y-you must be crazy."

"I is! Ise crazy mad! Ise so crazy Ise libel to bust loose an' smear you all over this house! Ise plumb wile!"

Angry and frightened as she was, Mirtel experienced a warm affectionate glow. Here was a man!

"I want back that two hund'ed dollars of mine which I had hid in the attic. An' I crave it quick!"

"Ultra, I don't know what you is talkin' about."

"Untruthfulness what you speaks. I ain't gwine fool with you a-tall. You know dawg-gone good an' well you foun' my two hund'ed dollars in the attic, an' you was scared to lemme know. Now, gimme!"

"Oh, Ultra"—she rocked back and forth—"where at did you ever git two hund'ed dollars?"

"Nemmin' where I got it. An' jus' so there won't be no argufyin', lemme 'splain that I ain't been workin' fo' a long time, nor neither I don't aim to work never no mo' less'n I choose to. Another thing: fum now on I not on'y takes charge of the two hund'ed dollars you is gwine return back to me but also Ise gwine keep as much of my own wages as I want. An' if you don't like that, I requesses to know what you is gwine do about it."

She was fascinated. She was dazed. She hadn't the faintest idea what Ultra was talking about, although it was obvious that he had lost two hundred dollars. As from a great distance, she heard his next words:

"Fum now on, woman, I is runnin' I, you an' us."

She believed him. She wanted to believe him. She bent her head docilely and agreed to return the two hundred dollars. She was earnest in her protestation of innocence, but he waved her words aside with a masterful gesture.

"Language is cheap," he proclaimed firmly. "Nothin' less'n two hund'ed dollars cash speaks to me—an' you is just plumb lucky I ain't chargin' you intrust."

She promised him the money. That night he took his hat from the hall tree and announced that he was off to Bud Peaglar's for a game of Kelly pool. The following morning she eyed him across the breakfast table, wondering whether his iron mood would have softened. If anything, it had grown harder. The feel of power was in his blood and he knew the thrill of ruling a household. She accompanied him to the bank and meekly paid over two hundred dollars.

"Honest, Ultra, I never ——"

"Hush yo' mouf, woman. I don't crave to heah no mo' speechifications fum you—never—no time."

He marched triumphantly to Bud's place. He wanted to tell his friend Jim Melon of his triumph, but Jim was nowhere to be seen. As a matter of fact, Mr. Melon was shunning Ultra with enthusiasm.

The new domestic status became pleasant. Mirtel was undergoing the rare experience of being dictated to, and she was enjoying it no less than Ultra. They did what Ultra wanted, when he wanted and how he wanted. Once or twice she touched on the subject of the lost money. Where had he acquired it, and how? He was tight-lipped as the proverbial clam. No fool, he, to tell the truth. Let her think he was a brilliant business man. What she didn't know brought them both happiness.

Eight days later, while Mirtel was downtown shopping and Ultra was reclining in a new hammock on the porch of his home, Jim Melon appeared. Ultra had not seen Jim for a long time and he was impressed by the air of prosperity which clung to the solid figure of his friend. Mr. Melon was surprised, and he inquired whether Ultra was ill. Mr. Smith explained that he was tired of Bud's place and was taking things easy at home. Jim did not understand, but he was too filled with his own message to inquire more about Ultra.

"Ultra," he announced, "you don't know nothin' 'bout it, but I done you a dirty trick."

"Says which?"

"I done you dirt. I knew you'd never miss it ——"

"You say words, but they don't mean nothin'. Why wouldn't I miss what?"

"Yo' money."

"Which money?"

"What you had hid up in the attic."

Ultra straightened to a sitting posture. He placed his feet squarely on the veranda floor and blinked slowly three times.

"Wh-what you talkin' 'bout, man?"

Briefly, and without sparing himself, Jim Melon explained the nature and circumstances of his informal borrowing. It seemed to Ultra that someone had smitten him with a trip hammer. He did not return to consciousness until Jim had almost completed his harangue.

"I know I hadn't ought to of done it, Ultra, but it sho has worked out fo' the best. This mawnin' I an' Simeon sold that option. I got eight hund'ed dollars clear profit fo' myse'f, an' Simeon received simular." He extracted a large roll of crisp bills. "When I borrowed that money, Ultra, I figured that I an' you was sort of partners. That was only fair, 'cause if us hadn't sol' the land, it would have been yo' loss on account of me bein' required to vanish elsewhere to keep Simeon fum exterminatin' me. So heah is the two hund'ed dollars I borrowed an' heah is two hund'ed more which is yo' share of the profit." He counted the money into the palsied palm of Mr. Ultra Smith. "Also," continued Jim, "I hereby formerly invite you to the solemnification of my nuptial with Miss Rosetta Trigg which has agreed to make ma'iage with me. At the same time I want to announce that fum now hencefor'rd I ain't no bum, but is in the real-estate an' investment business under the title of Melon an' Broughton. Furthermo', I thank you fo' yo' kind attention, an' bid you good-by, on account Miss Rosetta is awaitin' me at my downtown office."

Jim Melon walked off toward the dusky civic center of Birmingham. He whistled gayly as he swung along, but Ultra paid him no heed. He was trying to understand all that had happened to him and to Jim Melon. It was a difficult task. Instead of having been unceremoniously manslaughtered, Jim Melon had become the business partner of his nemesis. On the basis of a credit to which Jim was never entitled and money which he had borrowed, he had cleaned up six hundred dollars clear profit. In addition thereto, Jim was about to marry Rosetta and to take a gorgeous honeymoon with the fair damsel.

So much for Jim. What had occurred to Ultra was even more magical. He had been hopelessly henpecked. Now he was boss absolute. He had lost two hundred dollars and extracted it from his wife. In addition to that he now held in his hand four hundred extra dollars. Six hundred dollars—at fifteen dollars a week, that meant a minimum of forty weeks additional idleness, with a strong likelihood of a future equally unexhausting.

But something had happened. He was terrified lest he lose the upper hand. Sheer fury had established him at the head of his house. He was afraid of his own weakness now that he knew his anger against Mirtel had been unfounded.

He saw Mirtel coming down the street. He struggled for control of his facial muscles. And so it was that when she walked up on the veranda she found her skinny husband gently pawing a huge wad of currency. Her eyes opened wide.

"Honey boy," she inquired, "wha's that?"

He shrugged, knowing that his whole future was staked on the next few minutes.

"Chicken feeds," he answered. "Just fo' hund'ed dollars."

"Fo' hund'ed ——. Great sufferin' tripe, when did you git it?"

"Just now. . Li'l' business deal I put across."

Mirtel was not merely impressed. She was violently overcome. Humbly she stood beside the figure of her husband. Devotedly she took his hand in hers.

"Sweet boy," she murmured, "I know I ain't smart like you is, but won't you 'splain to me how you made all that money?"

His reply came without hesitation.

"Nothin' doing!" said he. "'Cause even if I did explain, you'd most likely never believe it was anything but luck."

Advice to a Young Man Starting Out in Life

BE THRIFTY, lad, and save your money;
'Twill help to make your old age sunny.
But spend your earnings while you may;
Youth is the time you should be gay.

Marry, my son! A loving wife
Savors and leavens all of life.
Take care, though, lest you wedded be!
What good is life unless you're free?

Stay where you are and never roam!
The solid man builds right at home.
Would you lead men? Or merely plod?
Travel! See life! Don't be a clod!

Who scorns to labor wins no prize.
Work hard and you are sure to rise.
If you'd be more than just a clerk,
Learn to make others do your work.

Remember that whate'er you do
Public opinion's judging you.
And don't forget! Go your own way
Regardless of what people say.

If this advice you strictly heed,
Young man, you're certain to succeed.

—Baron Ireland.

How One Railroad Makes its Shovels Pay Their Way

THIS railroad buys track shovels to the tune of thousands of dollars a year. The wages it pays its section hands to use these shovels must be expressed in millions.

If their shovels break down prematurely, the result is a considerable loss in hard dollars. But, if dull, battered and bent shovels slow up the work of the section gangs, the waste is something colossal.

The responsible executives of this road believed that Red Edge outlasted ordinary shovels and were real labor savers. But they wanted to be sure.

So they devised a shovel "health chart." Whenever a shovel was turned in for scrapping the foreman was instructed to mark the cause on the chart. In a very short time this road had a complete picture of its shovel situation. They could tell, for instance, whether each particular shovel went to the scrap pile because of good, honest, unavoidable wear; or whether it merely curled up and died—and also just what it died of

We are glad to say that this accurate charting amply proved our contention of the longer life and labor saving qualities of Red Edge Shovels. We shall be happy to supply any user of shovels with this chart so that he may prove to his own satisfaction that the average Red Edge outlasts two to three ordinary shovels.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

We Spent 50 Years Learning to Make One Grade of Shovel

RED EDGE RED EDGE RED EDGE RED EDGE

Native Liberian tapping rubber tree on one of the Firestone plantations now producing

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

stone

Safeguarding the Source of Supply

To insure a continuance of highest quality at lowest price, Firestone pioneers to the ends of the earth—a far-flung program of activity for protecting the sources of Rubber supply.

For this Firestone has under development a million-acre rubber plantation in Liberia; hundreds of thousands of rubber trees are now growing in the cleared jungle. Miles of new roads into the jungle have been built; power, light and refrigeration plants, hospitals and stores erected and a high degree of sanitation is already established.

A Radio Station affords daily communication between the Firestone plantation and the factories in Akron. Firestone maintains ten buying offices in the Far East with facilities for purchasing the best quality of rubber from the native planter at lowest prices, and owns and operates the largest crude rubber preparation plant in any of the rubber growing countries.

Firestone progress is so far advanced that it can be regarded as a victory over foreign rubber control and largely responsible for the repeal of the British Rubber Restriction Act! This enables Firestone to lower prices and proves the widespread advantages in Firestone activities in the Rubber fields.

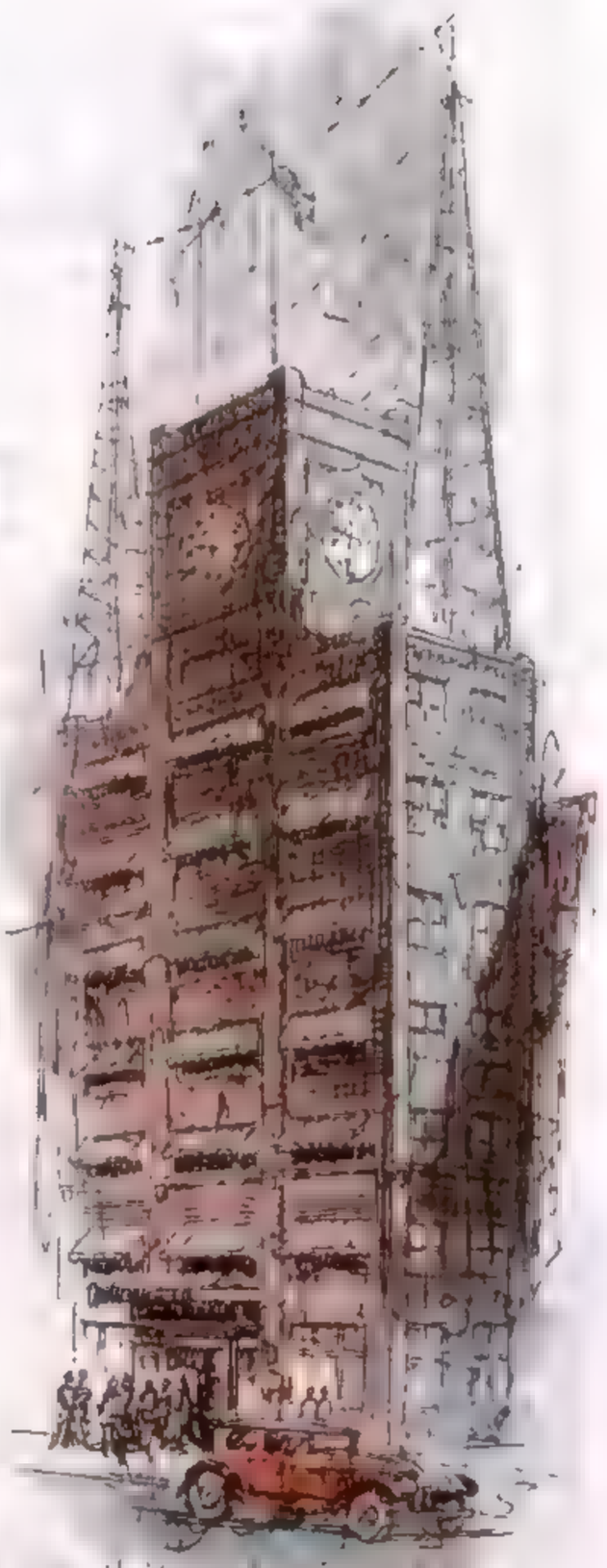
Firestone cotton is purchased in the primary markets and woven in Firestone Mills—the largest in the world devoted to cord fabric manufacture.

Now, the unparalleled mileage delivered by Gum-Dipped Tires today can be bought at lowest prices in history. Wonderfully low prices on other Firestone-built Tires—the high grade, standard Oldfield; Courier, outstanding value in the medium price field; and Airway, leader in the low price field—give you choice of remarkable values.

Firestone Dealers—specially trained in tire care and repair—are the only channels of Firestone Distribution. See the nearest one today; he can save you money and serve you better.

The Mark of Quality

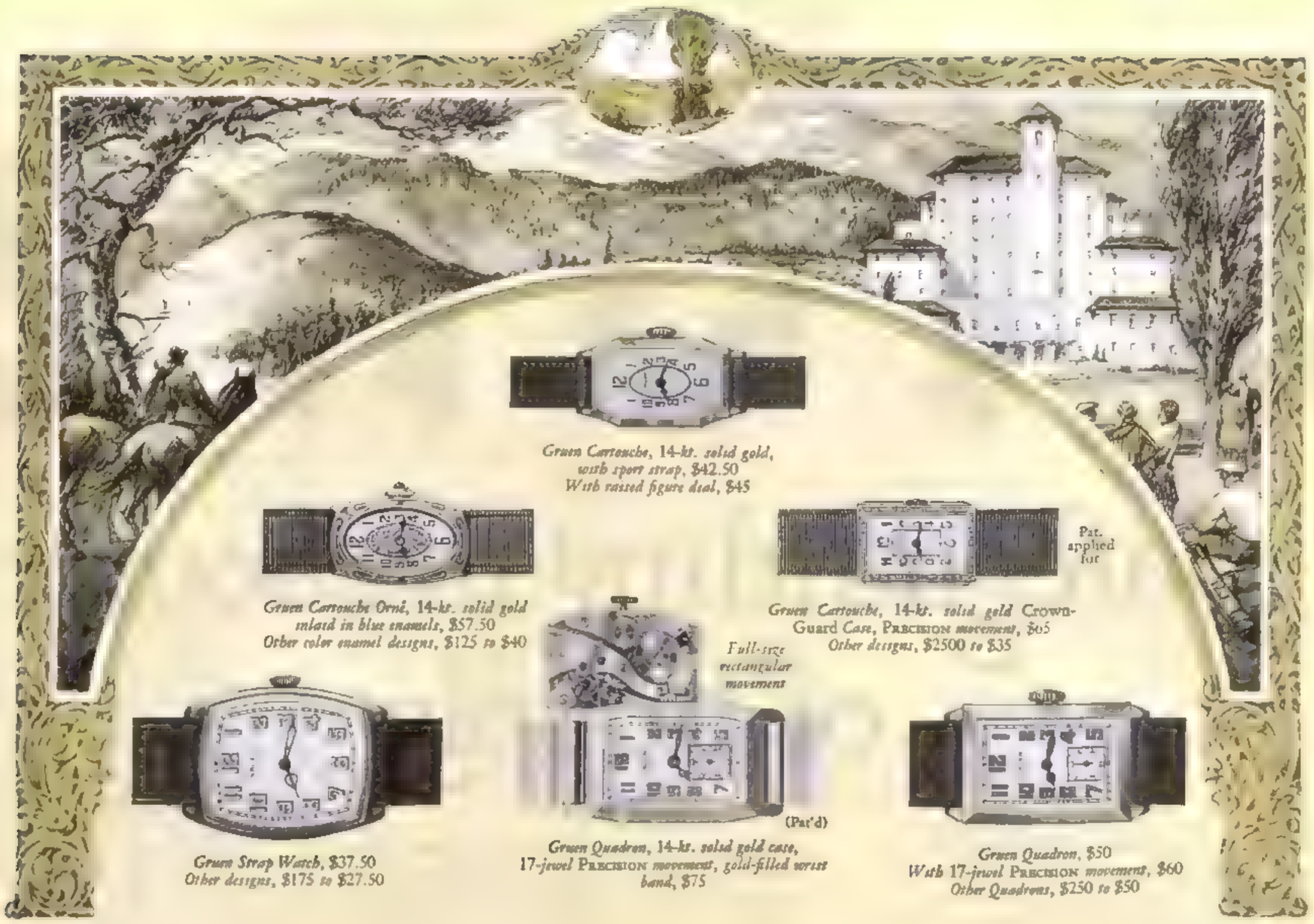
MOST MILES PER DOLLAR



Firestone Receiving Station in Akron—the first privately-owned, intercontinental communication by radio—bringing Africa and America in daily contact.

THEIR OWN RUBBER

Harvey S. Firestone



Gruen Cartouche, 14-kt. solid gold, with sport strap, $42.50
With raised figure dial, $45

Gruen Cartouche Orné, 14-kt. solid gold inlaid in blue enamels, $57.50
Other color enamel designs, $125 to $40

Gruen Cartouche, 14-kt. solid gold Crown-Guard *Case,* Precision *movement, $65*
Other designs, $2500 to $35

Pat. applied for

Full-size rectangular movement

Gruen Strap Watch, $37.50
Other designs, $175 to $27.50

(Par'd)

Gruen Quadron, 14-kt. solid gold case, 17-jewel Precision *movement, gold-filled wrist band, $75*

Gruen Quadron, $50
With 17-jewel Precision *movement, $60*
Other Quadrons, $250 to $50

For Your Vacation

a watch you'll be proud to wear all year

A watch for your vacation! Just the kind of watch to go with smart outdoor costumes. Fit companion to colorful sweaters, golf hose, flannels, blouses.

How you'd like one! But vacations are short. A special watch for a period of two weeks, or two months, may seem like an extravagance.

Yet the solution to this problem is so simple, after all!

You can secure a watch that has all the style you desire for gay vacation days—*plus* a conservative dignity that makes it equally wearable in any other season.

There is really no better time than right now to buy the watch you have always wanted—a Gruen Guild Watch!

It will add pleasure to your vacation, not only this year, but every year, for a long time to come.

And you will continue to be proud of wearing it long after vacation is over. For you will have the satisfaction of owning a dependable timekeeper, fashioned by a modern guild of watch makers pledged to preserve in our own day the finest traditions of an art that is centuries old.

By all means, make this the occasion for the purchase of a Gruen Watch! The Gruen Watches on this page are representatives of a large variety of designs.

Have the Gruen jeweler show them to you, along with many other Gruen Guild creations in strap watches, pocket watches and women's wristlets, priced from $2500 to $27.50.

His store—always one of the very best in your community—is marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown at the left.

The watches pictured on this page are made by the Gruen Guild, a company of craftsmen pledged to maintain in modern times the old guild traditions of fine watchmaking

PRECISION

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

Look for the mark Precision *on the dial*

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
Branches in various parts of the world
Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

This emblem is displayed only by retailers of high business character qualified members of the Gruen Guild

Gruen Guild Watches

SWORDS AND ROSES

(Continued from Page 15)

fortitude; the extravagant periods were changed into battle flags.

William Lowndes Yancey's blood was Virginian, but his father, Benjamin C. Yancey, lived in South Carolina, where he lent brilliancy to the legal galaxy of the Palmetto State. He died, however, when William was three years old, and left little property. His son managed to secure for himself the brief advantage of a year at Williams College, then he was obliged to return to South Carolina, and at Greenville he began the study of law. Greenville lay at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where the high natural wall on the west merged into the wide prospect of the Carolina lowlands; it looked far over pastoral reaches to the valleys of the Saluda and of the Tiger and the Catawba. It was beautiful, infinitely cooler than the coast, and rich planters with their families spent the summers there. Greenville dominated a region of sharp social, and political, contrasts the spare habit of life and thought, the independent poverty, of the upcountry met the slave-owning luxury of the cotton and indigo and rice fields. The needs of small proprietary farms, of fractious Scotch-Irish farmers, were in constant debate with the interests of the great holders of land. The parents of Andrew Jackson came from the Catawba Valley. There were McLemores there, and McCoys, Calhouns and Caldwells; and near by, as different as possible, the politely born Earles and Perrys, the Hamptons and Butlers and Cunninghams. In Greenville, the Union spirit of the mountains published its one paper, The Mountaineer.

Yancey began the study of law in the office of a Perry, but the signs of his actual concern, polemic oratory, were immediately apparent. Nullification of the Constitution was already cried aloud in South Carolina, a multiplication of meetings supported it, the state militia was practically disbanded. In opposition, the Union sentiment organized Washington societies; they were military in form, and Yancey was captain in a mounted troop under his uncle, Robert Cunningham. His first oration was delivered at Lodi, where there was a celebration of the Declaration of Independence.

He was constantly interrupted with the question: "Will you not fight for the land of your birth?" And he continually replied, "Where liberty is, there is my country." If South Carolina became the advocate of anarchy, William Lowndes Yancey proceeded, he would not follow. He gazed at his audience, assembled in a meadow, and remarked the men around him, scarred and broken with age, who had been the soldiers of the old war for independence. There was a prodigious supper spread under the trees, toasts were proposed and drained; Yancey rose and, in place of a conventional period, he begged to read a sentiment handed him by a lady:

"A happy and prosperous existence to our Federal Union: Union ladies wish and pray for its success; Union gentlemen should protect it and bring confusion to the councils of its enemies."

There was a long cheering and music; a meeting of Union men at the courthouse in Greenville made Yancey their secretary; but, in the election that followed, the State Rights Party was victorious. It was then that Mr. H. O. Wells, proprietor of The Mountaineer, published a card:

"Next week Mr. William L. Yancey will become editor of this paper. I am satisfied a large majority of subscribers will be gratified that a gentleman of Mr. Yancey's acknowledged ability, firmness, talents and attachment to our glorious Union is to occupy that relation to them."

This attachment of Yancey's was, in reality, the mark of a passionate admiration for General Jackson, his love of the heroic and for heroics. He upheld it editorially and by speech with utter candor, a disregard of any possibilities to himself, with a fast-growing power of eloquence. As a result he gained the confidence and regard of the consequential men of his land.

In May, 1835, with political peace apparently restored to his state, Yancey resigned from The Mountaineer; he left, it was his belief, public life forever. At twenty-one he married Sarah Caroline, the fifth daughter of George Washington Earle and of his wife Elizabeth Robinson. The Earles were fine with pride, a handsome race of wide influence and properties in upper South Carolina, and young Yancey settled on a farm inherited by his wife, where he owned thirty-five slaves. He adopted with the ardor that was his fundamental virtue a pastoral and domestic life.

The year after his marriage, in the habit of his class, he bought cotton lands in Alabama; he spent the winters on his plantation there, with his family and slaves; but he returned to Greenville in summer. Yancey maintained a slight but continued interest in South Carolina affairs, and, early in the September of 1838, he rode out twelve miles from Greenville to a Muster of Militia and political debate. A General Waddy Thompson and Judge Joseph N. Whitner were contesting an election to the lower House of Congress. The gentlemen, with the orations at an end, were gathered in coteries discussing the characters and prospects of the candidates, and a remark of Mr. Yancey's so displeased Elias Earle, a nephew of Gen. Waddy Thompson's, that he replied with a deliberate rudeness. Elias Earle was seventeen and Yancey promptly boxed his ears. Youth, however, had no deterring effect on Elias, and he succeeded in hitting Mr. Yancey smartly more than once with his whip. Earle was immediately restrained by the surrounding gentlemen, and Yancey spoke to him with studied moderation. He advised Elias—who was a cousin of Mrs. Yancey's—to explain all that had happened to his uncle the General.

He said, "I did not intend to fight you, Elias, but only to chastise your impudence; I would rather give you Salvador than have a personal difficulty with you." Salvador was Mr. Yancey's personal and cherished saddle horse.

That was wholly satisfactory to all who had viewed the scene. General Waddy Thompson proceeded no farther with it;

(Continued on Page 61)

"The State House at Montgomery, Alabama, Where the Congress of the Southern Confederacy Meets on February 4, 1861"

REPRODUCED FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY, 1861

American Prosperity

Office Easy Chairs

"Some nations have written their histories with swords for pens. Others have built their sagas across the tables of diplomacy. But America wrote the opening chapters of her autobiography with the ploughshare, and is now tumbling the pages of her history out of the humming wheels of her industrial mechanism."—from *American Prosperity* by Paul M. Mazur.

The old world was built on the efforts of kings, generals and prime ministers. In America the business man is at once servant and master of the nation. On his courage, his vision, his ability to shoulder his burden, depends not only his own prosperity but that of the American people.

For a generation the Sikes Company has devoted the efforts of a corps of designers and an entire factory to the creation of chairs that will add to the efficiency of office workers—from the responsible executive to the clerical staff that carries out his orders.

As the pressure of modern business has increased, Sikes Office Easy Chairs have been made more and more comfortable. For only when the body is at ease, can the brain function at its best.

Look around *your* office. Are your chairs a help or a handicap to yourself and your assistants? In these days of intensive competition the efficiency of the office is as important as the efficiency of the factory. Let the nearest Sikes dealer show you a Sikes Office Easy Chair for every kind of office worker.

Sikes

This is SIKCO 40 C—A particularly popular Sikes model.

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

How Round is *Round*?

FINDING the right answer to this question is the surest and easiest way to make your golf game take a turn for the better.

Long drives are attained by true, *controlled* flight—and only a perfectly round and perfectly centered golf ball can be depended upon to give maximum distance.

Good straight putting will take anywhere from 1 to 10 strokes off your score, and certainly you can sink them more consistently when the ball you play is completely and mathematically round.

But—how round *is* round?

Roundness that is only "skin-deep" is not enough, for somewhere inside of every golf ball lies its center of gravity—the point of balance that finally determines whether it will fly true and putt straight.

Look at the inside construction of the "U. S." Royal shown below and you will see why it is conceded to be the best balanced golf ball in the world.

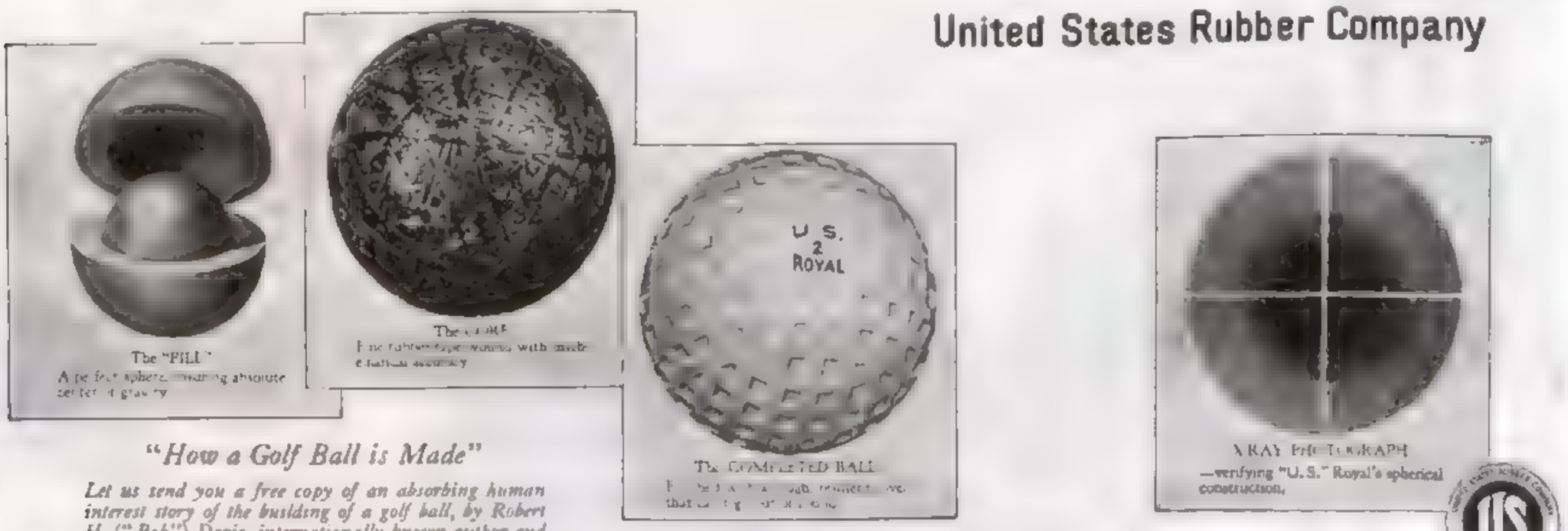
Through every process of manufacture, from its heart of live black rubber to its tough resilient cover, perfect roundness gives it perfect balance—fixes its center of gravity at the exact center of the ball.

The X-Ray has searched in vain for a "U. S." Royal having a lopsided or misshapen center and no amount of hard playing has ever knocked one out of round.

Play a "U. S." Royal the next time out. It drives as far as any golf ball made and its performance in greens play puts it in a class by itself.

Your Professional or authorized dealer has them both in mesh and recess markings. The price is 75c.

United States Rubber Company



"How a Golf Ball is Made"

Let us send you a free copy of an absorbing human interest story of the building of a golf ball, by Robert H. ("Bob") Davis, internationally known author and editor. Address any one of our many branches or The Golf Ball Department, 1790 Broadway, New York.

"U. S." ROYAL GOLF BALLS

(Continued from Page 59)

but Doctor Robinson M. Earle, the father of Elias and Yancey's uncle by marriage, at his first opportunity informed Mr. Yancey that in his opinion his son had acted with spirit. They were standing on the porch of a store in Greenville, and Doctor Earle proceeded to attack Yancey with part of the handle of a grain cradle. Yancey retreated step by step, facing Earle and repeatedly warning him to guard himself. He finally arrived at the edge of the porch. The ground was three feet below him; his hat had been knocked off and his shirt ripped. There, at last, he took out a pistol and fired, hitting Doctor Earle in the left side and mortally wounding him. Dying, Robinson Earle, who was six feet high and weighed two hundred pounds, declared that had Yancey not fired he could have whipped him easily.

This, when it developed that Doctor Earle was armed with both a knife and a bludgeon, did not seem improbable. Mr. Yancey was put on trial at the circuit court in Greenville; he remained completely calm during seventeen hours of argument. It was proved that Mr. Yancey had never before been in difficulty, that he was uniformly polite and quiet, and that he had a high sense of personal honor. The judge, Josiah J. Evans, proceeded:

"No one could believe that he had gone to that piazza with any hostile feeling toward Doctor Earle, or that he had carried there the pistol that was in his bosom for the purpose of shooting the unfortunate deceased. The court could impute to him no moral guilt. What happened seemed to be entirely accidental, and to be attributed to the angry and excited deportment of Doctor Earle." The judge further explained that Mr. Yancey appeared to have kept the habit of wearing a pistol from his travels in the West. The verdict was manslaughter; a fine of fifteen hundred dollars was imposed, together with twelve months in jail. Governor Patrick Noble remitted two-thirds of the fine and gave the prisoner his liberty.

When, after his affair with Doctor Robinson Earle, Mr. Yancey returned permanently to Alabama, the Southwest was at the height of what was called the flush times. An extraordinary migration—not of the poor, but of the rich—filled the roads leading out of Georgia: long trains of white-topped wagons followed by marching scores of slaves, black men and women and children. Their masters, the aristocratic proprietors of Virginia and South Carolina, rode at the heads of the processions. They established themselves again in a new and prodigally fertile land, a land watered with innumerable springs, where the hoofs of deer were dyed crimson with the wild strawberries covering the ground. Mr. Yancey had settled in Dallas County, near Cahawba, on the Alabama River; and his estate in slaves, his prospects, were at least equal to those of other young planters. His capital would produce a hundred bales of cotton and cotton was worth fifteen cents a pound.

Cahawba, lately the capital of the state, had recovered from a period of somnolent dejection. It had been built by fiat, at the juncture of the Alabama and Cahawba Rivers, and it was no sooner established than the error in its situation was plain—it lay directly on the Alabama River; it was largely inclosed by the Cahawba, and in seasons of high water its streets, the capital square, were flooded. It was, consequently, the reverse of salubrious, and it was temporarily deserted. The renewed traffic on the rivers, the new steamboats, revived it. Cahawba became the most important shipping point on the Alabama. Great warehouses and stores were built, the neglected residences were repaired, countless others erected. It was the center of a rich and luxurious society; eminent men and their affairs made it the first town in Alabama.

It was, however, extremely simple—there was a single hotel of two stories, a long low colonnade; the lawyers had their offices under the roof of the courthouse; there were three barrooms; the post office occupied an end of a store. The mail mainly arrived in the pockets of travelers and with the officers of the steamboats. The steamboats were a daily occurrence—the Tuscaloosa and Nashville and Wetumpka, the Lowndes—in honor of William Lowndes Yancey—and the Cherokee, named for Miss Cherokee Jemison; the Alice Vivian celebrated a famous belle; the Allen Glover and Sam Dale and the Pink Tony; the Morissette and Belle Creole and the Old Admiral. They were painted in white trimmed with gold. There were pianos and string bands of cabin boys. The cabin occupied the whole of a deck above the machinery and the cargoes of baled cotton.

The steamboats and plantation wagons—except for a railroad in the valley of the Tennessee—were the only means of commercial transportation. The railroad was forty miles long and its cars were drawn by mules. The plantation wagons were drawn by six mules over roads solidly walled with impenetrable canebrakes. Hundreds of wagonloads of cotton came into Cahawba after the fall and winter harvest; endless stores of plantation supplies, family necessities, were loaded at the Bluff and driven into the back country. It was a peculiarity of the cotton trade that no money was locally involved—the planters consigned their bales to factors at Mobile or New Orleans; the planters themselves followed their crop to New Orleans or Mobile, and their pleasures and requirements were procured through the factors. Any credit they might have after that was turned into more slaves; they made, in their own phrase, more cotton. If a planter went into debt, his factor carried the obligation, at a reasonable interest, until the next crop. It was a relationship of the utmost cordiality and confidence: the factors never lost a broad penny, the planters were safe.

That was the foundation of the society which established and surrounded Cahawba. The dwellings were spacious. They were built of squared cedar logs; the walls were papered; the floors covered with Turkey carpets; there were plane hearths of native gray limestone. Gardens were lovely in the spring with Mexican primroses, and red and white japonicas flowered through the winter. The roads were hung with Cherokee roses, starred with white Shasta daisies and yellow daisies; the fields were sweet with wild verbena and bright with ragged robins. There were both natural beauty and a cultivated luxury. No people on earth had more elaborate dinners or choicer wines, none was served by better servants or was more fashionably clothed, the world had never seen horses of a better blood—the descendants of Diomede and Glencoe and Margrave and Château Margaux. They were ridden and hunted and raced by the Goldsbys and Hunters and Spragues, the Witherses and Tayloes.

There was no hurry; time, except in its marking by the cotton crop, had no existence; there was no rigid and formal calendar of engagements and events. Visits were casual and unannounced in advance; a visit might last for a day or continue for a week; for a day or a week music and daneing and dinners and riding were uninterrupted. The planters generally were drawn from the dominant ranks of America; they were graduates of Yale and Harvard, the University of Virginia and of South Carolina College; and together they formed a bitterly proud, a truly haughty, class.

They permitted no trace, no taint, of commercialism to touch them; money literally had no existence. Each plantation was complete within itself; it perfectly sustained the lives of all who depended upon it. The sale of a pound of butter, of a beef, was held to be incompatible with the hospitality of the whole region. Politics had no connection with material benefit. It was pursued with an absolute observance of personal integrity. To question the political correctness of a gentleman meant a willingness to meet him with pistols. The duel was universal; it was the staccato end to every disagreement; it alone, in Cahawba, maintained the spirit of stainless honor. An ideal state, the perfection of human possibilities, for Mr. Yancey.

He addressed himself to his plantation with a vigorous practical mastery. Land had been high—the flush times—and he had rented his acres, but he showed every promise of solidity. When the Bank of the United States failed, with a consequent halt in industry, in addition to his planting he took editorial charge of the Cahawba Democrat and the Southern Democrat, two newspapers published in Cahawba. He had, it was apparent, given up politics, the rewards of a statesman and oratory. Mr. Yancey, however, in place of the summer visits to Greenville, had bought a hundred acres at Harrogate Spring, near Wetumpka. He called his property Coosa Farm, and it was his intention to carry his family there to avoid the malaria of the freshly cleared forests about Cahawba. He was at Coosa Farm in preparation for this, the first summer of his purchase, when he was hurriedly called back to his cotton plantation:

A feud had secretly existed between his overseer and the overseer of a neighbor; the neighbor's man had poisoned the spring from which his overseer customarily drank; and Mr. Yancey's slaves, passing that way in a body, had filled their hot black skins with the fatal water. All the physicians available were called; Mr. Yancey spent hours at the bedsides of his negroes; he sent those who could recuperate to Harrogate Spring; they were disabled for a long period and the majority died. He was ruined. Yancey moved with his family to Wetumpka and took charge of the Weekly Argus; he studied law once more; the slaves that recovered he sold. He offered for sale, through the columns of the Argus, a thoroughbred mare and colt with a certified pedigree, an extra fine harness horse, and his parlor furniture. Mr. Yancey refused to take benefit of the bankrupt law; he disposed of all he possessed and completely met his various obligations.

It was in 1840, in February, that Mr. Yancey moved with his family to Wetumpka, and immediately following that change he was swept back into politics and the acrimonious Presidential campaign that nominated General Harrison. The Southern Whigs had battled for the nomination of Henry Clay, the Abolitionists demanded a candidate opposed to slavery; the general, and the North, were successful; and the defeat of Mr. Van Buren, a Democrat, followed. In July, after a silence of six years, Yancey spoke at a barbecue at Jackson's Grove; the following day he spoke in Autauga County; and on the third, at Drakes Crossroads, he began his memorable series of debates—they lasted for twenty years—with Henry Washington Hilliard. Mr. Hilliard was a Whig and the leading political citizen of Montgomery, a gentleman of great learning and of the politest accomplishments. He had graduated under Doctor Cooper in North Carolina, studied law with William Campbell Preston, and then removed to Athens, Georgia. At twenty-three he was a professor at the University of Alabama; the following year he delivered an address before the General Assembly on the life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and in 1834 he entered upon the practice of law in Montgomery. He took out, as well, license as an itinerant preacher of the Methodist church. Mr. Hilliard spoke with great fluency and elegance, his periods assisted by a tall and graceful and handsome person. His facts were beautifully grouped and his argument so logical that he was never forced to descend to the power of sarcasm which he was universally admitted to possess.

Mr. Yancey was not, in appearance, impressive; he was shorter than the generality of men; his face was without striking features. His clothes were more remarkable for simplicity than for fit; his manner lacked animation and often showed the

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Just as it was the first successful steel shaft; so today it is the only one made of "spring steel." This means higher carbon steel which in turn means more snap and strength, the prime requisites of a perfect shaft. There is as much difference in steel as in hickory shafts. They may look alike yet be as different as day from night.

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Upon request we will send you an interesting little booklet on golf.

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Pull out the patented Find-ex pocket and ... in removable, transparent envelopes

This patented red divider in the money compartment of Find-ex will keep the new small-sized bills separate from the larger currency

AMITY

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No MORE hunting through an old-fashioned wallet for dog-eared auto licenses, pass-cards, tickets or photographs. *FIND-EX* keeps them all in place—clean, indexed, removable, visible and available in a second. The money compartment has a patented divider to separate the new, small-sized bills, soon to be issued, from the larger currency.

Find-ex is a large fold the "thin model" among pocketbooks. Fill it as full as you like. It still retains its graceful, comfortable shape

At your men's furnishing, stationery, drug, department, leather-goods or jewelry store, you can choose from six different leathers, plain, embossed or with laced edges—all at $5. We will stamp your name in 22-kt. gold, free.

Useful and beautiful gifts—matched sets—*FIND-EX* and Key Kaddy in a handsome gift box, $7. Key Kaddy to match any *FIND-EX*, $2, in a gift box.

Send for interesting "Book of Amity" No. 3, showing *FIND-EX* and other Amity products. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

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it's leather

signs of a nervous exhaustion. He made no effort at ordinary conversation. When Yancey spoke he began with a mingled earnestness and solemnity; his exordium had an imposing slowness and formality; he proceeded, commonly, in a state of stoical suppression; but on the occasions when he gave full expression to his feeling the fury of his eloquence was memorable. Mr. Yancey, unlike Hilliard, indulged himself in a bitter vein of ridicule often intolerable to its victims. His manner, in short, except for ornate metaphor and gilded flights of fancy, was restrained. He was not, in the usual habit of his time, dramatic: McDuffie, speaking in the lower House of Congress, tore away both lapels of his blue broadcloth coat; William Mitchell Murphy, defending a client before the Marengo Circuit Court for murder, opened his case by conducting an imaginary conversation with the murdered man in hell, and in order to hear more clearly the terrible reports of that unhappy individual—the unfortunate deceased—he laid his ear on the court-room floor; the strained poses of Patrick Henry and the pictorial attitudes of Henry Clay were inseparable from their oratorical effects.

At the Drakes Crossroads barbecue there were beef and mutton and poultry for the barbecue pits; there were a string band and horse racing and various sports; but at the Indian Springs barbecue in Georgia, where Mr. Yancey was invited to speak, ten thousand pounds of meats were consumed at a meal. The wagonloads of supplies extended for miles, the hills were literally covered with tents. At the tables, every five hundred ladies enjoyed the company of a few soldiers from the Revolutionary War. The Democratic orations continued day and night, but with no success. At midnight the seventeenth of November the mail coach from the North brought to Montgomery the news of General Harrison's success.

In 1841 Mr. Yancey was elected to the lower House of the Alabama Legislature; in 1842 he formed the law firm of Harris and Yancey and sold the Argus. In the spring of 1843 he stood for the state senate. There was a furious contest: the great Whig planters wanted an apportionment of votes based on a combined white and black census; the farmers of the hill counties wanted an unmixed white standard of count; Mr. Yancey represented the hills, and he was elected by an enormous majority. In the term that followed he delivered an oratorical blast to a senator who calumniated General Jackson.

"Never, sir, was the soaring eagle in his pride of place hawked at and brought low by the mousing owl. In the heaven of his fame, bathed in the sun's glittering effulgence, he still calmly makes his splendid gyrations, unscathed by the missiles of his impotent foes, and far, very far, above the reach of imbecile party malignity."

Mr. Polk, a Democrat, was elected to the Presidency of the United States; Henry Clay, nominated by the Whigs, was unsuccessful; and Yancey's political field widened. William King, a Whig and senator from Alabama, was sent on a mission to France, and Dixon H. Lewis was appointed to fill the senatorial vacancy. Mr. Lewis was elevated from the lower House of Congress, and Mr. Yancey entered the contest for his seat. He would make, he announced, a hundred speeches—there was not a mile of railroad in the counties he was addressed to—and the opposition determined to crush him with an array of all the talent it could muster. At every meeting there were new, fresh, Whig orators; they counted on the physical difficulty of Yancey's task to defeat him; but in argument after argument he was triumphant.

He lived for months in the upper tier of Whig and Democratic counties without being put to a dollar of expense; he drank delicate sherry at the elaborate tables of planters and peach brandy with the hill farmers. Mr. Yancey was elected twice to Congress, and his two canvasses didn't cost him five dollars. He was equally at ease in the luxury of the plantations and with the plainness of the upcountry. However, one class, then, was as fortunate as the other. The hill farmers lived on great wooded commons, thick with grass for their cattle in summer and with mast in winter. There were water mills to grind the local wheat; at every fireplace there was a teck wheel to spin the warp and woof for the handloom in a back shed. Politics had no organization, no committees; paupers did not exist; the few jails were empty. The best men in debate won at the polls.

In 1846, in his second term, Mr. Yancey, in the face of Northern aggression, resigned from Congress and moved to Montgomery. He returned to the practice of law, traveling the circuit on horseback, with saddlebags, thirty or forty miles from courthouse to courthouse. Each court held through one or two weeks and all the lawyers stayed at the same available local tavern; six slept in a room and two occupied each bed. A few roads were good enough to permit driving, and Yancey became celebrated as a whip. It was his habit to proceed slowly until he was overtaken by an associate of the bar and then pass him with a stream of humorous comment at the expense of the other's slow progress. He invariably arrived at his destination, and had his papers in order, before the body of lawyers appeared.

He lived pleasantly in Montgomery, on Perry Street, where great trees, hackberries and live oaks and elms, met overhead and created a luminous green gloom. The houses on Perry Street, then, were finely Georgian—large dwellings with wrought-iron balconies and railings, small houses of brick with porticoes. They were inclosed by tall wrought-iron fences and scrolled gates; and the wistaria, the honeysuckle, that grew on the verandas reached up and twined over the trees that lined the sidewalks. In spring the street was scattered with the petals of the wistaria. Mr. Yancey's place was kept in admirable order; he brought to it all that was possible of his country habit; he maintained—more for pleasure than profit—a public dairy; he was met at his gate by numbers of highly bred and carefully trained dogs.

That year the Wilmot Proviso—actually prohibiting slavery in any of the territory acquired from Mexico—passed in the United States Congress and was carried to the Senate. This, in 1846, was the actual, the formal, preliminary of war. In February, 1847, Mr. Calhoun presented his set of contrary resolutions to the Senate—the Proviso did not come up for vote there—and no action was taken upon them. In Alabama there were three conventions of protest between the May of 1846 and February in 1847. The first was nominally to elect a successor to Governor Martin. Mr. King had returned from his French mission and wished to return to the Senate; Dixon H. Lewis, completely delivered to nullification, was a candidate for the same seat; Nicholas Davis was the Whig proposed for governor. Yancey supported Mr. Lewis and elected him; his selection for governor, Reuben Chapman, was successful.

During that campaign the war in Mexico—always regarded as a Democratic affair—gave the meetings and party cries a romantic excitement. The orators flung out like silk banners the names Churubusco and Vera Cruz and Resaca de la Palma. In July the friends of Mr. Hilliard arranged a monster barbecue in his honor at Mount Meigs—the Gibraltar of Whiggery in Alabama—and invited Mr. Yancey to be present. Mount Meigs was twelve miles from Montgomery, a village built on a sandy plateau dividing the river-swamp plantations and the prairie plantations, and the gathering was not only enormous but rich and powerful. Mr. Yancey, there, made the first of the great speeches that founded his approaching leadership.

A Whig convention was planned for Montgomery early in 1848, but the Democrats assembled first, on the third of January, and Yancey wrote the address to the Democracy of Alabama. At that time of year the roads were inconceivably bad, but forty-four of the fifty counties represented appeared in all their delegates. This, however, was only preliminary to the meeting of May. Then, following the development of a settled opposition to the Wilmot Proviso, Mr. Yancey presented the resolutions that became the Alabama platform. At the evening session on the second day a set of resolutions were offered, but they ignored the question of squatter rights—the power of a territory itself to decide for or against slavery—and Yancey sent his written proposals to the secretary's desk. They were read to the convention, and Mr. Yancey, at his own request, read them again. He had scarcely begun when a Mr. Semple, who had offered an amendment to the first resolutions, interrupted him to withdraw his suggestion; within two minutes Mr. Cottrell, for the committee on resolutions, interrupted Mr. Yancey once more—the committee withdrew everything they had prepared.

That, I think, was the greatest triumph, it was the most impressive moment, of Mr. Yancey's life. The capital at Montgomery was filled to its whole capacity, the lobbies were solid with humanity, the galleries like parterres of flowers with perfumed and gala ladies. The excitement, the applause, the flutter of handkerchiefs, held the immense company until after midnight. Yes, that was Mr. Yancey's supreme accomplishment; and it occurred, appropriately, in the official heart of Alabama. The capitol building was situated on a hill; its dome and portico of great columns were approached by tiers of marble steps and terraces of grass, the grounds planted with magnolia and live-oak trees; coral vines grew around the marble columns; there were honeysuckle and roses everywhere. Dexter Avenue, deep-shaded with trees, swept down from the capitol into Court Square, the center of Montgomery: the world of his people was at Mr. Yancey's feet.

It did not, however, remain there. Yancey immediately set out for the spring circuit of courts, and when he returned, in April, he found that the support, the confidence, of Democratic Alabama had fallen away from him. The State Gazette openly

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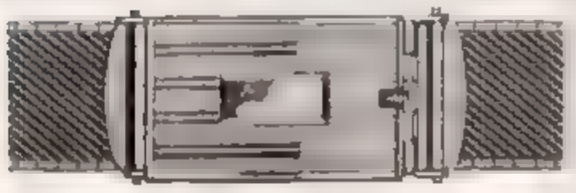

An attractive case of leatherette, lined with satin and velvet, is furnished with each Band. A Krementz Wrist Watch Band in this rich gift case makes a wonderful gift.

Krementz WRIST WATCH BAND

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attacked him. It was discovered that the spirit, the eloquence, of a single valorous young man had carried Alabama far in advance of the other sections of the South. A Union sentiment, the dread of secession, rose in a troubled and indecisive opposition. Yancey entered into a period of public rebuke and private remonstrance. As the Democrats, however, became Whig in sentiment, he grew more open, more composed, upon the stand of state rights. At the Convention to nominate a President in Baltimore he persisted so far in his convictions that he withdrew, a solitary figure discredited by his party.

The interest, the affection, with which he was viewed personally, and as an orator, showed little decline. It was proposed to hear him at a Casa meeting in Hayneville; the proposal was rejected, and word was circulated that he would speak under an oak on the square. The entire audience deserted its hall to hear him. Zachary Taylor was elected President of the United States; Congress passed a bill prohibiting slavery in California, a bill was presented to abolish the slave trade in the District of Columbia, allowing both free and enslaved negroes to vote upon it; a Massachusetts resolution looked to the ending of all slavery in Washington.

Mr. Yancey entered a bitter fight within his party over the election of a governor for Alabama. He was defeated and, declining a nomination for Congress, a James Lawrence Pugh was selected to oppose Mr. Hilliard. A meeting of the candidates was prepared for at Mount Meigs, but Mr. Hilliard announced that he would not speak unless he could close the debate. He refused to entertain any of Mr. Pugh's counter suggestions. The next day Pugh renewed his offers without success. It was proposed, without result, to leave all arrangements to two Whigs. Then it was suggested that the candidates should not speak at all, but leave the discussion for their friends. Mr. Hilliard, in his pride of oratory, objected to that. If Yancey spoke, Mr. Hilliard announced, he reserved the right of a final reply. Yancey then offered to debate with Hilliard provided neither of them referred to Pugh at all. Mr. Yancey, on these terms, agreed to limit himself to the Southern question. Hilliard would, it appeared, argue with Yancey, but he would not bind himself to refrain from the subject of Pugh. Mr. Hilliard, then, was willing to speak if each candidate had three supporters. That displeased Mr. Yancey; there was no debate, and Pugh lost the election.

The situation of the Union became darker. There was an agreement—the compromise of 1850—under which Texas was admitted as a slave state, but lost a parcel of land made into the territory of New Mexico; New Mexico was to decide the question of slavery for herself and the territory of Utah created with the same privilege. An act provided for the more scrupulous return of fugitive slaves; the slave trade in the District of Columbia was suppressed. That was all ratified by Alabama; and Yancey, now opposed to compromise of any color, organized the Southern Rights Association; the Whigs bound themselves into Union Clubs; and the following election was correspondingly bitter.

Mr. Yancey again declined to stand for Congress; the proposal was from his associations, and they nominated John Cochran of Eufaula. Another long impassioned encounter with Hilliard began. The candidates spoke in the lower counties and Mr. Yancey and Mr. Hilliard disputed the region of the plantations. Hilliard, in agreeing to appear, had declined any joint debates; but, meeting Yancey at Union Springs, a discussion was arranged. It was to take place the following day, at Enon, and Mr. Hilliard, as customary, was to have the final word. This, however, Yancey's friends challenged, and the occasion was not realized. James Abercrombie, the Whig, was elected; the Union was still effective in Alabama; and Mr. Yancey retired for another short period of years into private life.

The Whig influence—a Union sentiment—in Mr. Hilliard temporarily held Alabama firm against the representations of the Southern Rights Party. Senator King insisted on moderation. Collier, Governor Watts and Houston, in surrounding states, were Union sympathizers; they kept the Nashville Convention from any motion of revolt and, in reality, defeated Yancey. Mr. Yancey was now the acknowledged leader of the extreme state-rights spirit. His power had once more declined, but the extraordinary magic of his influence continued to grow. The political weight of Stephen A. Douglas, however, had momentarily increased. Mr. Douglas had succeeded to the leadership exercised by Henry Clay. He was the reverse of Yancey—full of bargaining and promises for the South; the doctrine of squatter sovereignty was his; the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, in 1854—the negation of all Yancey's efforts and belief—apparently accomplished what Douglas planned.

The Abolitionists, though, were forcing a state of Southern mind favorable to Mr. Yancey. They were helped, where Yancey was concerned, by the Free-Soilers in Kansas. He devoted himself to the consummation of his hope—Secession. In 1858 he wrote the communication celebrated as the Scarlet Letter:

"No national party can save us. No sectional party can save us. If we could do as our fathers did . . . we shall fire the Southern heart, instruct the Southern mind, give confidence to each other, and at the proper moment, by one organized concerted action, we can precipitate the cotton states into revolution."

The Democrats of Alabama, now united on Mr. Yancey's platform of 1848, sent him to the National Convention at Charleston. He had withdrawn, solitary and defeated, from the Baltimore Convention, but now the whole deep South was behind him. Douglas realized that his future was in Mr. Yancey's hands; he suggested compromise, but the delegates from the lower states would accept nothing less than the whole for which they contended. Yancey's oratory was exalted, his voice held a strange power over the assembly, and only a few votes kept his platform from acceptance. He left the hall not with the lonely follower of twelve years before but with the delegates of seven states at his heels.

He carried his speaking, his appeals, into the North, to Faneuil Hall in Boston, where he dominated a threatening uproar.

"My countrymen," he said, "do not wreath your arms around the pillars of our liberty, and, like a blind Samson, pull down that great temple on your heads as well as ours."

From the moment, returning, that Mr. Yancey crossed the Ohio, his progress was an increasing triumph. He arrived in Montgomery, home, early in November. Douglas was speaking in the city, but he left that evening on the steamboat for Mobile. At dusk the people began to assemble at the Artesian basin in the center of the city. Mr. Culp, Mr. Gaston, Mr. Phelan and Mr. Cheney, with others, formed the Committee of Arrangements. Captain Boyle, with a host of assistants, was Chief Marshal. Cannon were fired continuously, a procession with music formed, carrying transparencies of phrases from Yancey's speeches, and it moved up Perry Street to his residence. An especial committee waited on him and conducted him to a carriage drawn by four white horses. The people greeted him with a prodigious cheering.

The procession marched by a circuitous route the city ringing with acclaim—to the corner of Perry and Dexter streets. There it opened ranks and Mr. Yancey's carriage proceeded between walls of surcharged men to the new theater. It was filled to the roof, with twenty-five hundred people struggling at the doors. Justices of the Supreme Court sat on the stage, the mayor was with them and Mr. Peachy Gilmore, Doctor Wilson, Doctor James Taylor and the Breckenridge and Lane Club. In an instant the floor of the stage was deep carpeted with the bouquets flung by ladies at Mr. Yancey. Three cheers were demanded for the greatest orator in the world. At the bank corner, in the city, the eloquent Mr. Gresham, together with others, spoke; the cannon at the basin kept up their firing; windows and balconies were packed with spectators.

That, I am afraid, marked Mr. William Lowndes Yancey's end; he still had a part in what immediately followed. The Union spirit was not dead in Northern Alabama and he fought it with an increasing arrogance of success; but, in that act, he was destroying the world he knew, the only world he could inhabit, the one that made and proclaimed his greatness. Cahawba, where he had first lived in Alabama, completely vanished. The ruin that fell upon the cotton trade brought back its old decrepitude, a flood in 1865 further destroyed it, soon only a granite shaft marked where it had stood. A granite shaft where Cahawba had been ordered and a pillar of words that was Mr. Yancey. The spacious houses of squared cedar logs, the music and dancing, the blooded horses and high passions chastened with pistols, the aristocratic and extravagant, the happy, society of his youth—had reached an end. Like Mr. Yancey, like Cahawba, it would never again appear on earth. The injustice, the singing contentment and minor tragedies, of slavery were ended

When the possibility of Mr. Lincoln's elevation to the presidency was clear to Alabama, the legislature decided, with scarcely a contrary vote, that it was the duty of Governor Moore to call a sovereign convention of the state within forty days. A committee of twenty-one gentlemen, secessionist in sentiment, waited upon the governor to learn his views, and he assured them that, if the Republican candidate were successful, he would summon the people of Alabama within two days. The convention filled the hotels of Montgomery, and, while the delegates were still gathering, they learned that Governor Moore had seized the United States Forts Morgan and Gaines and the Mount Vernon arsenal for the state. They heard, as well, that Associate Justice John A. Campbell of the Federal Supreme Court had denounced the governor's act as treason and asserted that he should be arrested.

The convention began with extreme solemnity; galleries and lobbies were crowded with the gentlemen and ladies of the old, the deep, South; and Mr. Yancey at once rose to move that on each day the session of the body should be opened with a prayer by Dr. Basil Manly.

"Lord," Dr. Manly prayed, "of all the families of the earth, we appeal to Thee to protect us in the land Thou hast given us, the institutions Thou hast established, the rights Thou hast bestowed."

Debate was opened by a resolution that would pledge Alabama not to submit or be a party to the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President and Hannibal Hamlin as Vice President of the United States of America. Mr. Yancey, later, spoke for thirty minutes; his tone was violent and the convention was thrown into a turmoil. Mr. Watts rebuked him.

"This is no time for the exhibition of feeling or for the utterance of denunciation."

Mr. Yancey, it was beginning to be evident, was already old-fashioned. His last triumphant journey was forgotten in the acclaim that met Mr. Davis, elected president of the Confederacy, through Chattanooga and Marietta and Atlanta to Montgomery. In February, 1861—it was Saturday—the president appeared on the balcony of the Exchange Hotel, supported by Mr. Yancey, and there Yancey, in a phrase of singular dignity and beauty, delivered his unrealized farewell to the people of Alabama.

He said, turning to Mr. Davis:

"The hour and the man have met."

He died on a July afternoon, two years later, absolutely unnoticed in the general horror of death and war. Montgomery was intensely hot, the foliage was at its fullest green, but there was a breath of autumn in the air.

Hier – et aujourd'hui

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(Continued from Page 11)

distance where, above the trees, was visible the top of the new white chapel. Although the frown had now returned to the stout face, there was, at this moment of farewell, another expression behind that frown—a troubled, softened look which Gilbert Duncan shrewdly divined as a favorable omen. He decided to ask for fifteen dollars instead of ten.

"Before I go, Gilbert," Mr. Duncan was saying soberly, "I simply want to tell you that it's now entirely up to you whether or not you change your attitude toward your work. I'll give no more advice, for I've learned that my advice and my letters make very little impression on you. But remember this: If you flunk this English course in February—or the first time you flunk any course whatever—you pack up your things and come home. We'll have no excuses, no arguments of any kind. You simply pack up and leave college. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Flunk one course," the father repeated solemnly, "and you come home the next day. There will be no trip to Europe. Instead, you'll start work in the shop the morning after you get home. I'm giving you full warning now, for I'm through coaxing and urging you. Is it perfectly clear?"

"Yes."

Young Duncan suddenly decided that he would not humble himself. "Keep your money," he said bitterly but inaudibly. Right on the heels of this decision, however, he had another change of heart. In order to buy his obedience his father might relent and, as he so often did, atone for severity by financial generosity. He would, therefore, swallow his pride and ask.

"I know you'll be inclined to forget everything I've said the minute my train leaves," Mr. Duncan added, "but I want you to understand that I'm in earnest about this. And to help you keep that in mind, there will be absolutely no more requests granted for any extra pocket money."

II

AFTER his sire's departure Gilbert Duncan's indignation flowered. He considered cutting the present preceptorial; to skip that class, before his father's train had reached the junction, would have given him some satisfaction as a stroke in retaliation. He decided, however, against the move. This class came at the convenient hour of 2:30 and he preferred to hoard his limited cuts for the early-morning classes; so under his arm he tucked the thick green volume containing the complete works of the late Robert Browning, and five minutes later sat in a small preceptorial room whose walls were decorated only by several framed engravings of faces depressingly scholarly.

Besides himself, nine other sophomores sat around the paper-littered table; nearly all smoked cigarettes, and Professor Wellington, at one end, fondled a white meerschaum pipe while he led the discussion.

Gilbert Duncan was unprepared, but he had for such frequent occasions a highly developed technic. It was his practice to offer, in place of adequate preparation, a talent for spreading a chance bit of information—usually picked up as he went along—over an elaborate and learned answer. Thus, assisted by a natural flow of language and an unexcelled ability at the *nuances* of facial expression, he often contributed to the discussion a creditable remark upon a poem he had never read by an author he could not name. And such an opportunity came today.

"This particu ar poem," Professor Wellington was saying, "is characteristic of Browning in several ways. First, it's rich in human nature and psychology. Second, it contains a number of passages that are obscure. And finally, it gives us several different statements of Browning's favorite piece of philosophy."

He puffed thrice upon the meerschaum pipe and continued:

"Now here we find two of the characteristics I've mentioned. The meaning is obscure and the philosophy is a summing up of what Browning preached over and over again. Consider this, gentlemen:

"And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

A specialized instinct told Gilbert Duncan that a question was about to be directed at him. The quotation, divorced from a context he had never read, conveyed to him no meaning whatever. But the situation was not new; and in meeting it he was armed with a piece of outside information which suddenly acquired value in his eyes.

"About Browning's characteristic obscurity, sir"—he spoke quickly lest the professor ask some disastrously definite question—"I think you're quite accurate in saying that those two lines show it. The entire poem, in my opinion, is marked by that same unintelligibility so characteristic of Browning's work. In fact," he added gravely, "we must admit that there was some ground, after all, for Wordsworth's remark on that score."

He paused slightly for his effect and saw that Professor Wellington was regarding him expectantly.

"I refer, of course," he explained, "to the occasion when Browning eloped with—with Mrs. Browning. Her poetry, too, had at times been condemned for obscurity, and when Wordsworth heard that they had run off and got married, he said: 'Well, I hope they'll understand each other, because nobody else ever has.'"

Professor Wellington was nodding, his face alight with a professor's peculiar, happy gratitude for at least one student sufficiently interested in the course to supplement the actual assignment by some voluntary outside reading.

"Exactly, Duncan—exactly," he said cordially. "And that, of course, recalls Tennyson's famous comment on Sordello."

Duncan, who had never heard of Sordello or Lord Tennyson's remark thereon, moved his head in quick little nods of recognition; his whole bearing counterfeited the pleased expectance of a man about to hear once more an anecdote that is familiar but none the less amusing. The counterfeit, he saw, was accepted as the genuine; for, as though not to exclude them, Professor Wellington turned to the other sophomores.

"In the whole length of Browning's Sordello," he explained, "out of the five thousand or more lines, Tennyson said that he understood only two lines and they were false."

While smiles and a general shifting of chairs greeted this, Gilbert Duncan, his own danger past, noticed that Pick Lamar was eying him with furtive respect and envy. He had a moment of pity for Lamar when the professor, after rereading the quotation, asked him just what Browning found sinful about an ungirt loin and an unlit lamp. Duncan knew as little as Pick Lamar about the answer, but he realized that Lamar, lacking the ability to bluff, could not conceal his essential ignorance behind a screen of eloquence. Instead, he made several stumbling guesses, the question passed him, and Duncan was moved to amused sympathy by the unhappy brown eyes, set in a thin downcast face and lowered now in confusion.

"In this poem, then," Professor Wellington presently summed up, "we find several different wordings of that philosophy which Browning has made his for all time. The spirit you bring into the struggle, he contended, is more important than the outcome. Whatever the task, you are morally obligated to do it to the best of your ability. And the man who tries hard and sincerely, though he fail of the goal, is more admirable and heroic, according to Browning, than the winner who did less than his very best."

Gilbert Duncan had ceased to follow. It all seemed so pointless, so wholly unrelated to life. He drew an excluding film over his mind until, floating through solid walls, he heard a faint, enchanting song—a far sweeter song than ever Robert Browning sang. There was in it no trace of harshness, no burden of philosophy, no annoying obscurity; only the clear and sweetly musical notes of the releasing class bell.

III

WHEN he reached his room he found it empty. His own company always depressed him, drove him out in search of companionship, and now he threw the thick green volume on the table and went forth in quest of congenial souls who would postpone everything else and recline at ease and talk and smoke.

Walt Hetherington's room, he discovered, was as desolate as his own. He went outside to the next entry and with relief found Maury Evander in. The oarsman, wearing a green eye shade, sat at his desk in the corner.

"Hello, Dunk," he said. "Sit down."

Duncan stretched himself flat on his back on the tufted window seat. He drew his knees up into a peak, pushed a black-and-yellow cushion beneath his head. He lay there at peace with the world, his left hand clinging lightly to the blue curtain, his right describing leisurely arcs that alternately conveyed a burning cigarette to his lips, then swung slowly back to rest again, the wrist dangling luxuriously over the edge.

"You know, Maury," he began musingly, "my old man's got some of the queerest notions about education I ever listened to in all my life."

"Yeah?"

"He stopped off here on his way back to Denver," Duncan continued, "and he got the low-down on me from my faculty adviser. Gave me quite a song and dance about the rotten term grade I've been rating in English 201; wants me to study each day's lesson as we go along. The trouble with the old man," he added not unkindly, "is that he thinks we're still living back in the golden nineties."

Presently it occurred to Duncan that Evander was paying scant attention. Turning his head on the black pillow, he observed that Evander divided his time between an open book and a sheet of note paper.

"What you working on, Maury?"

"Economics."

"When do you have it?"

"Day after tomorrow."

"Then why are you bothering with it now?"

"Might as well get it cleaned up," said Evander morosely.

"You ought to wait till a few days before the exam," Duncan advised lazily. "Then go over and get tutored up on the whole term's work in a couple of hours."

"Too big a risk of flunking."

"Why, I never crack a book," said Duncan, gently boastful, "and I always get by."

"That may be all right for you," Evander admitted glumly. "I'm not quick enough on the trigger to work that system."

Pleasure permeated Duncan at this genuine tribute, and the room remained silent while his arm swung the cigarette to his mouth, swung slowly back to rest on the seat.

"Say, Maury"—he paused to spout a column of smoke toward the buff ceiling—"which movie are we going to tonight?"

"Can't make it tonight, Dunk."

"What's the matter?"

"I got to lay off the movies a while," explained Evander vaguely. "Got to get on the books."

"Why, what's happened?" asked Duncan, again turning his head on the cushion.

An interval of silent expectancy followed; then Evander, dropping his green fountain pen, turned impulsively.

"Between you and me, Dunk," he said with an injured air, "I got a pretty raw deal down at the gym this afternoon."

His voice grew harsh with self-pity as he related the perfidy of the coach of the varsity crew. The coach obviously had descended to the deplorable practice of investigating the scholastic progress of the candidates in his squad, and the findings in Evander's case had not pleased him. He had made clear to the sophomore that he would waste no time in coaching a man who thought so little of his position in the shell as to drop near the minimum grade required of all who would represent the university in intercollegiate sports. He had no use for a man, he announced, who stood in danger of being declared ineligible the night before a race.

"He bawled the pants off me," complained Evander bitterly, "and right in front of the whole crew too! He told me to get my marks up, or get out of the boat for somebody that would."

"What did you tell him?" inquired Duncan, slowly rising. "Did you come back at him?"

"What could I tell him?" demanded Evander. "I just stood there and took it."

"Well, it's none of his business how you stand scholastically," said Duncan. "They're getting too particular around this place about their athletes, anyway."

"That's what I say."

"A crew coach's job," announced Gilbert Duncan bluntly, "is to coach the crew."

"I felt like telling him that."

"I'm surprised you didn't," said Duncan disapprovingly. "He's paid—and paid good money, too, I bet—to turn out a winning crew, not to go snooping around among the profs. You're not going to let it make any difference, are you?"

"Oh, I may as well study a little," said Evander evasively.

"I wouldn't," declared Duncan. "You're not actually flunking anything, and you've got a perfect right to tell him to stick to his affairs and you'll take care of yours."

Evander did not reply, and as he stared at the brown-papered wall there came over his face an abstracted, wistful look which plainly showed that his eyes saw something outside.

The big oarsman, Duncan realized, was watching a scene down at the lake. A great crowd swarmed over both green banks at the finish line, an excited crowd from which every eye focused upon the middle of the silver sheet of water. There two thin, arrowlike shells, each manned by eight envied oarsmen, cut swiftly through the water while the men alternately dipped forward and strained back again, their sweeping blades, striped with colors, flashing in the bright sun.

"I feel the way you do about it, Dunk," said Evander at last. "But if I want to row on the crew I guess I've got to knuckle under and do some studying."

Gilbert Duncan strongly disapproved of Evander's submission, but he learned, after supper at commons, that the oarsman's renunciation of the moving pictures could not be altered. And because Walt Hetherington had disappeared, Duncan attended the first show without the solace of his most intimate friends.

After the show he stood on the curb in front of the theater, idly teetering on his heels. Suddenly he moved across the main street, threading his way among menacing headlights, and set out to pay an unannounced social call on Miss Janet Wellington.

IV

THE maid, a stout woman who seemed to resent the indignity of the frilled white cap she wore, viewed him with her customary lack of enthusiasm. Conceding him the

(Continued on Page 71)

TRAVEL, over any route, is done on faster schedules today. Modern car performance calls for more than the ordinary tire can give. General's Dual-Tread Proper-Size line has proved to millions of car owners to be the greatest assurance of long and uninterrupted mileage. Present low rubber prices make it easy to enjoy this top quality.

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"52" • • Dodge Standard • • Dodge Victory • • Ford
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ETHYL GASOLINE

Knocks out that "knock"

(Continued from Page 66

privilege of closing the door, she turned and tramped down the hall, and Duncan made his way into the living room. Here he stood by the white-framed hearth in which silent yellow flames waved back and forth, setting up a dancing reflection in the polished brass ball atop each andiron.

"Still in college, eh?"

Drawling her usual greeting, Miss Janet Wellington entered, still clad in the spotted yellow smock. She was, Duncan knew, only nineteen, but undergraduates held no particular glamour for her. She had seen innumerable classes enter, grow up, graduate and go away; she had been the golden-haired sweetheart of men who now had daughters of their own; hand in hand she had walked the campus with letter men for whose company maidens thrice her age voluminously sighed; and her heart, ere she was ten years old, had been broken several times by deep-voiced seniors, smoking curved pipes, who had come around in June to say good-by for ever.

"I can only stay a few minutes, Dunk," she said as she collapsed into a corner of the sofa.

"Just my luck," he answered politely. "And how are the art lessons going?"

"Oh, fair," she said. "I'm in the life class now—and we're working from some new models. Most of them are just about the last word in stupidity."

"Yes?"

"And the model I was drawing yesterday," she resumed, "is simply the stupidest of the stupid. I got into a frightful mood because I couldn't put any verve in my work; any—any lift." Miss Wellington made several upward, circular motions to assist the laity in understanding. "She's the fattest thing you ever saw, and of course"—the blue eyes rested upon Duncan with exaggerated calm—"she was posing in the nude, you know."

"Yes?" he said delicately.

"Of course," said Miss Wellington, nodding; "and just when I'd get one of her big fat legs looking as fat as it really is, why, she'd move it. I simply could not get what we call the intimate lines." Again she supplemented verbal description with a few deft outlining gestures that promptly conjured up a fat, bored, undraped lady who reclined before a semicircle of earnest sketchers and stared off into space.

Miss Wellington's conversation, adorned by technical phrases, continued to deal largely with her art until she remarked, rising, "Well, Dunk, I've got to go back to the treadmill."

Together they walked out to the hall, where she said: "Drop in again before you flunk out in February."

"I'll be around," he said jauntily, "but it won't be to say good-by."

"How many courses you flunking now?"

"Nary a one."

"Don't tell me you've started to study!"

"You know me better than that," he answered lightly. "I'm not cracking a book."

"You'd better stop relying on the tutoring school," she advised, scowling as she withdrew toward the stairs, "and get down to work."

"What for?" he inquired flippantly, reaching for the door knob.

"Why, for me, of course," she said. "I don't want all the good-looking fellows to flunk out."

He turned quickly and looked back at her. She stood, one hand on the banister, regarding him mysteriously. The scowl had faded, and now her face lighted in a flashing smile, a beautiful smile of friendly, open derision.

As he walked slowly back toward the campus he speculated curiously upon her last remark, upon the strange disorder her look had produced in the region of his left lung. For a moment he considered the plan of winning good marks to please her, to show her how easily he could win them. The plan, between two breaths, languidly expired and there remained only a mild antagonism toward her. She became, somehow, a part of the vast conspiracy organized against his peace of mind. The professors, he reflected, his father, and now Janet Wellington. They were all trying, it seemed, to seat him at his desk, to force an opened book into his hand. The thought depressed him and he shook himself like a swimmer who frees his face from water.

The gesture won back his old contentment, his prized immunity. Life was pleasant, the future always took care of itself, and he would continue to revel in the blissful leisure that was balm to his spirits.

In this mood he entered his room. As he snapped on the standing lamp beside the plush chair, bathing the walls in yellow radiance, he heard someone approaching his door. It opened, and because the man had never been one of his intimates he was mildly surprised to observe the morose countenance of Pick Lamar.

"Say, Dunk"—Lamar, plainly ill at ease, plunged into the matter—"will you go over the English with me for the precept next Monday?"

"The what, Pick?" stammered Duncan.

"The assignment is Browning," said Lamar, who had a habit of looking everywhere but at the person he was addressing. "I've read the darn stuff over twice and it's just like Greek to me. I'm pretty low in the course and I thought maybe you'd coach me up a little."

"Why, sure, Pick," said Duncan heartily, recovering. "By the way, what is the next assignment?"

When Lamar, a trifle less morose, had departed with a promise of expert help the night before the class, Gilbert Duncan picked up his green volume of Robert Browning's poems. Frowning uncertainly he looked through the index for the one title he remembered from the several Lamar had named. Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister, he discovered, was on page 224, and his frown persisted while he read.

Had the poem been written in the native language of the soliloquizing monk it could have been scarcely more baffling to Duncan. He got from it nothing but the isolated picture of a brown girl named Dolores, evidently Spanish, who for some reason squatted on a vague bank and dipped blue-black tresses into undefined water. His frown turned to a scowl, he settled heavily into the plush chair and determinedly reread the soliloquy. At the end, still baffled, he stared at the page. Anger, hot and vindictive, spread through him and suddenly he pitched the book toward his desk.

"The fool!" he said viciously of Elizabeth Barrett's husband. "If a man wants to say something, why doesn't he come right out and say it in good, clear English?"

The speech relieved him and he dismissed the matter from his mind. But he realized presently that he was not yet through with it; for he saw again the picture of Pick Lamar, expectant, humbly asking help. And then in his mind's eye he saw himself, a few days hence, when Lamar should come around, book in hand, to sit at the master's feet.

He had given his word, he assured himself, but he knew in his heart that it was some emotion less admirable than a sense of honor that brought him to his feet. Vanity, fear of exposure, pricked him on as he moved grudgingly toward the hurled green volume.

▼

THE winding road along which Gilbert Duncan walked, on a moist evening two weeks later, was bordered by trees and softly gleaming lamps. In front, rising darkly from a wide knoll, stood the graduate college, and at one end the tall memorial tower loomed in majestic outline against the darkening winter sky.

Many times during the past two weeks had Duncan, book under arm, followed the upward progress of this road; for on the second floor of the graduate college he had, in the hour of need, discovered a true friend in the person of Mr. Clarke.

Mr. Clarke was the young alumnus, now studying for his Ph.D., to whom Duncan had reported for criticism of English themes during freshman year. At the end of one such conference Mr. Clarke, after the fashion of potential professors, had invited Duncan to call at his room any time he needed help. If someone had suggested then to Duncan that he would one day eagerly take advantage of this invitation, he would have snorted cynically, but there was eagerness in him now, and something like gratitude, too, as he crossed a stone-paved court and presently sat in the familiar room, awaiting Mr. Clarke's return from supper.

While waiting he made no further effort to read over tomorrow's assignment. It was easier to let Mr. Clarke do this work; and he had, moreover, discovered that Mr. Clarke, who actually enjoyed tutoring, had none of the professorial resentment toward an unprepared student. As early as their first session Duncan had sensed that tact required him—if such a thing were possible—to exaggerate his own ignorance of the assignment, his inability to cope with the obscurities of Robert Browning. Similarly tact inspired him to be generous in his praise of the unfailing ease with which Mr. Clarke could transform an unintelligible poem into a little story as obvious as the tale about the elderly Mrs. Hubbard and her ill-stocked cupboard. And it was with this policy in mind that he presently turned toward the opening door.

"Good evening, Mr. Clarke!"

"Hello, Duncan," said Mr. Clarke heartily. "All set to go ahead, are we?"

"Well," replied Duncan, "I'm all set to follow."

The implied compliment, he saw, had not missed fire, for the expression on Mr. Clarke's face was one of modest pleasure as he pulled off the black gown required of all who would dine at the graduate college.

"Did you look them over?" he inquired, carrying his copy of Browning to his favorite chair.

"I tried this first one about the duchess."

"What did it mean to you?"

"Absolutely nothing," said Duncan truthfully, and a happy smile wreathed Mr. Clarke's heavy features.

"Well, first of all," he said, open book in lap, using one finger for emphasis, "we must understand what sort of chap the speaker is."

"The speaker?"

"Yes, the man who tells the story of the poem," Mr. Clarke explained. "It makes the whole thing clearer if we realize these few facts about him: He's an Italian duke and absolutely cold-blooded and remorseless. He's very autocratic, proud of his ancient lineage, and he was insanely jealous of his young wife—the duchess the poem is about. She's dead at the start of the story, and the man to whom the duke talks is an emissary from some rich Italian count who wants his daughter to be the new duchess. That clear? Now keep that picture of the speaker in mind while I read the poem."

Slowly and distinctly Mr. Clarke read. He interpolated illuminating stage directions, gave detailed explanations. Under his treatment the poem became for Gilbert Duncan a simple and not uninteresting story of a pretty girl who made the fatal mistake of being civil to others than her husband.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed with genuine appreciation at the end. "It's simple enough when somebody explains it."

While Mr. Clarke, who believed in the power of repetition, reread the poem more slowly, Duncan made his usual annotations in the margin of the page. Carefully he underscored every significant or doubtful phrase, and in the opposite margin wrote Mr. Clarke's comment thereon.

In the same manner Mr. Clarke covered the other poems in the assignment, and Duncan continued the marginal notes which included enlightening observations, English renditions of foreign phrases and identification of certain passages which, Mr. Clarke informed him, were outstanding for their poetic beauty. At the end Duncan was in possession of more than a complete personal understanding of the poems: he possessed a set of valuable notes—the notes of the

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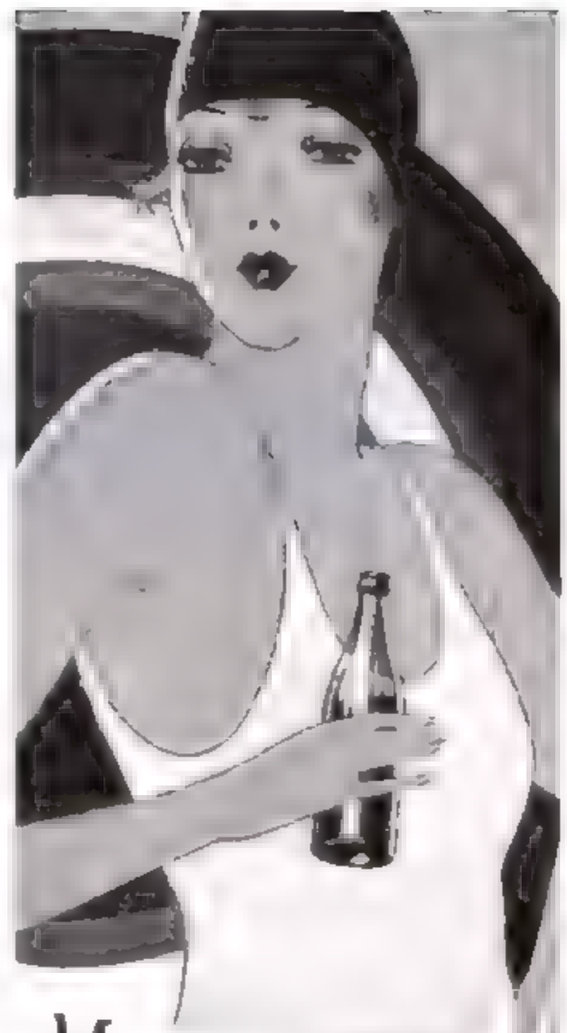

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Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

(Continued from Page 71)

scholar who supplements mere industry with a talent for penetrating criticism.

"Well, Mr. Clarke"—standing by the door Duncan buckled his yellow slicker "once more I'm very much obliged to you."

"Not at all, Duncan—not at all," said Mr. Clarke affably. "I'll see you again Friday night?"

"If you're not going to be too busy."

"I'm always free for an hour or so after supper," Mr. Clarke replied reassuringly. "By the way, whose work do we take up next?"

"I think Tennyson's next."

"Tennyson, eh?" said Mr. Clarke, smiling. "Well, I guess we won't have much trouble with Lord Alfred."

"I'll bet we won't!" agreed Duncan with flattering inflection.

"If you keep up this system," said the tutor, "the exam ought to be a cinch for you. We'll put in a couple of hours soon on the work at the beginning of the term—the part you said you didn't study. Then, before the exam we can have several sessions of general review."

"That's darn white of you," said Duncan sincerely. "It hardly seems right, though, to put you to all ——"

Mr. Clarke's gesture stopped the protest. "It's no trouble for me," he announced cordially. "I enjoy the work."

There was no doubt of his sincerity, and Gilbert Duncan, striding down the winding road, dwelt curiously upon the phenomenon. This mysterious tendency to find pleasure in work seemed to him almost an affliction.

"But Clarke's a darn good egg," he told himself, and added generously: "Even if he is going to be a professor."

Because the strokes of the nine o'clock curfew came floating through the night air, he quickened his pace and five minutes later saw that the lights were on in his room. In the dim entry he hastily pulled off his slicker and concealed the green volume beneath it. With a feeling of eager expectation he ran up the stairs to his study where, in easeful attitudes, he discovered Walt Hetherington, Maury Evander and Pick Lamar.

"Here he is!" announced Evander with relief.

"Hello, professor," said Lamar.

"Where've you been?" demanded Hetherington. "We thought you were going to fail us."

Duncan evaded the inquiry. "Hello, scholars, hello," he said cheerfully and went toward his bedroom. "I'll be all set to start in a minute." In the bedroom, out of sight of the others, he threw his slicker into a corner and put the green volume on his bureau.

"Well, gentlemen"—reëntering the study, he rubbed his hands together in burlesque of the eager professorial approach—"are you all ready for the pearl casting?"

"We are, sir," said Hetherington facetiously. "And I, sir, even brought my book, sir, this time, sir."

"Speaking of books," remarked Duncan, glancing around, "has anybody seen mine?"

"You can use mine, Dunk," said Lamar, holding it out. "I'll write my notes on a sheet of paper."

"No, you'll need it," replied Duncan firmly. "Mine's around somewhere. Wait."

With a tentative air he went again to the bedroom and emerged, book in hand. "I remember now," he said. "I must've left it in there yesterday."

He sat in the blue plush chair and looked around at his pupils, all of whom waited for him to speak. Their expectancy, their frank dependence on him, roused in Duncan a pleasant feeling of authority, of elevation to a pedestal on which he was the center of attention.

"Now in this first one about the duchess," he began, one extended finger supplying emphasis, "you've got to get a picture of the kind of a man the speaker is."

"What speaker?" asked Evander.

"The fellow who tells the story of the poem, of course," said Duncan firmly. "It makes the whole thing clear if you first get him in mind. He's a cold-blooded Italian duke, see? He's autocratic as hell and he was so jealous of the duchess—she's dead at the start of the poem—that every time she as much as looked at another man the duke was fit to be tied. The man he speaks to is trying to sell him the notion of taking on a new duchess whose old man is a rich dago count. Clear, everybody? Let's go."

Slowly and distinctly Gilbert Duncan began reading, and because his marginal notes, invisible to the pupils, were perfectly legible he supplied every necessary stage direction, explained in campus argot each obscure allusion and dogmatically selected for them those certain passages containing undeniable poetic beauty.

"I get that one all right," said Evander, jotting down a last marginal note.

"I'm all for the little duchess," announced Walt Hetherington warmly, "but somebody should've put TNT in that duke's tooth paste. Lots of men are that way, though, about their women—always crabbing at ——"

"Lay off, Walt—lay off," said Evander.

"Give me a break, will you?" demanded Hetherington tartly. "I was only going to say ——"

"I know, but we want to get this hot dope while we can."

Because Hetherington would not subside, Duncan sternly called him to order.

"All right, Dunk, I'll shut up," he answered cheerfully. "Shoot."

When the last poem was finished there rose from the three pupils a general sigh of relief. Duncan closed his book, tossed it nonchalantly into a drawer of the desk and lit a cigarette.

"I'll be able to shock Frank tomorrow," said Hetherington restfully, referring to his preceptor. "You should've seen him, Dunk, when I pulled your stuff about the meaning of the unlit lamp and the heroic failure. I thought he'd have a stroke."

"Dunk's giving us the hot dope, all right," agreed Evander. "I've been a regular Phi Bate in our group the last two weeks."

"While I think of it, Dunk"—Lamar's manner, as always, was faintly apologetic—"do you know Bill Sagendorf?"

"Don't believe I do, Pick."

"He lives above me," Lamar explained, "and he wants to know if he can get in on these sessions. I told him I'd ask you."

"Why, sure!" said Duncan heartily. "Be glad to help him. Bring him around next time."

He concealed his delight at the tribute, just as he always hid the truth that his pupils' frank admiration blew across his self-esteem like a fragrant, refreshing breeze.

"Darned if I see how you do it, Dunk," remarked Hetherington idly.

"Without cracking a book, either," added Lamar in mournful praise.

"That's the part I can't figure," Evander admitted. "How anybody can just read that stuff and understand it is beyond me."

"Nothing wonderful about it," protested Duncan. "It's simply a question of bringing your intelligence and imagination into play."

"Well, I looked over this assignment before supper," said Evander, "and it didn't mean a thing to me. How the devil can you see through all the allusions and tell what lines are the best ones?"

For the space of several puffs Gilbert Duncan, leaning back in his chair, frowned as though in honest mental search; then his mildly baffled air disclaimed all credit for what the gods bestow.

"I don't know, Maury," he said soberly. "I suppose it's a kind of a gift."

VI

THE sophomore examination in Victorian and post-Victorian poets had just passed into history, and Gilbert Duncan strolled from the room in a mood that was, for him, unique on such occasions.

"Oh, boy!" he told himself jubilantly. "I knocked that one for a gool, all right!"

How different this examination had been! How familiar every name and title! How instantly recognizable every quotation, every spot passage! For the hours spent with Mr. Clarke had etched all the facts upon his consciousness, and the many hours spent in constant repetition of those facts to his pupils had carved them forever on the tablets of his memory.

Just outside the main entrance, where pale February sunlight lay upon trampled snow, he lit a cigarette and smoked in sweet relaxation until the appearance of the first of his pupils.

"Say, Dunk," began Maury Evander, hurrying toward him, "did I give the right dope on this second question?"

The tall oarsman, hair disarrayed and necktie loosened, clutched a rumpled paper and excitedly summed up his answer.

"That's right," Duncan approved quietly. "What did you say on the next?"

As Evander was submitting the last of his answers for official criticism, Walt Hetherington and Pick Lamar together came out of the doorway.

"Did I knock it?" gloated Hetherington. "Well, I should hope to snicker I did!"

"I did fairly well myself," said Lamar, "thanks to you, Dunk."

Bill Sagendorf, large and oval, presently appeared and waddled toward them like an overgrown messenger boy with a rush telegram.

"I passed it, Dunk—I passed it!" he cried. "Look, did I hand out the right dope on this part about the metrical technic?"

Duncan, although he had scant time in which to board his train for New York, was pleased to linger where his fellows paid him such stimulating homage, and soon further solicitation touched his elbow. He turned and looked down into the face of a classmate whose name he did not know, a pale little face with abnormally heavy eyebrows of black.

"Say, Dunk," the nameless one began, "can you tell me if my dope was right on this one about sunset and evening star?"

In a piping voice he described his answer—just how he had shown wherein the poem revealed its author's characteristics and fundamental attitude toward life. He gave a complete list of such characteristics and pointed out their presence in the verses. Duncan, bewildered at first, suddenly realized that the little sophomore had written in the belief that Crossing the Bar came from the pen of Robert Browning.

"I'm sorry," said Duncan, during a pause, "but I'm afraid you slipped up on that one."

The other looked up quickly, his face tense with question, with apprehension.

"The dope you gave—and it's all correct—applies to Browning," Duncan explained gently. "But you see that poem is by Tennyson."

"Tennyson?" echoed the other pleadingly. "Oh, no! Did Tennyson write that?"

"I'm sorry, but Tennyson wrote it."

A drawn look came over the small black-browed face and the nameless one stared down at his pencil-marked list of questions.

"Tennyson," he murmured strickenly. "Oh, gosh! And I said it was by Swinburne."

Still shaking his head in a kind of stupor, he turned and walked slowly away. But his place was promptly taken, and Duncan continued to supply information as to the validity of this answer and that. The professional quality of his opinions, the calm assurance of his manner, held an eager questioning group around him.

The center of attention and importance, he stood there, enslaved by his feasting vanity.

VII

GILBERT DUNCAN, returning from New York, ignored the waiting shuttle train and walked toward the cluster of chattering taxicab drivers. This, he realized, was another extravagance, but the thought did not mar his luxury as he settled back in the cab.

He could afford an occasional extravagance these days, he could spare the ninety

(Continued on Page 79)

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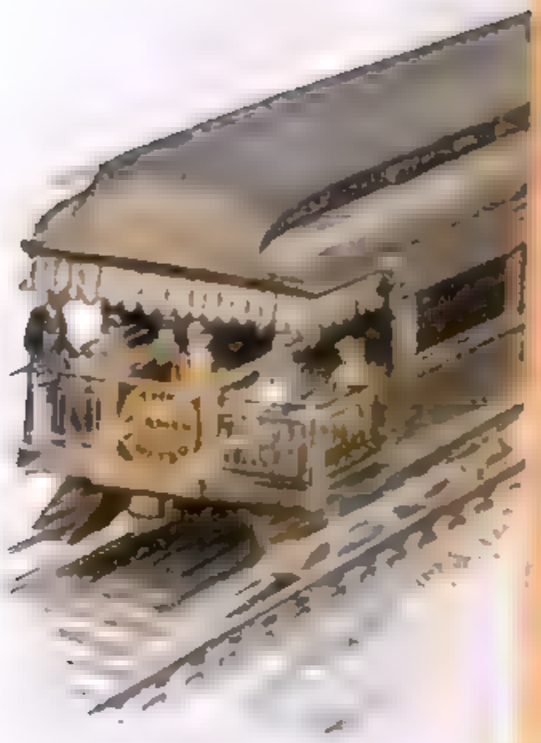

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8 million a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

(Continued from Page 74)

dollars spent in New York during the brief midyear vacation; it was for just such luxuries that he hoarded the weekly remittance he had been receiving secretly from his mother since late in November.

While the cab raced down a long hill he thought complacently of the humidor, filled with fine cigars, that he had ordered sent to Mr. Clarke from New York. He considered it only proper, now that the affair had ended, to make such a gesture of appreciation.

The thought of his first group in English also pleased him, and his self-approval was further nourished by the memory of his pupils' success. There was Walt Hetherington, rejoicing because a second group assured him eligibility in the coming club elections; Maury Evander, by a similar mark, had lifted his average so that not even a captious crew coach could wax sarcastic; modest third groups had delighted both Lamar and Bill Sagendorf, because both had previously stood in danger of the dreaded summer session maintained for delinquent scholars.

In front of his dormitory Duncan ordered the cab to wait; and from the green rug just inside his door he scooped the accumulated mail. One letter, in a familiar tan envelope, he thrust into his overcoat pocket and tossed the others on the table.

Halfway to the door he suddenly stopped, then walked toward the fireplace. Here, piled conspicuously on the mantel, were four cartons of his favorite cigarettes. He pulled a sheet of paper from between two of the cartons and a grin spread over his face as he read. The message, in flowery and ceremonial language, announced that the four signers, in recognition of his services, had unanimously conferred upon him the rarely granted degree of T. E. This, he learned from a postscript, stood for Tutor Extraordinary.

"The crazy galoots," he murmured, vastly pleased, and a minute later sat again in the moving taxicab.

He opened the tan envelope, drew out the expected ten-dollar bill and glanced through the letter. His mother, it developed, was delighted over his first group in English; it showed she had been right when she said he should be encouraged instead of threatened. She was assuming, Duncan realized, that her coaxing and her weekly bribe of ten dollars were solely responsible for his improved standing. With tolerant amusement he read the last page:

> Your father, of course, assumes that it is all his doing, and we must let him keep on thinking so, Gil! But I am perfectly convinced that he still intends to take you out of college the first time you fail a course. So keep studying hard and I will keep sending the money each week.

Duncan was still smiling tolerantly when he dismissed the cabman with a fifty-cent tip and turned up the brick walk. Miss Janet Wellington herself opened the door this time, and there was no sign of the yellow smock. Instead, her slender body was arrayed in a dress of brightest red, her feet incased in high-heeled slippers to match. As they entered the living room Duncan's spirits fell slightly upon discovering that her father still lingered near the tea wagon. Professor Wellington, however, atoned for his presence by his choice of a conversational topic.

"I thought perhaps I was a trifle optimistic," he was presently saying, "when I gave you a first group for your work in the preceptorials. But you more than vindicated me by getting a high first group in the examination too."

Duncan, stirring his tea, assumed an air of embarrassed modesty, and Professor Wellington, with frequent stops at the tea wagon to pluck another cheese biscuit, slowly paced the rug before the fireplace.

"Your improvement was really remarkable, Duncan," he continued, "and I've wondered just what the inspiration was. You haven't decided to go out for one of the athletic teams, have you?"

"No, sir," said Duncan slowly, not looking toward Janet. "It wasn't that."

"Perhaps you're trying for a scholarship?"

"To be perfectly frank, sir"—Duncan achieved the endearing confusion of one who publicly confesses a virtue—"I simply got interested in the course."

"I confess I had assumed as much," said the professor, nodding in a gratified manner, "and I'm delighted to hear you admit it. Do you realize, Duncan," he asked, stooping for another biscuit, "that right there lies the basic problem of the university—of every university and college in the country? The average student, as you've observed, has no active desire to study, no real interest in his work. Now you simply cannot teach a man something he doesn't want to learn, so we're faced with the problem of creating in the student a definite willingness to study.

"Now how are we to accomplish that?" he asked of the room in general. "Well, here's one method that has worked: You know that there are a certain number of things here that the students enjoy doing. Some want to play football, some want to join the Triangle Club, some want election to the various editorial boards. So, armed with that knowledge, the faculty put their heads together and make this decision: Any student who wants to ride one of his hobbies must keep his marks above a specified minimum grade."

Again he stooped for a biscuit, straightened and started methodically toward the other end of the rug.

"Well, in most cases, Duncan, the student's desire to ride his hobby is stronger than his distaste for study. As a result, we have hundreds of fellows here who are eager to absorb knowledge—not from sheer love of learning, unfortunately, but because a learned lesson is the price that must be paid for rowing on the crew or singing in the glee club."

He paused and smiled slyly at Duncan; his confidential manner abolished the thought that a member of the faculty was addressing a sophomore. Instead, here were two men of equal insight discussing the eccentricities of remote, outlandish undergraduates.

"As a matter of fact," added Professor Wellington, "one of my colleagues remarked—not very elegantly—that these extra-curriculum activities are very much like the ear of corn that they used to dangle in front of the donkey. And of course it doesn't matter what kind of corn you use, so long as it persuades the donkey to keep moving forward."

When the professor and the final cheese biscuit had vanished together, Duncan looked at Janet. She was regarding him with the expression of a girl wholly unconvinced.

"Faker," she said quietly. "I dare you to tell me what particular brand of corn you fell for."

"Do you want to know the truth?"

"Sure," she said, putting her emptied cup on the tea wagon.

"Why," he said in a changed voice, "I did it for—you."

Her hand still on the saucer, she shot a sidewise glance at him and was obviously disillusioned by his ungallant grin.

"I hope I never see the day," she remarked cynically, "when any undergraduate gets good marks on my account."

Twilight was falling as he turned out of the brick walk. He looked toward the scattered spires of the campus, jutting into a sky streaked with fading pink, and a sense of superior wisdom slowly settled upon him.

Beneath those old spires, he knew, hundreds of men were toiling at desk, at drawing board, among intricate laboratory apparatus. They were dull toilers, he felt,

lured on by various fraudulent bait. Only he, it seemed, was immune; he remained invulnerable because he was untouched by the shallow desires that enslaved others.

He dwelt briefly upon the past three months. It was pleasant to have a first group in English, but the winning of it had cut deeply into his leisure, and he prized his leisure more than he prized good marks.

He thought of his mother and her secret, weekly bribe. He had made her no promises, he assured himself, and the extra money was no more than a man of his age was entitled to. He thought of his father, but his father, with his threats, was far off in Denver, and the day of reckoning in June was even more distant. Between now and June there stretched, in pleasant prospect, endless hours of leisure, hours for reclining on his back and blowing lazy puffs toward the ceiling.

He dismissed all consideration of the future, as he reached his entry, and living only in the easeful present, slowly climbed the twisting stairs. From above came the sudden sound of voices, a burst of laughter and the clatter of descending footsteps that carried down to him a group of classmates, welcome friends with whom to dine and while away a happy evening.

"Hello, gang!" said Duncan blithely. "What's on your minds—supper?"

"Yes, we're going to supper first," said Maury Evander. "And then we were all counting on you to tutor us tonight for the Shakspere precept tomorrow."

"We've all got the books," announced Walt Hetherington cheerfully. "We put 'em up in your room. The assignment is the Merchant of Venice, and we sure need old Professor Duncan's hot dope!"

"I know I do," agreed Pick Lamar, with his mournful smile.

"I was going to lay off this Shakspere course," Bill Sagendorf admitted, "until I found out you had signed up for it, Dunk. Then I signed up for it too."

In the dim light of the entry Duncan, with a curious sense of detachment, looked up into the faces of his four pupils—faces that were deferential and flattering.

"Go away and let me alone!" he longed to say. "I don't know any more about Shakspere than you do. I want to lie on my back this term and just—loaf!"

But those words did not emerge to shatter the expectant silence on the stairs, to banish forever this flattering deference that so pleasantly nourished his vanity.

"Why, sure!" he heard himself say. "Be glad to help you out—all of you."

"We'll wait while you get rid of your hat and coat," Hetherington offered.

"I'm not eating at commons, fellows," said Duncan quickly. "I've got a dinner date."

"But you'll be back, won't you?" asked Sagendorf anxiously.

"Sure, we'll all meet in my room at nine," said Duncan authoritatively, starting up the stairs. "The Merchant of Venice, you said?"

Maury Evander, after descending several steps, suddenly turned. "Oh, by the way, Dunk," he began. "Of course, it doesn't come till the end of the week, but you know that European history you signed up for?"

"Yeah."

"Well, we all signed up too," said Evander. "You can tutor that the same as English, can't you, if you have time?"

"Sure!" replied Duncan mechanically, wondering how well versed Mr. Clarke was in history. "I'll be glad to help you out."

Below, the entry door swung shut, and Gilbert Duncan, fifteen minutes later, was hurrying along the familiar winding road that led upward to the graduate college. He bore no flaming torch, no burning lamp. Instead, his left hand held a new copy of the Merchant of Venice, his right hand clutched the last of the two sandwiches that had been his hasty supper.

Through the dusk, on its quiet hilltop, he saw the shadowy bulk of the graduate college, wrapped in profound meditation. Hurriedly, grudgingly, he toiled onward to the heights.

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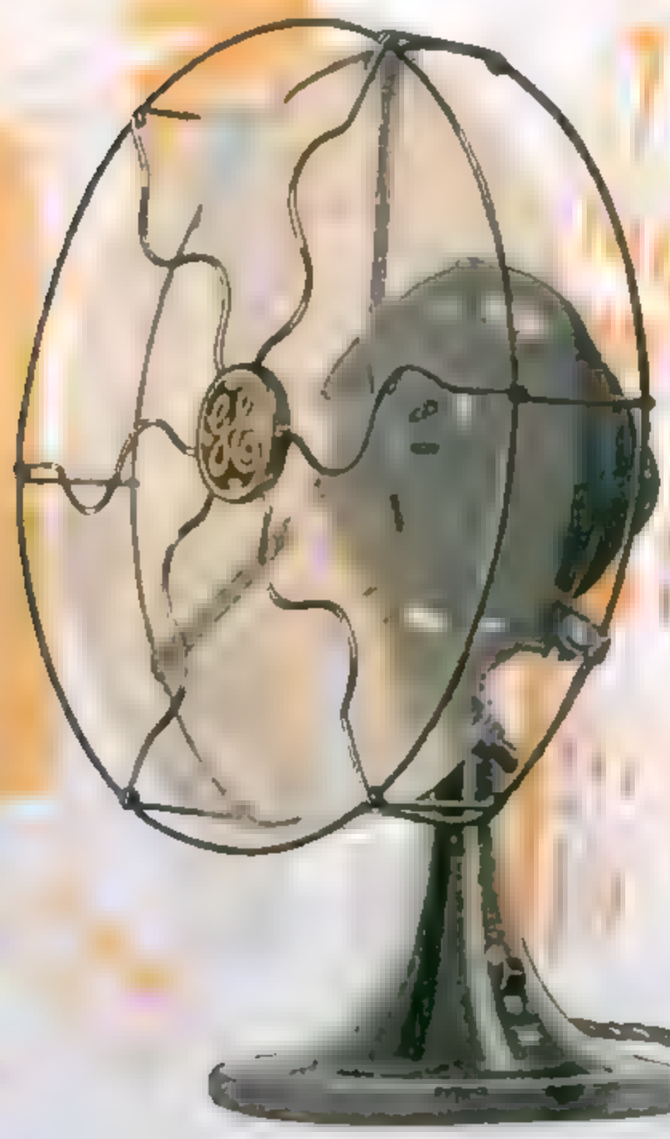

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DO TELL ME, DOCTOR JOHNSON

Continued from Page 9

cheap and sell high. It's a hard world—yes, sir—and now that these rich fellers are buying books, it's harder yet."

How strange it was that, though his head was aching and though he had been through it all so often, he felt the same vague excitement which he always felt in nearing a new hunting ground. For one could never tell. Anything might be lying there moldering in neglect. That was the way with books. People threw them into corners, Alva knew, and tossed them into boxes, the oldest books, the finest books.

The hall was dusky from closed blinds. In front were the stairs, bare of carpet, and at the right and left were two high old doors, both closed, and painted, just as Alva Seaso had guessed they would be, in the hideous yellow of artificial wood.

"Lucy"—through the door on the left Alva heard a querulous voice—"is that you, Lucy?"

"Yes, mother," said Lucy Grill. "I'll be there in a little while."

Very quickly she opened the right-hand door, beckoned Alva inside and closed it. They were in another dark old room with yellow grained woodwork, and somehow Alva felt a catch in his throat, because the room looked exactly as rooms had looked when he was ever so much younger and when his head had never ached. It was filled with strange and useless knick-knacks—sea shells in which a child might hear the beating of the waves, bits of teak-wood on a mahogany Empire table, catch-alls filled with letters, an album, velvet covered, for photographs; and against the wall, near a heavily curtained window, was a bookcase.

"Please talk softly," whispered Lucy Grill. "My mother has been very ill, you see. She doesn't know we have to sell anything more and she wouldn't like to know."

Alva Seaso sighed and looked about the room. "That's right," he said sadly, "fool the old folks. That's what the young folks are always at. Take Tessie now—that's my daughter—Tessie's always fooling me—for my own good, she says. How do you know what's good for old parties? That's what I want to know."

Alva Seaso tiptoed to the bookcase. His thin old wrists shot far out of his sleeves as he reached for a volume, but his dustiness and awkwardness were no longer out of place as he stood beside those books. Once upon a time, long ago, someone with taste and education had bought them, a man who knew politeness and cultivation. There were perhaps fourscore of plain, good solid calf, and here and there a parchment binding, fresh yet despite the centuries that had passed it. There were demi-octavos and a tiny row of pott octavos, tiny Shaksperes in almost unreadable print, tiny editions of Pope and Dryden, such as an eighteenth-century gentleman might carry in his pocket. Alva Seaso ran his long forefinger over the top of each book and pulled each gently out by the fore edge, as a good collector will, so as not to damage the top as a tyro might. No matter what trash might be within his hand, no matter how poor or beneath contempt, Alva always treated it with courteous respect. It was his tribute to forgotten things, to thoughts and feelings gone into the stars.

"You take good care of the books, for a woman," he said. "For most women don't care a pin. Tessie—that's my daughter—would break the spine of any book just to beat the dust out. Women hate 'em. I'd rather have rats in a library than a woman."

"They were my great-grandfather's," said Lucy Grill. "He bought them in London, once when he was following the sea. Of course we are careful of them. They must be worth a lot, because they are so old."

Old Alva's head was aching and the titles seemed to come dreamily to his sight—just the titles that might line the stall of any secondhand bookstore, of no interest, not a one; but his mind was wandering vaguely, as it sometimes did when he was faced with books. It was not the books of which he thought, but of the men who had touched them, for there was an aroma of vanished presence. The scarring of the bindings had their own suggestion, the dog's ears on the pages. . . . Johnson's works, unread though dry and foxed: "London, E. Blakader, Took's Court, Chancery Lane, 1806." The Classical Dictionary of Lempriere's, half calf, very badly worn and blunted at the corners: "Cadell, Jr., and W. Davies, Successors to Mr. Caldwell in the Strand, 1798." Upon the title page in very rusty ink: "Jonas Grill, His Book Aboard the Sally, 1802"; and then in a scrawling, careless hand: "We were sailing down the bay."

Curious now, was it not?—most curious. Those idle, thoughtless scrawls on a flyleaf sometimes had more life than the type within. Of what was he thinking when he wrote it? Sailing down the bay—he had sailed where everyone would sail when all was said and done. . . . Trésor des Harangues in parchment: "À Paris chez Michael Robin & Nicholas, le Gras, au troisième pilier de la grande salle du Palais, 1648, avec privilège du Roi." And then again in the rusty ink was another "Jonas Grill, His Book." His book, and yet it was not his book, because it belonged to time that recognized no owner save itself. It belonged to long swords and masks and coaches, and who knew?—D'Artagnan himself might have read from its elegant periods. The sad and ready Athos might have left it by his glass of wine. Yet there upon the title page was that rusty name arrogantly claiming ownership to a vanished kingdom, and again a remark was scrawled upon the leaf: "Do tell me, Doctor Johnson." Now why the deuce had he ever written that? You might have asked a hundred times and never gained an answer.

Out of a mist, because his mind was a long way off, old Alva heard her voice, so fresh and vibrant, so far away from rusty ink

"What are they worth? Do you know by now?"

Alva Seaso looked up and sighed. "Worth?" he said vaguely. "Why, my dear, they're not worth anything to speak of. A dealer—let's see—a dealer might give you fifteen dollars for the lot, provided his dinner was setting right—and generally it doesn't—no, sir."

"Fifteen dollars!" Her voice made him turn around, though he had heard the note before in other voices. "They must be worth more! Aren't you joking? They're genuine. I know they're old, Mr. Seaso. Why, my great-grandfather's name's in nearly all of them. His name was Jonas Grill."

"My dear," said Alva Seaso, "you've got the popular notion that any old book must be valuable. Old books are worth very little unless they're good editions, and these are common stuff. By cricky! Here, my dear, you're not crying?"

There was no need to ask. The girl was crying in short, stifled sobs that made old Alva's head ache worse than it had before.

"I thought—of course they were worth more. I counted on them so! I counted on them so!"

"No, stop it," said Alva: "really you must stop it. Is it bills?"

"Bills—of course." Carefully she lowered her voice. "I work in the telephone exchange, but I had to stop, with mother sick, and I've sold everything worth while. I was counting on the books. There's the doctor, there's the store ——"

Yes, everything was money. It frightened her just as it frightened Tessie, a sordid tale of little things and wretchedness.

"Stop it!" said Alva Seaso. "Stop it now! There's worse, though, than being poor. Look at Goldsmith. Look at Doctor Johnson. Don't cry, my dear. I've never seen a soul starving yet. There —— How about the attic? Are there any books up there?"

Now she was a good girl, after all. She stopped her crying when he finished.

"There are books in the attic, of course," she said. "I've been meaning to throw 'em out all winter. All of 'em are torn or smashed all of 'em, Mr. Seaso."

"Now—now," said Mr. Seaso. "Have a piece of sugar candy and wipe your eyes. . . . Throw 'em out, you say? Yes, sir, that's the way with women—worse than rats and worms when it comes to books."

Through the closed door in the hall Alva again heard that voice, faint and querulous:

"Lucy, where are you going, Lucy Grill?"

"Up attic, mother," came the answer. "I'll be down in a little while."

The light came through a dusty skylight on the mansard roof—that strange, soft, broken light that always seeps into attics, not unlike the fitful glimmerings from the window of a church, and the smell of pine boards which had baked for years beneath the slates was up there. His heart was pounding like an old and leaky motor, and the noise of his heartbeats and the intake of his breath were all around him in the silence.

"Are you all right, Mr. Seaso?" said Lucy Grill.

"Well enough," old Alva answered. "Those stairs were steep—yes, sir. Let me get my flash light. I always keep a flash light handy."

She was pointing to a corner between two trunks. Between those two trunks was a pile of books and papers, trash which an attic gathers always—the schoolbooks and cheap novels of twenty years perhaps—but there was something else. Alva could remember exactly how it looked, lying buried beneath that wood-pulp rubble. An immense folio volume was lying on the attic floor. He could discern its dark old calf-skin sides. He could see a metal boss upon a corner, of brass, and green with verdigris. Alva Seaso dropped upon his knees and drew it gently from the rest.

"By cricky," said Alva with a gasp, "books seem heavier than they used to!"

"Oh, is that anything?" asked Lucy Grill.

"Missy," said Alva Seaso, "don't get your hopes up now. It's nothing much, but worth the lot downstairs. It's a Septuagint, judging of the looks, though in shocking bad condition."

"A Septuagint—what's that?"

Alva looked up mildly, his flash light in his hand. "A Bible, my dear—an old Bible. You probably didn't know it was one, because it's written all in Greek. There are Bibles and Bibles—from the grand Mazarin, through the Vinegar and the Breeches and the Wicked Bible. . . . Ah, yes, a Septuagint, but in wretched bad condition."

The covers, scarred and splashed with ancient ink, were heavily blind tooled, but their hinges were badly cracked, so that they were holding only by their stout sewed bands, and the backbone itself was loose. Yet racked though it was by years of brutal handling, the old head and foot bands still adhered rigidly where they were woven by embroidery -like stitches to the signatures.

Still kneeling, he turned back the cover and bent his flash light over the flyleaf and lowered his head.

"Eh?" he said. "Aha!"

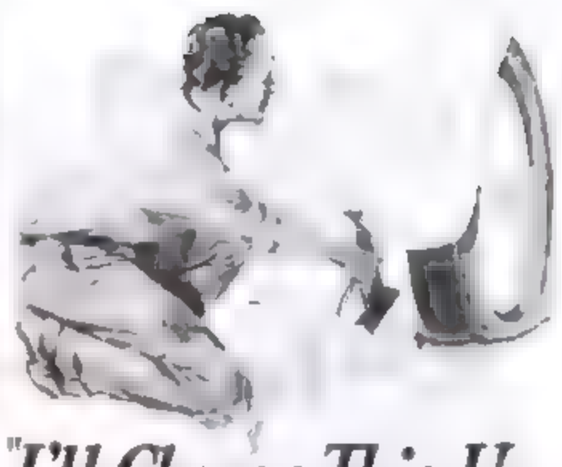
"Why, Mr. Seaso, what's the matter?" cried Lucy Grill.

Despite the training of years, Alva Seaso's mouth had fallen open.

"Nothing," he said quickly—perhaps too quickly. "Nothing, I suppose." Why did he have a conscience? What was it made him stammer? "Did you say that was your great-grandfather's book? Can you tell me when he bought it?"

"I don't know," she said. Of course she didn't. They never knew. "He traveled

(Continued on Page 85)



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YOU'VE seen fellows in this fix—with a jack that won't even go under, or one that wouldn't lift the car if it did! And you may be the next pupil in this roadside school of experience.

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IT WAS a cold December morning. The mercury showed fifteen degrees of frost. A heavy snow was falling.

Suddenly out of the snowstorm a train roared up and passed over the long bridge across the Monongahela at Pittsburgh.

Two minutes later, fast, skilled workers cut the tracks. Speedily, hoisting engines moved the old bridge—a big 182 foot span—to the temporary runways placed to receive it alongside its original position. Then the new bridge—a strong modern structure weighing 560 tons—was swung into place.

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THE AMERICAN
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Columbus, Cleveland, Pittsburgh to Atlantic City

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Sometimes it's a matter of laying new tracks in a busy section of the road where hundreds of trains pass in every 24 hours. And the tracks are laid securely, at the rate of a rail a minute—without hindrance to a single train.

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In such achievements as these the 35,000 men on the staff of the Engineering Department play their part as a notable corps in the Pennsylvania's great army of 171,000 men. The aim common to them all is to get the trains through safely, swiftly and on time.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

(Continued from Page 83)

everywhere. He must have been a queer man, my great-grandfather. Judging from what was left, he was always buying odds and ends, and mother, who's downstairs, has heard tell he was always reading, and when he wasn't reading he would sit in his chair and think. . . . What makes you ask?"

"Nothing," said Alva Seaso; "nothing much, my dear."

He said it before he had even thought, for Alva Seaso had seen something so strange that instinctively he had smothered his conscience. Before his eyes, and perfectly clear, were several lines of handwriting that glittered like the tempting fruit in Eden.

Upon the flyleaf in a bold strong hand were written the words "Sam Johnson, London, 1739." And then beneath in a vague and different script: "Isto libro eruditus Johensonis me stravit. Thos. Osne, 1742."

"Mr. Seaso," said Lucy Grill, "aren't you feeling well?"

Alva looked up at her and blinked and rubbed his hand across his brow. Lucy Grill was kneeling beside him on the attic floor, as kind a child as he had ever seen.

"Not very well," said Alva faintly. "I'll just sit here—just a minute or so. It's the stairs—yes, sir, going up those stairs."

He was dizzier than ever. Her face was like a blur, but then on the floor beside him was a book, and written in it in ink at least a century old was a signed statement by Thomas Osborne saying—Alva could read the Latin roughly—that here was the very book with which Johnson had struck him to the earth.

Alva Seaso was trying to think, sitting on the attic floor, struggling with his instinct and his conscience. Suppose it was the book, then it would be worth more than all his money in the bank. It would be beyond his reach—entirely beyond. Yet there it was, and he could buy it at a word. Suppose he offered sixty dollars or a hundred—a fancy price, at that—this Lucy Grill would jump at it and never be the wiser.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Alva Seaso. "Oh, Lord, now give me strength!"

"What is it?" said Lucy Grill. "Ah, Mr. Seaso, are you feeling worse?"

"No," said Alva—"no, my dear. I'll be feeling better in just a minute. . . . No, don't get a glass of water. Just talk to me a minute—a minute."

"What about?" asked Lucy Grill.

"About your great-grandfather," said Alva.

"I only know what mother says," said Lucy Grill. "She speaks of him sometimes. She says father said he used to sit in an easy-chair out at the farm—they lived on a farm in those days—and sometimes when the children asked him questions he would say the queerest things. Mother says father said he was always very queer."

"Well"—and Alva was feeling better—"what did he say?"

"When they asked him a question he didn't know, he used to say 'Do tell me, Doctor Johnson.'"

With a stifled groan, Alva Seaso got up and stood staring at that book without bothering to dust his trousers.

"Don't you want to buy it?" said Lucy Grill. "You can have it for anything you say. Of course we trust you, Mr. Seaso."

He could have bought it—he had only to name the price. The effort which it cost Alva not to buy it then was terrific and, after all, a compromise with conscience. He put his hand in his pocket and drew forth his roll of bills and extracted a ten-dollar note.

"My dear," he said, "here's a deposit. Do you understand?—an option. I don't know whether I want the book—no, sir. I got to go somewhere and think. My head is aching fit to bust. I have got to think somewheres. But don't give that book to anybody else. Don't listen to them. Do you understand? Maybe some rich man will come around. I know 'em; they are all snakes in the grass. Don't let anybody get that book but me."

III

IT WAS only three weeks ago, but those three weeks were still a haze. He could remember hushed voices about his bed, and then there had been the voice of the doctor, a smart young man.

"What is it he keeps rambling on about?" was what the doctor said. "A book?"

"He's always talking about books." It was Tessie who was answering. He could imagine how she looked, though he carefully closed his eyes. She was in her house apron, with her sleeves rolled up, smart and capable. "Good land, doctor, he's always talking about books! It drove mother nearly crazy and it's certainly driving me."

"Look here," said the doctor, "the old gentleman has got to stop it. That's flat. The thing is an obsession with him. It's having a deleterious physical effect. He's got to give it up and get away from worries. Clearly the whole business is preying on him. Why, just last night when you called me in, he kept saying one thing over and over. It was 'Do tell me, Doctor Johnson.' Now what did he mean by that?"

"Oh, doctor," said Tessie, "you don't mean you think it may be affecting his mind? Of course he has always been puttering around, but we have never noticed much. Why, come to think of it, half the time I don't know what he is saying."

"There!" said the doctor. "Then understand he has got to give it up."

Alva Seaso was sitting in his morris chair and he still was feeling very weak. He was not able to keep up with things as he had done once. He moved his fingers restively over his dressing gown.

"Tessie!" he called. His voice was reedier and more quavering than of old. From the hall outside came Tessie in her house apron, strong and efficient, brimming with the youth which had once been his.

"There, father," said Tessie, "you don't have to call so loudly. . . . Here's your gruel."

"I don't want my gruel," said Alva.

"There's your gruel," said Tessie, "and there's your spoon."

"When can I get out?" said Alva Seaso. "I don't want to keep sitting here. No, sir, I don't."

"There, there, father," said Tessie, "now don't worry; it's all right—everything's all right."

"I say it isn't all right. I want to get out. I've got to be getting out. Hasn't anybody been after me on the telephone?"

"There, there!" said Tessie. "Lots of people have been calling up of course. All your friends are worrying."

"But has a girl been calling me up—a girl by the name of Grill?"

"Yes," said Tessie. "Now that's all right. She's called you several times."

"Then I have got to be getting out."

"There, there!" said Tessie. "You will be getting out sooner than you think."

"I have got to get out now," said Alva Seaso. "There's a book. Don't you see?—there's a book."

"Now, father," said Tessie, "you are not to think about books. Let your mind be a perfect blank. Suppose there is a book, haven't you got enough?"

"I tell you," said Alva Seaso, "somebody else may buy that book and it is the greatest one there ever was. One of those rich fellers will get it if I don't, just as sure as fate. I've got to go out and see it."

"There, there!" said Tessie. "That reminds me—the nicest man has been calling you up and asking about you day after day. He has even been here to inquire himself—the very nicest man."

"What man?" Alva Seaso half started from his chair.

"The very nicest man," said Tessie. "I didn't know such nice rich men collected books. He was so interested about you. He kept coming in his automobile all the time."

"What's his name? What's his name?" gasped Alva Seaso.

"There!" said Tessie. "Now don't think about books any more. His name was Mr. Fishwick—the nicest man—and he said he would get that book you have been worrying about. . . . There now."

"He said he'd get it?" Alva's voice rose almost to a shriek. "The snake in the grass! Has he been coming around here?"

"There, there!" said Tessie. "Don't take on so, father. I declare the doorbell's ringing. Perhaps it's Mr. Fishwick now. I will let him in and you can have a nice talk together. There, there, there!"

Alva Seaso drew his dressing gown about him. "I knew one of those rich fellers would be after me," he said. "Oh, Lord, they always are!"

IV

THOSE rich men, the dilettants who had the money to gratify every wish, Alva had never liked. They were the ones who had raised the prices beyond what anyone could pay. They were the ones who had made it impossible to compete in the open auctions, but Mr. Fishwick was even worse. Others had treated Alva with respect, but Mr. Fishwick never had—and what did Mr. Fishwick know? Mr. Fishwick had been a bottle manufacturer before he retired to amuse himself with odd volumes. There was a smugness in Mr. Fishwick's sleek round face which Alva invariably distrusted, and for a year or more Alva knew that Mr. Fishwick had been watching him with his little beady eyes. There had been inquiries and whisperings behind his back. Once Fishwick had even offered to lend him money with his books as a security, and Alva knew just why. It made a shiver run up his spine. Mr. Caldwell Fishwick, of the Fishwick Bottle Works, was waiting like a vulture until old Alva fell. He was waiting, just as sure as fate, old Alva knew it, until old Alva died and his books would be turned loose again upon the world.

"You're getting old." More than once Mr. Fishwick had said it. "Don't you want to be cashing in?"

It was Mr. Fishwick who had rung the bell. Alva already could hear his rich, sonorous voice, which dropped to a confidential whisper, and Alva felt his blood run cold.

"Whispering as if I was a corpse!" he muttered. "But I'm not dead yet. Maybe he'll find I'm not dead yet."

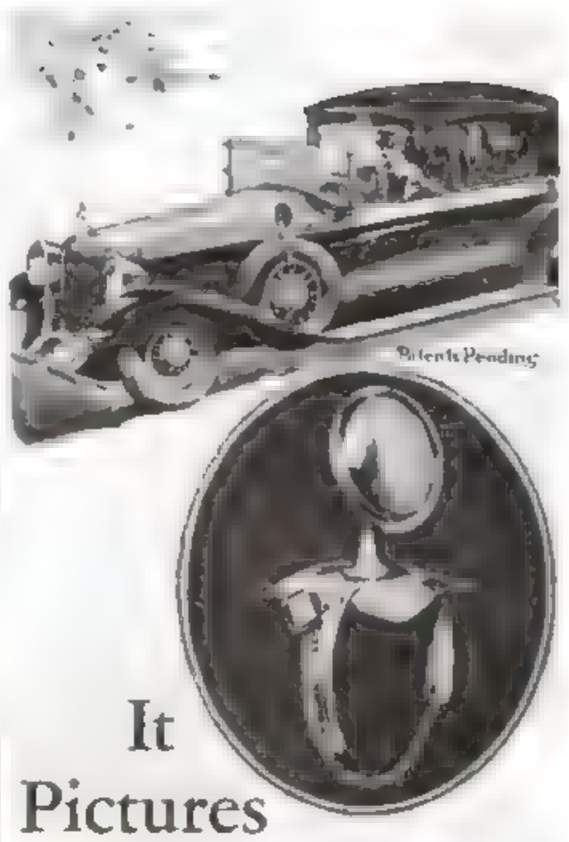
As Mr. Fishwick tiptoed through the doorway, Alva drew his dressing gown more tightly about him and looked up with a disarming patience beneath which he had learned to hide all emotion.

"Excuse me if I don't get up," he said feebly. "Kind of you to come—yes, very kind to come way out here to see an old party. Careful—careful! There's room between those book piles, if you walk sort of sideways and pull in your stomach."

Mr. Fishwick glanced in a shocked way at old Alva's dingy room, in a manner not uncommon to the very rich. The light came with difficulty through grimy windowpanes and fell haltingly upon walls of books, which seemed to have burst from their shelves into cascades that covered all the chairs and available floor space—moldy leather folios, quartos in sheepskin, cloth-covered volumes with tarnished over-decoration, books in fragile paper wrappers. The room was a Sargasso Sea of books which had drifted weirdly to a temporary resting place, until the current should move them again in that endless journey which all books must know. They gave that peculiar odor of drying pages and disintegrating calfskin. They filled the whole room with their presence, with an aura of ancient thought that was strangely ghostlike, for somehow their past remained with them, indefinable, yet undeniably living. They were the best of vanished men, the best of an age that was past. Mixed in their silence were a thousand wordless tales, of great men's libraries and dingy attics and rooms of rare volumes and bookstalls on a hundred streets open to the sky.

"Great heaven!" said Mr. Fishwick in an awed voice. "Great heaven!"

"You've never seen 'em before, have you?" Alva inquired in his quavering,



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cracked voice. "It's good to see 'em all together. They're sort of company. I can sit here thinking by the hour of times I've got 'em—and it means something to a poor old feller like me—the hard work and study to it, the getting of things that no one else was looking for. It isn't like just going and buying anything you've a mind to. Ah, the places where I've got 'em, the places where I've got 'em!"

"But great heaven!" Mr. Fishwick's eyes still were round. "You don't mean you keep your volumes here? You don't keep your collection on the floor?"

Alva Seaso looked up in mild surprise. "I want to know," he asked, "where else I'm like to put it now? It isn't that I'm rich. All my savings have gone into items for forty years, and I've got 'em in this room and the back room and in my room upstairs. I lock the doors so no one can start dusting. That's what ruins books—women dusting."

"Of course," said Mr. Fishwick; "yes, of course." He paused and cleared his throat, but Alva could tell what he was thinking. To Alva Seaso, Mr. Fishwick's face was as clear as a page of Cheltenham type. Mr. Fishwick was thinking of the books upon the floor. The covetousness of every collector for his neighbor's goods was glowing in his eye.

"Happen I should die," said Alva feebly, "my collection goes to auction under the title of the Seaso Library. There won't be any private sale, either, now or later."

"Of course not!" It was not unpleasant to observe that Mr. Fishwick was startled by the penetration of the remark. "I should never have dreamed of hinting at such a thing—no, never."

"Wouldn't you?" said Alva Seaso. "I declare now, my mind must be gettin' sort of numb."

Mr. Fishwick glanced restlessly about him. "I suppose you know," he said, "you've got a fortune right here on the floor. You could sell out now and be comfortable for life."

"Just little items!" murmured Alva Seaso. "I got others that cost more. There's some Alices in Wonderland with cancel-leaf titles. I bought five of them brand-new. But I don't care for the prices now. It's the books I like. I'm not out for making money."

"I suppose," said Mr. Fishwick, "you'll be telling me next that money doesn't interest you at all."

It took a book collector with a soul to see—and Mr. Fishwick had no soul. He made the mistake which so many others had made. He did not realize that the heart of an artist beat beneath Alva Seaso's dusty dressing gown.

"No," said Alva Seaso, "money don't interest me much—no, sir. It's the items. I like to have 'em. I'm a sort of miser that way. It's the game of finding 'em that pays me, of thinking that somewhere, any time, my hand may fall on something that every collector in the world is looking for—back in some garret, back in some dust heap. No, sir, if it was money interested me I should never have found what I have. No, sir, that's the trouble with fellers like you. You want to make money out of books. You think of 'em in terms of money, or as something which no one else has got. You don't care for books. I've seen you thumb the title pages—yes, sir—thumb the title pages, and"—Mr. Seaso raised his voice—"and pull books out of the shelves by their top edges. It's enough to break my heart the way you treat 'em. Listen to me, Fishwick. I wouldn't let you have books of mine if I was to be offered a cool million!"

Alva Seaso half rose from his morris chair. The talk about money made him angry, for it sometimes seemed to old Alva that everyone was talking money, harping on costs and prices, and there was Fishwick descending upon him like a dollar mark, stamping the pastime of great and gentle men with the brand of filthy lucre, counting hopefully, waiting hopefully for the death of Alva Seaso. They all talked of money. Tessie spoke of money. Even the doctor spoke of it, and there he was, a book collector, a disciple of a great and gentle art. In another minute Tessie would be there. They were closing around him because he was growing old. The blood rushed to Alva Seaso's head and dizziness forced him back into his chair—a disintegrating dizziness.

"There!" said Mr. Fishwick, and his voice was like a voice from the mist. "There, there! Don't excite yourself, Seaso. I'm not trying to buy your collection. I simply came out here because I'd heard you'd given up collecting."

"Given up?" Alva Seaso leaned forward "Who told you I'd given up?"

"Your daughter, Seaso." Mr. Fishwick lowered his voice. "There! Do try to be calm! You must know that your health doesn't permit it, and when a fellow of your age isn't feeling just right, of course it's better to conserve resources, isn't it, Seaso? There's a chance of—well, of additional expenses"

"Eh?" said Alva Seaso. "Did Tessie tell you that?"

"There, Seaso!" Mr. Fishwick was very soothing, just as though he was talking to a little child. "Of course your daughter told me. She's sensible. She sees that you can't be living in here with your window closed. The doctor's told her that you've got to have a change. Now, Seaso, we're none of us as young as we used to be ——"

Alva raised a trembling hand, because his very life was drifting into nothing, though Mr. Fishwick could not see.

"She told you I'd given up?" he repeated. "Told you I'd given up?"

"Now, Seaso," said Mr. Fishwick, "we've all got to stop sometime. It isn't only your daughter. All the dealers, everyone, understands that you've got to give up traveling, walking up stairs, bending over bales of trash, and it just occurred to me "

"Eh?" said Alva Seaso. He gathered himself together and glowered at Mr. Fishwick helplessly. "Well, you won't get me away from my collection—not the lot of you. That's flat."

"But that isn't what I was saying," replied Mr. Fishwick hastily. "I was simply going to say, now that you're forced to give up collecting, it occurred to me that you must have been working on certain lines."

"Lines?" said Alva Seaso. "What lines?"

"There," said Mr. Fishwick, "don't get excited! It isn't any secret that you have a way of getting into places and finding things. Now I'll tell you why I came. There's been a rumor that you've been on the track of something very special. Now don't deny it, Seaso—you have been after something very special."

"After what?" said Alva Seaso. His voice was very faint.

"That's why I'm here," said Mr. Fishwick. "I don't know exactly what, but I have an idea, and if my idea is right it's something most important. I'll tell you what I know. You're a character, Seaso. You've come to be an important character, and all the dealers watch you, but of course you know that. Well, yesterday afternoon I was talking to Berlanblatt ——"

"But he didn't tell you anything," said Alva Seaso. "Old Berly wouldn't tell you. We've done business for years, me and old Berly."

"He told me," said Mr. Fishwick, "because he'd heard you were all through."

"The old snake in the grass!" groaned Alva Seaso. "When it comes to book collecting, aren't there any friends? But I might have known. . . . What did he tell you?"

Mr. Fishwick's glasses glittered. Clearly he was laboring under that strange excitement which makes nothing of time and space. Instinctively, he lowered his voice: "He told me, Seaso, that you were looking at the autographs and writing of Dr. Samuel Johnson's publisher—the one that Doctor Johnson knocked over with a book."

"He did, eh? And what of it?" Alva Seaso said.

"He told me"—a queer tremor had crept into Mr. Fishwick's voice—"that you were on the track of that book. Yes, he did—on the track of the most remarkable book that I suppose is known in the whole history of collecting, the very book which the old lexicographer threw in a fit of temper. He told me there were a few facts you wanted to check up on before you made an offer. Seaso, I want to keep on looking, now that you are through. He told me it was somewhere near here. Will you tell me where it is?"

Alva Seaso drew his dressing gown about him and actually contrived to chuckle. "And you actually believed him?" he inquired. "That's a likely story, isn't it? You fellers think I chase after anything. How does anyone know there was such a book, and if there was, does anyone know the title? And if there was, does anyone know which book?"

Mr. Fishwick drew nearer, and stared into Alva's face. "He said—I paid him to tell me—he said that you'd come on a Bible, and that you were examining an inscription you had copied from it—an inscription in very bad Latin.

"Eh?" said Alva Seaso. "He told you that?"

Mr. Fishwick was cutting the props from under him. Alva tried to think, but already it was too late to think. Tessie was the one who made it too late, for just then Tessie came to the door, wiping her hands on a dishcloth.

"What is it?" said Alva. "Can't you leave me be? I'm busy talking."

"There, there," said Tessie, "that's all right! I was just goin' to tell something to Mr. Fishwick—he wanted to know if anyone around wanted to sell a Bible. Well, someone's called up now —— What is it, father? What's the matter?"

"You be still—that's the matter!" old Alva cried.

"There, there, father!" said Tessie. "You don't want any more Bibles—of course you don't. And if Mr. Fishwick wants them I'm sure we shouldn't stop him."

"Be quiet!" cried Alva.

"There, there!" said Tessie. "Whatever's getting into you, father? A girl has just called up, Mr. Fishwick. She's been pestering the life out of me for the last three weeks. She's got a Bible she wants to sell, and her name is Lucy Grill. She lives on the old Grill place at Summit Avenue."

"Will you be still?" shrieked Alva Seaso, and jumped clean out of his chair.

Mr. Fishwick smiled in the kindest way. "Dear me!" he exclaimed. "How very late it's getting. I must be getting on. Good-by, Miss Seaso." He turned to Tessie in a most engaging way. "Take care of your father, won't you? We don't want to lose him yet."

As the front door closed, Alva got to his feet, and a new strength was in him.

"Father," cried Tessie, "whatever are you doing?"

But a new strength was in him—capable of breaking even Tessie's will. "Get out of my way!" said Alva Seaso. "I'm going to get dressed. Thinks I'm too old, does he? Well, I may be, but I'm not dead yet. Get out of my way, girl! What do women know about books?"

SURE enough, Mr. Fishwick's limousine was in front of the Grill house when Alva Seaso stopped there. The two dogs and the iron deer were staring at him with their curious sightless eyes as Alva hurried past them on shaking legs and short of breath. But the old light of conquest was

(Continued on Page 88)

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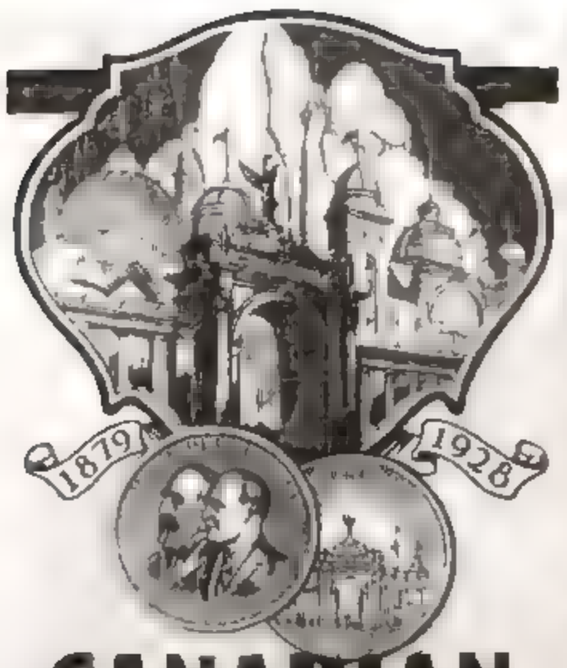

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(Continued from Page 86)

in Alva's eyes. He was up and in the open and on the trail again. His hands were thinner than ever; his rusty brown coat was looser, but it seemed to him that his mind had never been so quick and keen; and all because he was angry—very angry. Sure enough, Mr. Fishwick was in that dingy parlor, and Lucy Grill was there, with an added touch of color in her cheeks. And sure enough, there on a center table, usurping the plush picture album and looking like some prisoner dragged from a forgotten cell, was the Bible with its broken spine and broken hinges. Even as Alva entered, Mr. Fishwick was looking at the title page, and Mr. Fishwick's hands were trembling.

"Oh, Mr. Seaso!" cried Lucy Grill. "I thought you were sick in bed. Oh, Mr. Seaso, I'm so glad you came!"

"There's life in me yet," said Alva mildly. "I'm feeling better now—yes, sir, a lot better."

"Why, Seaso!" said Mr. Fishwick, and Alva was glad to see that he looked confused. "Why, what on earth are you doing?"

"Nothing," said Alva mildly. "Only out to take the air. . . . Looking at the Bible, eh? It ain't so much now, is it?"

"No," said Mr. Fishwick quickly. "It's in wretched bad condition."

Without giving the Bible another look, Alva walked slowly to the bookcase by the window and pulled down a calfskin volume.

"Oh, Mr. Seaso," said Lucy Grill, and hesitated. "I'm so glad you came, because "

"Because what, my dear?" said Alva, bending over the volume in his hand.

"Because you had an option on the Bible, Mr. Seaso, and I hated to do anything without your saying it, though Mr. Fishwick knows it will be all right. Mr. Fishwick has offered me a hundred and fifty dollars for it. Now that's a dreadful lot of money, and if you don't mind I feel I ought to take it."

"Lucy!" From the closed door across the hall there came a faint querulous voice which Alva remembered. "Lucy—Lucy Grill!"

"Coming, mother," she said. And as Lucy Grill disappeared and closed the door behind her she added, "I'll be back in just a minute."

Once they were alone, Mr. Fishwick turned toward Alva sharply and lowered his voice. "See here, Seaso!" he said. "Now be a good fellow and don't interrupt. You don't know these autographs are original, do you? I'm taking a chance, and I can afford to take it better than you can. Here, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you five hundred dollars, Seaso—five hundred flat—if you tell her to take my offer."

"Eh?" said Alva Seaso. "What's that?" He had drawn nearer the window and was staring at the flyleaf of a book which he was holding.

"Five hundred dollars," said Mr. Fishwick—"five hundred, that's what!"

"'Jonas Grill,'" said Alva Seaso. "'Aboard the Sally, 1802.' By cricky, I've got it now!"

"Seaso," whispered Mr. Fishwick, "will you keep quiet if I give you five hundred?"

Alva chuckled and did not seem to hear. "I've got it now!" he said. "Yes, sir, I've got it now! He must have been a card—yes, sir. 'We was sailing down the bay,' and written in a different hand "

"Seaso," pleaded Mr Fishwick, "will you drop that confounded book and listen? This is important, Seaso. You're just as sharp a trader as I am. I say I'm taking a chance on these autographs. Seaso, there's a good fellow—do be still for five hundred!"

Alva Seaso looked up from his book. There must have been something in it which amused him profoundly, for he continued chuckling.

"What's that you said? Five hundred dollars?" Alva drew himself up proudly. At last his battle was over with his conscience. "No, sir, I won't cheat any poor girl for five hundred dollars—nor a thousand, either!"

Mr. Fishwick's brow grew dark. "Look here, Seaso," he said, "you're just as much a crook as any other book buyer. What's your game? Did you get out of bed to come here and bid against me for this book? Well, you won't get far, because I'll beat you every time. Why, confound it, man, how can you compete with me? I'm offering you five hundred so I can get it cheap. If you bid against me you won't get a cent—or the book either. Now listen to reason, Seaso! Won't you listen to reason?"

"Eh?" said Alva. "Ha-ha! He must have been a card—'sailing down the bay.' Ha-ha! 'Do tell me, Doctor Johnson.'" He paused and looked placidly at the door. "Oh, there you are, my dear!" he said, and smiled, for Lucy Grill was back.

Mr. Fishwick stepped toward her very quickly and rubbed his hands. "Mr. Seaso says it's all right, Miss Grill. I'll write you out a check right now."

"Don't it beat everything," said Alva mildly, "how folks make mistakes? I never said it was all right, my dear. Now listen to me—listen! I've got the money to do it if I sell my books. I'll give you fifteen hundred for that Bible. You can have it tomorrow morning—fifteen hundred dollars."

Lucy Grill gasped and then laughed faintly. "Fifteen hundred dollars!" she said. "You're joking, Mr. Seaso!"

"No," said Alva—"no, I'm not, my dear. There's something about that Bible—yes, sir, something about it. I'll give you fifteen hundred for it tomorrow morning."

"Wait a minute!" It was Mr. Fishwick speaking. First he looked daggers at Alva Seaso and then he turned to Lucy Grill. "I'm not joking either. I'll give you two thousand dollars for it—two thousand, right off now."

Alva Seaso sank down in a creaky chair. "Don't it beat anything?" he said querulously. "I told you what these rich fellows were like, my dear. Always trying to put something over on poor parties like me. Well, well! I'll give you twenty-five hundred for it tomorrow morning."

The girl's face was a sight, but it did Alva good to see it. He felt more like a philanthropist than he had ever felt before.

"Three thousand dollars!" snapped Mr. Fishwick. "I'll give you three thousand!"

"But you're joking!" cried Lucy Grill. "Aren't you both joking? It isn't fair—it isn't fair to treat me like this!"

"Eh?" said Alva. "Joking? No, sir, we're not exactly joking. Mr. Fishwick thought I was dying—that's all. But I'm not dead yet—no, sir. Thirty-two hundred dollars—what do you think of that?"

"Oh," cried Lucy Grill, "I don't know what to think!"

Mr. Fishwick laughed unpleasantly. "Well, I know it's worth more than you'll give for it," he remarked. "Thirty-five hundred—I'll write you out a check."

"My, my!" sighed Alva Seaso. "That's the way those rich fellers always do, my dear. Thirty-seven hundred and fifty!"

"Four thousand!" snapped Mr. Fishwick.

"Oh, deary me!" sighed Alva Seaso. "Forty-two-fifty!"

"Forty-five hundred!" said Mr. Fishwick.

Alva Seaso sank down in his chair, bent and shriveled and very old. "Well, well!" he said. "It's yours. I ought to have known better, I suppose, but I hated to see it go. It won't be so long I can still be buying books and —— Yes, sir, I hated to see it go. Tell him to write you a check, my dear, and let him take it home. Congratulations, Fishwick! Money counts—yes, sir."

For once Mr. Fishwick lost his poise and evenness of temper. "Shut up!" he said. "You make me sick!"

"Oh, my!" sighed Alva Seaso. "Isn't that peculiar now? Because you're making me better, Fishwick. I'm feeling better all the time."

Mr. Fishwick did not answer. He had out his check book and his fountain pen.

"But I don't understand!" cried Lucy Grill. "Really, aren't you joking?"

"Mr. Fishwick never jokes, my dear," said Alva sadly. "He'd never think of such a thing."

"Shut up!" said Mr. Fishwick. "I've got the Bible—that's what matters. Young lady, it might interest you to know what this volume is. It's the very book that Samuel Johnson threw at Thomas Osborne, his publisher, in 1742."

Lucy Grill looked blankly at them both. "Who," she said, "was Samuel Johnson, and who was Thomas Osborne?"

And suddenly Alva Seaso began to laugh—a high, crackling laugh.

"There, Fishwick!" he said. "That's all the good it does to be in a line like ours. Ha-ha! 'Do tell me, Doctor Johnson!'"

"Shut up!" said Mr. Fishwick. "I've got the book, not you." And he walked into the hall with that battered volume tight beneath his arm.

Now how was it that Lucy Grill should understand—naturally, she could not—and least of all she could not understand why Alva Seaso continued laughing when she returned from showing Mr. Fishwick out the door.

Alva Seaso was acting very strangely. He was staring out the window at Mr. Fishwick climbing into his limousine and he was dancing a little jig.

"He-he-he!" said Alva Seaso. "He-he-he!"

"Oh, Mr. Seaso," cried Lucy Grill, "what are you doing now?"

"He-he-he!" cried Alva Seaso. "I fooled him that time! I'm not dead yet—no, by cricky, I'm not dead yet!"

"Mr. Seaso," cried Lucy Grill, "am I going crazy? Is everybody going crazy? What are you doing, Mr. Seaso?"

"He-he-he!" cried Alva. "'Do tell me, Doctor Johnson!'"

"Mr. Seaso," cried Lucy Grill, "won't you stop jumping up and down? Whatever is the matter—won't you tell me?"

Alva Seaso stopped his jumping. The stoop was nearly out of his shoulders, his eyes were bright and dancing.

"My dear," he said, "is that the check he gave you that you are holding in your hands?"

"Yes, of course it is," stammered Lucy Grill. "But I don't understand."

"No need you should, my dear," said Alva Seaso. "But we better start for the bank at once and get it cashed."

"But why?" said Lucy Grill. "I don't understand. I don't understand anything about it."

"No need you should," said Alva Seaso. "Put on your hat, my dear. I didn't understand myself till I came in and looked at this bookcase here. Your great-grandfather must have been a great old card—a great old card, yes, sir. He nearly took me in—indeed he did. I really thought it was Sam Johnson's Bible till I saw the writing in these books here once again. By cricky, I really did! Yes, he must have been a joker—yes, sir, he must have been. Fancy, writing in that Bible all himself—fancy, thinking up a joke like that and springing it after he's been underground a hundred year. He-he! I wonder, did he think of it aboard the Sally, sailing down the bay?"

"Mr. Seaso," cried Lucy Grill, "whatever are you talking about?"

"He-he!" said Alva Seaso. "Perhaps it's best you never know. I'm only saying your great-grandfather wrote in that Bible, and not Sam Johnson, nor Thomas Osborne, either. Their autographs looked queer to me from the very first—they did."

"But of course he wrote in it!" cried Lucy Grill. "Wasn't it his book?"

"Put on your hat, my dear," said Alva Seaso, "and let's be getting to the bank. You need the money, don't you? Yes, indeed, you do. Of course it was his book, but it isn't his book now. Oh, my! Oh, my! I never thought I'd laugh like this again. Shall we have a piece of sugar candy before we go?"

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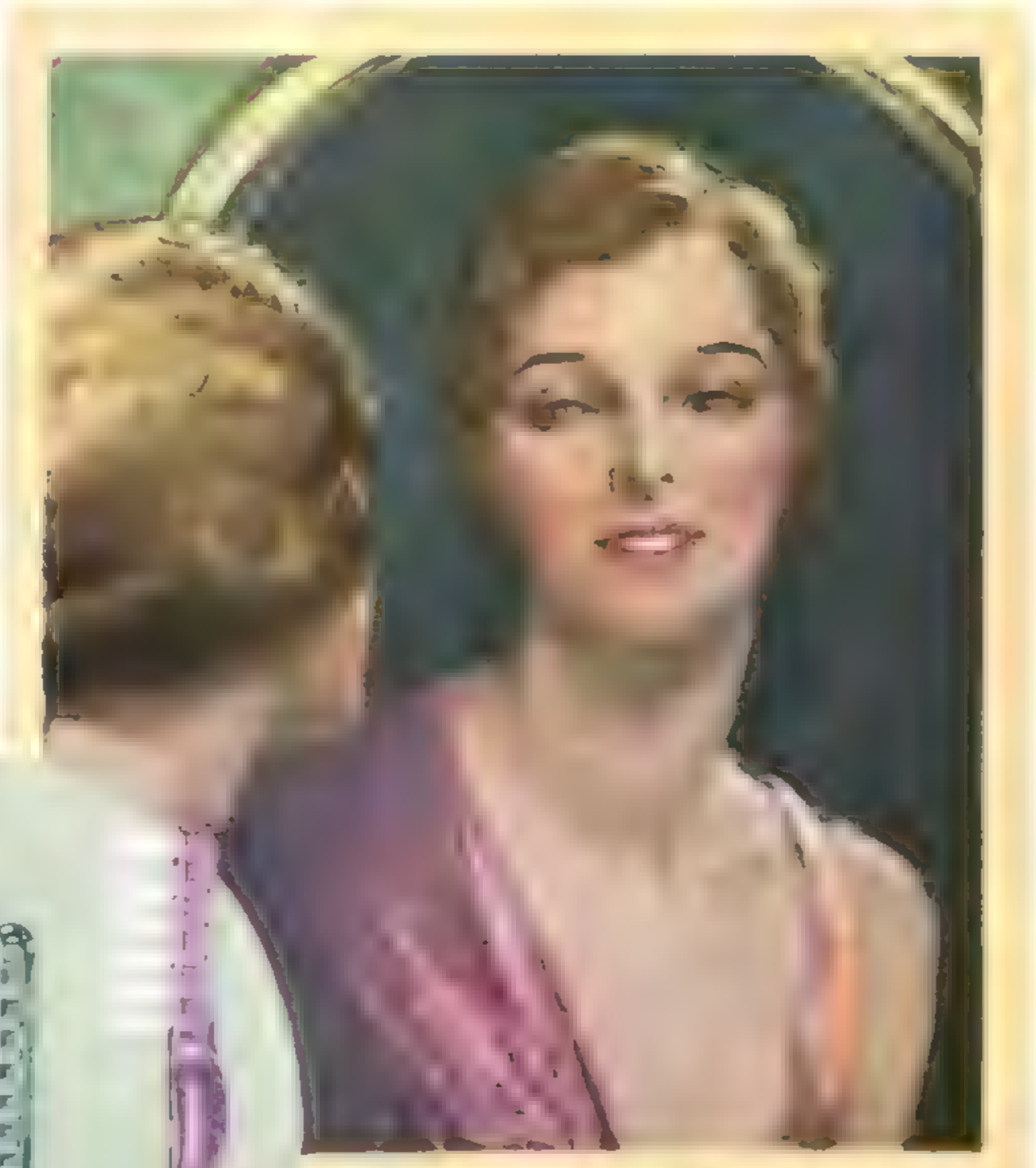

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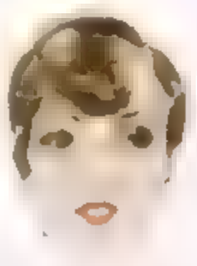

Face and mouth full-formed indicate large dental arch.

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Decide your type now

Dental arches (teeth and gums) differ. Each requires a different type of tooth brush to win gloriously white teeth, coral firm gums. Let your mirror tell your type and help you choose correct Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

different in shape and size — alike in quality

HIGH WATER

(Continued from Page 13)

silly questions, but to see if I couldn't do somethin'. An' if I couldn't, to tell the soldiers down on the levee about it. So I went down an' told the nigger to get the 235 hot—she still had thirty pounds on her—an' I'm gonna hook a flat car behind her an' go down that branch. That's the dope. Now d'you wanta stay in good company?"

Neither of the men hesitated. "I'll go," said Carter.

"Me, too," said Allbright. "We've all gotta die some day."

"Fine!" said T. P. "We ain't gonna take no engine crew, no train crew. Ain't but one here—they need 'em here—an' I ain't got the gall to call a crew to go down that branch, nohow." They were walking down the track toward the station. They passed the station, came to the Y. Near the main-line switch stood the 235, a little ten-wheeled engine, a relic of better days. She was vomiting black smoke, with the blower kicking up an awful rumpus. The three men climbed into the shelter of the cab out of the drizzle.

The 235 was an oil burner. A negro sat on the left-hand side with one paw on the firing valve.

"What you tryin' to do, Jumbo—smoke up the parish?" demanded Patchbolt. "Get outta there an' let me fire this engine."

The negro slid off the seat hastily. T. P. adjusted the atomizer and cut down on the oil. There was one hundred and forty pounds of steam showing on the gauge.

"We'll go get some water," called T. P. to Carter. "Go let us out on the main line."

"Boss man," said Jumbo, "where is we gwine?"

"Goin' down the branch, Jumbo," answered T. P.

"De branch?" questioned Jumbo.

"The Cadjin Branch," answered T. P., reaching up and ringing the bell. He crossed over to the right-hand side and whipped two blasts out of the whistle. "Come here an' set her back for me," he ordered Jumbo.

They moved out on the main line, stopped. Carter threw the switch green, the negro threw the hand reverse forward for T. P. and they moved down to the water tank.

"Mistah Patchbolt," said Jumbo, "dis looks like a good place foh me to get off."

"You put some water in her," said T. P., "an' I don't much give a damn what you do. Get back there on the tank!"

The negro crawled back on the tank and helped T. P. spot for the spout. He then pulled the spout down over the manhole and yanked the valve open. T. P. found a piece of waste, pulled the oil-marker rod out of its slot, wiped it off, stuck it back down in the oil, pulled it into view again. It registered twenty-four hundred gallons.

"More than enough," he murmured.

A man in woebegone overalls came up the gangway. "Hello, Jim," said Patchbolt.

"Where you goin'?" demanded Jim.

"Down the branch," said T. P.

"What for?" asked the man.

"Refugees," answered the fat man.

"Oh," said Jim. He went over and motioned for Carter to get off the left-hand seat box. "I'll do the firin'," he said.

"We didn't call no crew," said T. P.

Jim shrugged. "I don't care," he said.

Jumbo came down from the tank above. "She's runnin' over," he reported.

T. P. crossed over to the right-hand side, pulled on the whistle cord. They picked up a flat car on their way to the branch-line switch, hooked it onto the tank. Jumbo dropped off here. Jim, a fireman in regular service, was over on the left-hand side, firing the engine. They came to the branch switch, backing up with the flat car first. They would back up going down the branch; when they returned the engine would be going forward.

"See you later, Jim," called T. P., as they stopped at the switch. Carter swung down and went ahead to bend the rail.

"I think I'll stay with you," called Jim.

"You better stay here," answered the fat man. "I can make out all right. This ain't no regular call."

"That nigger can fire for Sam if I don't get back," answered the fireman, crossing over to the right-hand side. Carter had thrown the switch, the 235 moved off the main line, stopped in the clear.

"You understand," said T. P., "that you take your own chances. If the levee goes here, we're up the creek with no paddle. We go down as far as Sugarland if we can, an' there's two feet of water over the rails that I know of. There's about one chance in ten that we can get through."

"Sugarland," said the fireman—"that where the refugees are?"

"Supposed to be," answered Patchbolt. "The boss figures they were left-overs from the Ravenhead crevasse."

The fireman nodded. "They can't stop us from tryin'," he said, and went back to the firing lever.

T. P. turned to Allbright. "Here's the dope," he said. "You an' your playmate go up on that flat car. You'll have to take turns walkin' ahead. Walk fast. If you get too tired, you let us know an' we'll try to help out. Jim here'll come up as soon as we see how she steams. I don't even know whether the dump's still here, but we'll find out in a few minutes."

Allbright climbed over the back of the tank, joined Carter on the flat car. Carter agreed to walk first. The engine backed up until the flat car came to the edge of the muddy water that hid the tracks, and Carter got off and walked up the flooded dump.

Ahead of them stretched a flat expanse of muddy water. Two feet under lay the branch-line dump and rails, and because of the danger of a washout that no one could possibly see, someone had to walk ahead of the train to make sure the engine and cars could pass over.

"Why don't you try to get those refugees out in a boat?" demanded Jim of T. P.

"It's forty miles around to Sugarland by boat," answered the fat master mechanic.

"Huh?"

"You see," explained Patchbolt, "the only way to get in there is around by way of the river and down the crevasse at Ravenhead. Take a good boat to go down that crevasse. They can't follow our dump to Sugarland by boat on account of the old levee. We ain't in no danger unless the levee breaks in back of us; but, brother, if she comes through behind us, it's gonna be tough."

"No worse than some of 'em got," said the fireman somberly.

"That's true," admitted the fat man.

There was a steady swish-swish-swish of muddy water as they backed slowly down the branch. Both T. P. and Jim watched Carter closely. It wouldn't do to slip off the rails—it just wouldn't do. Although there was not more than two feet of water over the ties, it should not be forgotten that the dump was from eight to fifteen feet high. If the engine ever slid over the dump and lit in a soft spot, it would take a powerful lot of fishing even to find it, let alone rerail it. The branch line was built through a swamp.

Carter tired and Allbright took his place, and Carter came back to the cab to dry out. It was still raining—a cold, bone-chilling, spring drizzle. Allbright plodded along ahead of the little train.

After what seemed a long time, T. P. said: "You go up ahead, Jim. I can handle her; she's set about right." Jim climbed over the back of the tank, disappeared.

"Anything I can do, T. P.?" asked Carter.

"Yeah," said T. P., "get over on the left side an' watch those men up ahead. If any one of 'em says stop, holler your head off."

They went slopping through the water to the weak wuf-wuf-wuf of exhaust and the monotonous high-pitched roar of the blower. Allbright tired and they slowed, almost stopping, when the fireman took his place. Carter went back—or rather, ahead to the flat car and Allbright came into the cab to dry out and get warm.

"Keep your eye on those men up ahead," ordered T. P.

They came to the cotton platform at Tudow, just past Mile Post 4, within the hour. The three men, Jim and Carter and Allbright, had taken turns walking ahead. All three were tired to almost utter weariness. None of them, including Patchbolt, could remember when a night of real sleep had been theirs. They were dirty of body and weary of eye.

Allbright was in the cab when they came to the cotton platform. "Let's stop an' put that wire aboard," he suggested.

"We'll pick it up comin' back," said T. P.

"Let's get it now," argued Allbright. "We may be drowned by the time we get back here. It'll be a supreme satisfaction just to get my paws on that wire."

Patchbolt grinned.

"All right," he agreed, "but throw your feet out. Go up an' tell Carter to bend that rail. We'll go right in the house track an' alongside the platform. Hurry it up!"

They moved very slowly onto the switch and into the house track.

"I'm a fool for doing this," muttered the fat man. "These lousy little house tracks wouldn't hold up a bag of beans. It won't hurt nothin', though, an' maybe it's a good hunch."

They oozed along the house track. All three men were wading through the water up ahead, checking up the track. The flat car came up even with the cotton platform, which stood well above the water. They stopped, spotted even with the little frame building at one end. T. P. cut his fire down and went up ahead to help.

Allbright kicked the padlocked door in with very few preliminaries. Allbright was a tough old veteran. The only job he had never tackled in the telegraph and telephone game was stringing submarine cable. Inside the shack they found eight rolls of wire—Number 9 copper wire, weighing two hundred and ten pounds to the roll and averaging about a mile in length. With the wire they found a pay-out reel. They loaded everything on the flat car.

They moved slowly back toward the branch main line, reached it without accident. Jim threw and locked the switch. Allbright went ahead, wading through the flood. Carter stayed on the flat car. Jim came up in the cab to dry out.

"It's only four more miles to the old levee and dry land," said T. P. "We'll be out of this slop from there till we get to Sugarland—I mean, jus' before we get to Sugarland. If those people are this side of Sugarland, we oughtta get 'em without no trouble."

"They won't be this side of Sugarland," said the fireman gloomily. "If they'd been this side, they'd of followed the dump back to the main line."

"Well," said T. P., "if they're below the old levee, I don't see how we can get to 'em. They tell me the Ravenhead crevasse cut a regular channel between the old levee an' Sugarland."

"That's what I heard," said the fireman moodily. The two men were silent for a moment. Finally Jim said, "We shouldda brought a boat."

"We couldn't get a boat," explained T. P. "Most all the boats went up to Ravenhead night before last when the levee busted there; what boats they got down around the bridge they won't part with. They think the levee's gonna go just east of the bridge, an' they're keepin' those boats to get the men out with."

Jim nodded gloomily. They slopped along through the dirty water.

"You live down here?" asked T. P.

"Yeah," said Jim shortly.

"Where?" asked the fat man.

"Just below Ravenhead," said Jim shortly.

"The hell!" said T. P. "Any of your people get caught?"

"I tried to find out," said Jim gloomily. "Nobody seemed to know. They took two relief trains out. I went through one of 'em—didn't see anybody. They may of been on the other one—I dunno."

"They?" questioned T. P.

"I'm a family man," said Jim gloomily.

They slowed, almost stopping, as Carter took Allbright's place in the lead. Jim went up ahead; Allbright came aboard shivering. The little ten-wheeler went slopping along. The three men changed places oftener now for the disagreeable task of wading ahead of the flat car. Carter was in the cab when they sighted dry land through the drizzling rain.

"That the old levee?" he called, pointing.

"That's it," said T. P. "It may not look like a monument, brother, but there's plenty of 'em down here that'd give a lot to be on it."

"I guess that's so," agreed Carter.

They finally came to the levee. It was a tremendous relief to be able to see the rails again. Everybody came back to the cab. They would be on this comparatively high ground for eight miles, until they came to Sugarland. No one knew for certain what they would find at Sugarland, but everyone expected the worst.

T. P. was glad to cut the blower off; he was sick of hearing it. They were running fast enough now so the exhaust created enough draft to take care of the fire. T. P. held her with the independent air and worked a heavy throttle while Jim tossed four or five scoopfuls of sand into the fire box to clean out the flues. When they had been coming through the water the boot under the fire box had been covered, and the bottom air inlets of the fire par might just as well not have been there. The little engine didn't seem to appreciate the treatment and it had been found necessary to smoke her heavy in order to get her to steam.

But they'd been lucky, thought the fat man, as they went rolling along—mighty lucky. If their luck held, they might get these refugees out. Rescue boats must have missed them. It might be that the rescue boats couldn't get to them. The flood did some funny things.

"How'd they know they was anybody out here?" shouted Allbright.

"A arryplane saw 'em," answered the fat man.

"A arryplane," said Allbright. "H'm! So they fin'ly found a use for them things."

They came to the curve that led off the old levee onto the flats. There was a straightaway about a mile long before them, then nothing but water.

"I see something," called Carter. "Guess it must be the box cars."

When they came to the water's edge, all but T. P. were on the flat car. T. P. opened the whistle up for a long mournful bellow through the drizzling rain. The fat man left the air on service, methodically shut off the oil and the blower, left the atomizer barely cracked and clambered down. He proceeded to the flat car.

"Anybody on those cars?" he demanded, squinting through the rain.

"Somebody waved from up on top," declared Jim.

Over the yellow flood, slightly less than a half mile distant, could be discerned a short string of box cars. The fat man made out a figure on top the first of these cars. Near these cars was a small house, apparently turned over on its side. Beyond the box cars and the house, another half mile beyond, could be barely seen the refinery at Sugarland. The stack was easily visible, but little else.

(Continued on Page 95)

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Cannon Ball Baker—World's Champion
Record Breaker—Dean of Road Racers

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-Cannon Ball Baker

"After looking over the long list of road records I have established, most people are curious to know how I have been able to drive at breakneck speed for twenty-two years—and live to set new records today. The main reason is that I don't believe in taking any unnecessary, fool chances. Before I start a race, I carefully examine every square inch of my car—even down to some details that the average motorist would consider trivial.

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Cannon Ball Baker is truly the dean of all road racers. In establishing eighty transcontinental records he has traveled hundreds of thousands of miles at racing speed. Thus he knows better than any other man the vital importance of sound tires for safe travel.

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PENNZOIL

SAFE LUBRICATION

(Continued from Page 90)

"That's a woman on top that car," declared Carter.

"I'm gonna walk down the dump," declared Jim excitedly, jumping off the flat car into the slop and the wet. Carter followed.

The fat man and Allbright watched the pair wade out along the dump. They advanced some fifty feet, when Jim, who was in the lead, suddenly dropped from sight. Carter pulled him back. The pair stood for a moment shouting, then turned and came back.

"No track," said Jim to T. P., looking down at the ground.

"Thought so," said the fat man.

"Strong current," supplemented Carter.

"We could hear 'em call," said Jim.

"Whose name were you yellin' out there?" asked the fat man.

The fireman hesitated. "That's my wife's name," he answered shortly.

"Wonder if his wife could be out there," thought the fat man. The flood did funny things. That was probably a woman on top that car. "They've been out in this hell for at least a night and a day," he thought. "They must have floated down on that house." Hello, there were two figures on top that car! Now there were three. One of 'em must be a kid.

"I can tell you what's happened," declared T. P. "The flood's cut the dump out between them and here, and it's cut it out between them an' Sugarland. Those box cars are on a sort of island."

"How we gonna get 'em out?" demanded Jim.

"I can swim it easy," said Carter.

"He sure can," declared Allbright; "he's a regular fish."

"That's a mean current," warned the fat man.

"I can make it easy," declared Carter.

T. P. was silent for a moment. "Could you take a wire across?" he demanded.

Carter grinned. "I'll give it a big try," he answered.

Allbright slapped a heavy hand on a soggy thigh. "Here we go!" he cried.

Jim had been walking down to the deeper water. He returned. "Figure out a way?" he asked eagerly.

"Carter'll take a wire across," said T. P. "Says he can swim it."

"I can't swim," said Jim gloomily, as though accused.

T. P. clapped him on the shoulder. "That's all right, old-timer," he declared. They stood leaning up against the flat car. "Could you make out anything?"

"It looks like my house," declared Jim. "I won't leave here, Mr. Patchbolt, until we get 'em out."

"Don't you worry," said the master mechanic; "we'll get 'em out."

Allbright and Carter had the pay-out reel on the track in front of them and had set a roll of wire on it.

"Don't let's get in too big a rush," said T. P. "We got to figure this thing out. That one wire ain't gonna get those people across. How stout is that wire, anyways?"

"We pull 'em up to four hundred pounds," answered Allbright promptly. "Four hundred pounds tensile strength. Got a big margin of safety too. If we hang five of these wires together, we can pull down a house."

"Let's get everything ready while we're all here," suggested T. P. "We ain't got but the one reel. It'll take a long time to unreel five of those rolls—six of 'em, if you count the one Carter's to take across."

"How d'you wanta do it?" demanded Allbright.

"If you think it'll work," said T. P., "we can anchor one end of the wire on the flat car and unreel it before you can bat an eye—run up the track about three-quarters of a mile. That's as long as they'll have to be."

Allbright grinned. "I never heard of no one unreeling telegraph wire with a locomotive before," he said, "but I'm willing to try it. Get up in the cab an' get ready; we're about all set."

T. P. clambered up in the cab and put a fire under the 235, and by the time he'd done that they were waiting on him. They had wrapped the free end of the wire around a stick, and Jim braced himself on the flat car and held this stick. Allbright and Carter held the reel and kept it running free, and they unreeled most of the first roll without a hitch. Allbright cut the wire when T. P. stopped on a hand signal, and they laid their product over to one side and stuck a fresh roll in the reel. Six times the 235 puffed up the track and returned, but they did the job in one-fifth the time it would have taken by hand.

Allbright and Carter bound five of the strands together at short distances and pulled the makeshift cable as far down the dump as they could. It wasn't a particularly beautiful cable, but it was strong enough to do the job for them. They brought the single piece of wire down to the end of the dump—the one that Carter was to carry across.

Carter slipped out of his soggy clothes, all except his underwear, took off his shoes. They bound the wire under his armpits, ran another piece over his shoulders so he couldn't lose his burden. After a hasty check-up, he slipped out into the dirty rain-specked flood.

Carter could swim, no question about that. He went angling across in an easy churning crawl; they paid out the wire behind him. Jim watched his every movement with anxious eyes. It seemed like hours—in reality it was only minutes—before they saw him, vaguely through the drizzle, come to land near the box cars, saw him stand up in two or more feet of water. Three figures met him.

They hooked the five-strand cable onto the single wire and Carter pulled it across.

"I told him," said T. P. to Jim, "to pry off a couple of box-car doors an' hook that wire on 'em—or any kind of raft—it don't matter so long as it'll hold them people up. An', boy, when the 235 starts down the railroad we'll bring the whole works home." The fireman said nothing, only watched intently across the water. "If he can find somethin' to pry with," muttered T. P., "he oughtn't to have no trouble."

Carter had disappeared near the first box car; they could recognize him easily because of his white underwear. It was a long time to the watchers—particularly Jim—before he reappeared.

"He's got somethin'," called Allbright.

The white figure disappeared again, reappeared after another age. The watchers could make out the four figures near the cars; they could see the white figure bend and straighten up, bend and straighten up. They had agreed, T. P. and Carter and the rest, that it would be best were there no shouting or waving until the raft was ready. They saw the white figure straighten, saw him wave, heard his faint shout. The other figures were waving too. Jim shouted in answer, T. P. and Allbright waved their hats.

"Come on, Jim!" exclaimed T. P., starting for the 235.

"You can run it," answered Jim excitedly. "I'm gonna stay right here!"

T. P. mounted to the cab, held the whistle cord down. Everything was set. The cable was hooked through a stake socket on the flat car. The fat man moved her ahead slowly, very carefully, half hanging out the cab window. Jim was giving him the go-ahead. "About ten miles an hour will do the trick," thought T. P., pulling the throttle a little wider. He could see Jim. The fireman was still giving him the highball. "He must want me to go faster," thought T. P.; "that current must be tough."

Jim was watching the makeshift raft with its burden of refugees breast the dirty water. Carter was swimming near it, losing distance apparently. No, he decided, Carter had hold of the back end of the raft.

The current caught the bobbing crazy craft with its human cargo, tipped it, swung it. Jim closed his eyes, turned, shouted and waved to T. P. to go faster. He turned to look at the raft again. He determined not to think who might be aboard. It was slipping downstream now, being carried downstream, but it was closer. There were still three figures on board, with Carter trailing behind. He kept pace with the raft as it slipped downstream; it drew closer and closer. He shouted suddenly, shouted again, danced, ran down to where the raft would land.

T. P. was thoroughly disgusted. If that Jim ain't a punk fireman, he decided, then he had never seen one. They were on their way back to the main line. Everybody had forgotten about T. P. being on the engine; in fact they had forgotten that there was such a thing as an engine numbered 235 when the raft grounded. And since T. P. couldn't see anything because the raft had drifted down, the 235 had kept right on going and pulled that confounded amateur boat two or three hundred yards through the woods—all because Allbright and Jim got excited. A swell way to railroad, thought T. P. And Allbright had the gall to gripe about his wire being all busted up, as though he couldn't tie knots in it.

And every few minutes Jim's wife would say to her husband, "Honey, I never expected to see you again," and start to sniffle. How was a man going to fire an engine properly with a woman hanging around his neck, thought T. P. indignantly, and a kid on the seat box with him? That woman with Jim's wife—a cousin; she better stay away from the right-hand side. He didn't have any time to monkey with women; if there was one thing that'd put the Indian sign on railroading, it was a woman.

They were rolling along the dry land near the old levee; they came to the flooded area. It was four P.M.; if their luck held, they would make the main line by six. T. P. was hungry enough to eat a car wheel.

There were seven people in the cab, most of them crowded up against the back boiler head. It was still raining. They slopped into the water, the rails disappeared. T. P. watched the main and side rods come up and go under, come up and go under. Slop, slop, slop. "Hell of a way to railroad," thought the fat man. The water came over the boot of the fire pan; T. P. reached over and opened the fire door. The blower was wide open, but they were wasting more oil than they used.

"Hey, you," called T. P. harshly to Jim, "put some water in her!"

Jim grinned happily at T. P. and put the injector on. They went slopping along. After about an hour they came to the cotton platform. T. P. applied the brakes.

"Listen, boys," he said, "when we come through here before there was a current in three or four places. We'll have to do like we done before—walk ahead to see if there's any washouts. Can't take chances."

There was a pause. It was very comfortable in the cab, out of the cold and drizzle.

"Well," said Allbright resignedly, "I'll lead off."

He went through the left-hand cab door, walked forward on the running board, descended over the pilot and walked up the flooded dump. The engine followed. Allbright walked—rather, waded—about a half mile and Carter took his place. Allbright came back to the cab shivering. After a little while, Jim arose.

"You watch the fire?" he called to T. P.; Patchbolt nodded.

"Where you goin'?" demanded Allbright.

"I'll take Carter's place," said the fireman.

"Sit down," said Allbright, "an' stay here with your wife an' kid. Carter an' I'll do the walkin'."

T. P. came waddling across the cab deck. "Get over there an' run her," he rumbled. "I'll walk." The fireman protested. "Git over there," rumbled T. P.; "I'm tired of arguin'."

So the fireman ran the engine and T. P. replaced Carter out on the flooded dump.

(Continued on Page 98)

A. E. CARLETON C. R. CARLETON

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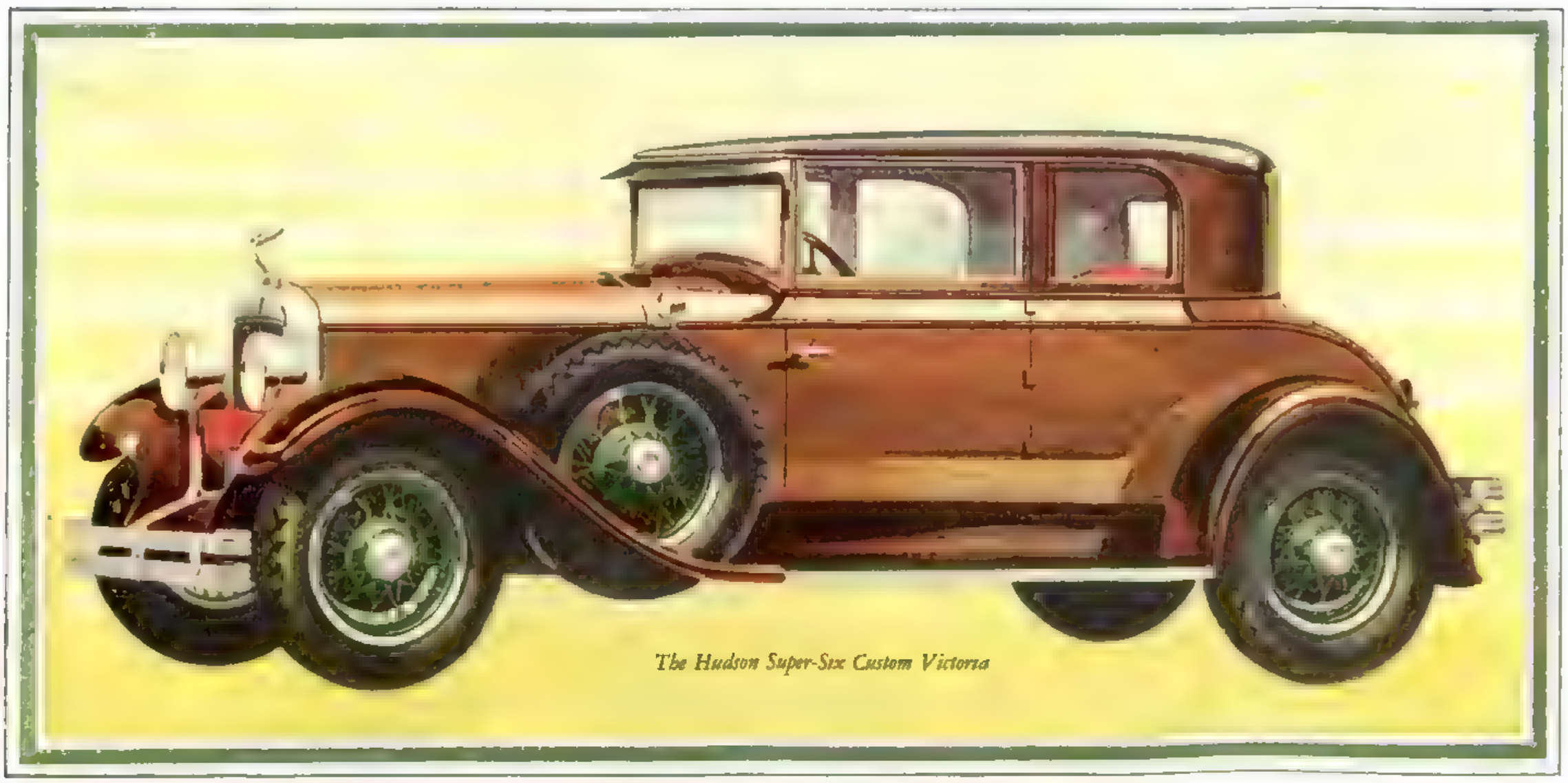

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"The fastest thing on four legs in America"

TRAPPER EVANS *tells how the antelope broadcasts the danger signal and how the herd outruns peril—finding safety in dazzling speed*

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"This tells the other members of the herd there is danger. Immediately the herd springs to attention and after the danger is located they move off with great speed.

"This is made possible because of the springy, elastic substance at the base of the heel which gives them speed and at the same time surefootedness and safety as they travel swiftly from lurking danger."

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★This account of the antelope by Trapper Evans is the sixth of a series of his experiences with wild animals of America printed for the first time by the makers of Keds. The otter's story will be told in the July 28 issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

Trapper Evans will send you the actual footprint of the antelope

By special arrangement with Trapper Evans the makers of Keds are now able to offer you the actual tracks of many American wild animals imprinted in clay like material hardened and mounted on felt. Each one is an original, identical footprint. Write to Trapper Evans, care of Keds Outdoor Dept., Desk F, 1790 Broadway, New York City, enclosing 35c. Your letter will be forwarded to Trapper Evans in Montana and he will send you an antelope's track (postpaid in U. S. or Canada) A postcard will bring a complete list of these wild animal tracks free.

THE "SPOR-TIE." *(left)—For growing girls, misses and children. Upper of fancy mixed basket weave sport cloth, with olive trimming and corrugated sole to match.*

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(Continued from Page 95)

Allbright relieved Patchbolt as they came in sight of the main line.

They were all in the cab again. Jim and his wife and kid were all crowded together on the left-hand side. The woman and the boy were half asleep. Allbright and Carter and the other woman were on the cab deck, sitting on the cab deck in front of the fire door. T. P. was running the engine.

He could see the main-line dump clearly now, could T. P. There was an engine working just east of the station, pulling some box cars down toward the bridge. The 368, he decided. They were certainly in one big hurry to get those cars across the bridge. He blinked. The light was failing, the drizzle continued. Those must be people at the bridge, he decided. He looked over at the main-line dump.

That couldn't be water cascading over the top of the dump. Why, the main-line dump was only a foot or so lower than the levee. But it was water. Almost before his eyes the bank dissolved under the main-line rails and ties, and the yellow flood was on them!

T. P. shouted and pointed, pulling the throttle wider. The branch-line rails curved to the right here and the break in the dump before them passed from his view behind the boiler. The water was rising, turbulent, under the cab. It covered the bottom of the fire pan, sizzling; it came flush with the mud ring as the steam filtered into the cab from below.

"Cut your fire off!" bellowed Patchbolt.

The track was wavering under their drivers, the cab was a blur of steam. They paralleled the main-line dump. The main-line washout slid slowly past the left-hand window and gangway. If the track would hold, they had a chance to get in, for the branch entered the main line four hundred yards east of the washout. "Not too heavy on the throttle," T. P. warned himself. "If she slips off it's curtains for us all. Just a few hundred yards more—stay on the rails, old-timer. One hundred and twenty pounds on the gauge—that's enough for any flat car and some lousy copper wire."

The water was even with the belly of the boiler, almost flush with the cab deck. The wheels were covered—you couldn't see the rods, couldn't see the cylinders, couldn't even see the flat car behind them.

"Come on, old-timer," thought T. P., "they haven't got us licked yet."

Through the layers of steam in the cab T. P. could dimly make out the fireman, one arm about his wife, the other holding his kid. The two other men and the woman were jammed in the left-hand gangway, staring at the water, staring at the break in the dump.

T. P. shouted. Allbright came over. "We'll make the main line," said T. P., "if the track holds. I doubt if she'll pull up onto the main-line dump, but we'll get up close enough so we can walk up. You get these people off—see that they get across the bridge. The levee's gone on this side. The whole river's comin' through that break."

Allbright nodded. He crossed over, made sure the fireman understood. He talked to Carter—told him to take Jim's cousin over the bridge.

It was scary business, with the water sucking at the track beneath them. But suddenly the water receded and they went swinging up the incline toward the main line and safety. The 235 chuffed for the last time very solemnly and paid off.

They straggled up the incline, the fireman carrying his youngster. "Never heard a whimper out of that kid," thought the fat master mechanic. They came to the top of the dump and T. P. made a bee line for the 368. Allbright was on his heels. Patchbolt clambered up the gangway of the 368.

"Let's take her down the branch lead, Sam," he cried to the engineer. "The 235's stuck; we can pull her out."

"I got orders to go no farther west than the station," answered the engineer.

"You got some new ones now," said T. P. grimly. "Let's get down there. This is an emergency."

"You take the responsibility?" demanded the engineer.

"Hell, yes!" announced T. P.

"Here we go!" said the engineer.

Allbright was standing behind T. P. "I'll throw the switch," he said.

T. P. nodded, looked over at the fireman's seat. A very scared darky sat on the seat box, one quivering hand on the firing valve.

T. P. stepped over. "Get across the bridge, Jumbo," he rumbled. "I'll take your job."

The negro was down the gangway and gone before the fat man could sit down. They came to the branch-line switch. Allbright ran ahead and threw it; they went slowly down the grade and coupled into the 235. The water was over the valve stem, over the flat slide valves above the cylinders. They dragged her back to the main line, with the flat car behind.

A man swung up the gangway. He was the trainmaster. "What you doin' down here?" he demanded of the engineer.

T. P. came over. "We had to get the 235 out, Eddie," he explained.

"I ain't got nothin' to get out, I spose!" sneered Eddie.

"Well, whadda you want out?" demanded T. P. "Here we are."

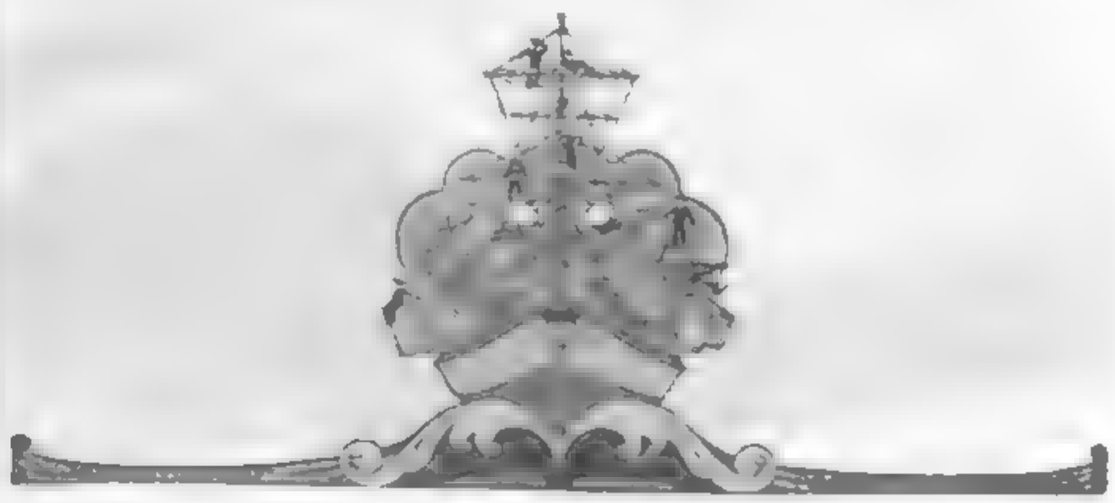
"We'll get two coaches off the Y," snarled the train master. "Step on it, Sam!"

They swung down on the Y. Allbright raced ahead to throw the switch. They hooked into the two day coaches, pulled them back on the main line. The dump was ready to slide from under the drivers; it was touch and go. Almost even with the break in the levee, only a scant hundred yards from where the yellow torrent was cutting the dump away in mammoth bites, they pulled the two day coaches off the Y and to safety. They backed down the main line and eased slowly across the bridge and the water beneath them was flush with the rails. They stopped on the east side of the bridge and watched the track they had come over eaten away, watched the station tilt up and slide from sight, watched the hungry river undermine the west piers of the bridge, watched the bridge itself slip majestically into the all-devouring flood—all in the space of less than thirty minutes.

"We don't know how lucky we were!" declared T. P.

"Pretty lucky," declared Allbright. "There was a couple of times when I didn't think we was gonna get back with that wire!"

T. P. surveyed him in utter disgust. "Say," he demanded, "don't you realize we damn near lost a engine?"



WHY CARTOONS—AND HOW

(Continued from Page 7)

Well, I misspelled the word "counsel," and all the various eagle-eyed functionaries—editors, copy readers, proofreaders—who can smell a misspelled word a mile missed it. It went through uncorrected and so appeared before millions of scandalized lawyers. The day after THE SATURDAY EVENING POST containing that cartoon appeared on the news stands the editor's mail, and mine, began to bulge with sizzling, crackling letters from lawyers in most of the states and territories of this Union, pointing out that misspelled word. Learned judges took their pens in hand "to keep the record straight." That was the phrase they all used. Not one of them was moved to comment upon the issue raised in the cartoon; but they all got het up and excited over the utterly unimportant circumstance of a misspelled word. Could anything have better proved the point made in the cartoon?

At the time of the Mississippi flood I conceived a cartoon showing the flood of indecency about to engulf the American home. Frightened parents were piling a high rampart of protests in an effort to avert the disaster.

A letter came to the editor protesting that in my picture I had women carrying sandbags to pile on the levee. These sandbags, said my critic, weigh four hundred pounds apiece and no woman could carry one. Also I had a wheelbarrow loaded with them and no boards to keep it from sinking in the mud.

The obvious answer, of course, was that the bags did not contain sand; but, as plainly labeled, they contained parental protests, which in this situation weighed mighty little. This critic overlooked the house labeled American Home, which, in proportion to the human figures, would have been about four feet square.

As the life stories of many artists show, it sometimes takes little to tip the scale from one art career to another. Many are proficient in several fields, whether cartooning, illustrating, painting, writing, music or acting. Thus Caruso, the singer, was also a caricaturist; so was Thackeray, the novelist. All his life Mark Twain had an eager desire to draw, but never quite realized it, though at times he jestingly attempted to illustrate his writings with sketches. He once suggested a cartoon to the editors of Punch which they did not use.

Early Adventures With a Wig

Harold Lloyd's reminiscences remind me that I passed through a period of stage ambition. I, too, was strong for make-up. I saved up and bought a red wig and a box of grease paints. I also acquired a set of porcelain false teeth for a Jekyll-Hyde transformation. I used to rig out in nondescript clothes, paint my face, don the wig, the teeth and an old plug hat and slink about the neighborhood at dusk, knocking at doors and scaring the Scandinavian or German hired girls into fits. I had no point of contact with the stage except a rare front-row seat in the opera house, and I was too bashful to perform in company, so my imagination clung to drawing for dramatic expression.

What is it then which gives the tilt to the youngster's career that makes him a cartoonist instead of an actor or a saxophone player? Obviously, drawing is primary. He must draw a little and like better to play at it than most anything else. With drawing the deciding factor, I suspect, is an overwhelming sense of the dramatic and the ridiculous. Many highly talented youngsters prefer to draw quiet, placid, beautiful things—flowers, landscapes, portraits, still life. The infant cartoonist loves to portray action and incident.

When I was a very small child I drew constantly, and always story-telling pictures. I cared nothing for copying Nature, but I loved to picture imaginary scenes of carnage and adventure. It did not satisfy me to copy from a Christmas book a gorgeously colored picture of a leopard lying on the branch of a tree. I must put in from my own imagination a hunter, gun in hand, creeping near, or a prospective victim of the cat walking unsuspectingly underneath while Mr. Leopard gathers his muscles for the spring.

I think the disposition to draw pictures from the imagination, pictures telling stories by their action, is the surest test, with humor, of talent for cartooning. It is the creative imagination indicated, not the mere drawing, which is important. This capacity for making up pictures out of my own imagination was what turned me from a possible career as an illustrator or painter into a cartoonist. Often one is asked how he happened to take up his calling. In truth, it must be admitted that most of the older cartoonists did not premeditatedly take it up. Cartooning was not so definitely a profession then as now. Most of us were pushed, pummeled and propelled into it, in spite of early efforts to be something else, by a peculiar—not to say fortuitous—combination of necessities, aptitudes and opportunities. My own story is fairly typical of many others of my profession.

Nebraska's Cartoon Quintet

I was born at Sutton, a small town in Nebraska. It was the kind of town Dwig must have known to do his School Days so well. There were swimmin' holes, livery stables, saloons, a town drunkard, several churches and a standing feud between the north side of the railroad and the south. A Democratic weekly newspaper languished on the south side and a Republican weekly newspaper, which my father owned and edited, barely survived on the north side. The post office was on our side of town, and my father was postmaster.

Over in Harvard, eight miles away, young Will Payne, the writer, was a bank clerk and used to come to Sutton with the Harvard Glee Club to sing. At Hastings, just beyond Harvard, Rollin Kirby, a few years older than I, dreamed of art study in New York and Paris. A county or two away, at Nebraska City, John Cassel decorated the school blackboards and, like Kirby, planned for the art education which I, too, vaguely hoped for and never attained. In Lincoln, Clare Briggs was living the incidents of Skinnay and Days of Real Sport and pulling the pigtails of the sprightly, pretty girl who afterward became his wife. Hy Gage was another future cartoonist whom I afterward knew slightly at the State University. With five cartoonists from one corner of it, the Cornhusker State has much on its artistic, or inartistic, conscience to answer for.

From earliest infancy, I drew. Before I could spell a word I used to lie on my stomach on the floor and scribble pictures on the margins of books, or on scraps of paper which my mother provided when she rescued the family library. I had a mania for penciling whiskers indiscriminately on the printed faces in the books. Cleopatra, Guinevere, Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton were, by my childish hand, accorded a brave equality with men which their sex will never otherwise attain.

As intimated, I never had any formal art training to speak of. My parents encouraged and assisted me in every way which the artless West of that time afforded. I had three lessons in "oil painting" as a child. They did the best thing for me that any parents can do, lacking schools and teachers—they placed in my hands many picture books and encouraged me to draw to my heart's content.

Grammar school was easy for me, else with drawing much of the time, playing hooky often and running away from home to become a cowboy—which I did twice—I should not have got through. When I was

(Continued on Page 102)

A thrill for summer appetites -- relief for "summer nerves"

POSTUM - - - - hot *or* iced

DOESN'T summer sort of "get" you at times? Your appetite flags—you can't sleep at night—you're "touchy" during the day.

Physicians warn to be careful of your diet. Torrid days and hot, sticky nights are enervating enough without overtaxing your nerves with harmful mealtime stimulants.

Try this simple diet change—Postum in place of caffein beverages! Try it for your appetite's sake! Try it for those "summer nerves"!

You'll find Postum's flavor refreshingly different—rich and mellow. Millions prefer this flavor to that of any other mealtime drink!

You'll find, too, that Postum never "gets on your nerves", never keeps you awake, or affects digestion. For Postum contains no caffein.

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, blended and roasted, with a little sweetening added. Served hot or iced, it makes a delicious drink, with an appealing flavor all its own. And it's *so* easy to prepare! You can make it right at the table!

The best way to test Postum's benefits is to make it your mealtime drink for thirty days. Then, on a basis of results, decide if you will ever go back to caffein. Four out of five decide "No!"

Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, will help you start your 30-day test.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

Two Wonderful Drinks for Summer!

ICED POSTUM MADE WITH MILK

Dissolve eight level teaspoonfuls of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water.

Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold milk.

Sugar to taste, and serve with a little cracked ice.

ICED POSTUM MADE WITH WATER

Dissolve eight level teaspoonfuls of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water.

Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold water.

Sugar to taste, and cream. Serve with cracked ice.

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoonful of whipped cream on the top of each glassful—or beating into the drink, with an egg-beater, a heaping tablespoonful of vanilla ice cream for each glassful. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED P.—S.E.P. 7-28
Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ *Check which you prefer*

POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling) ☐

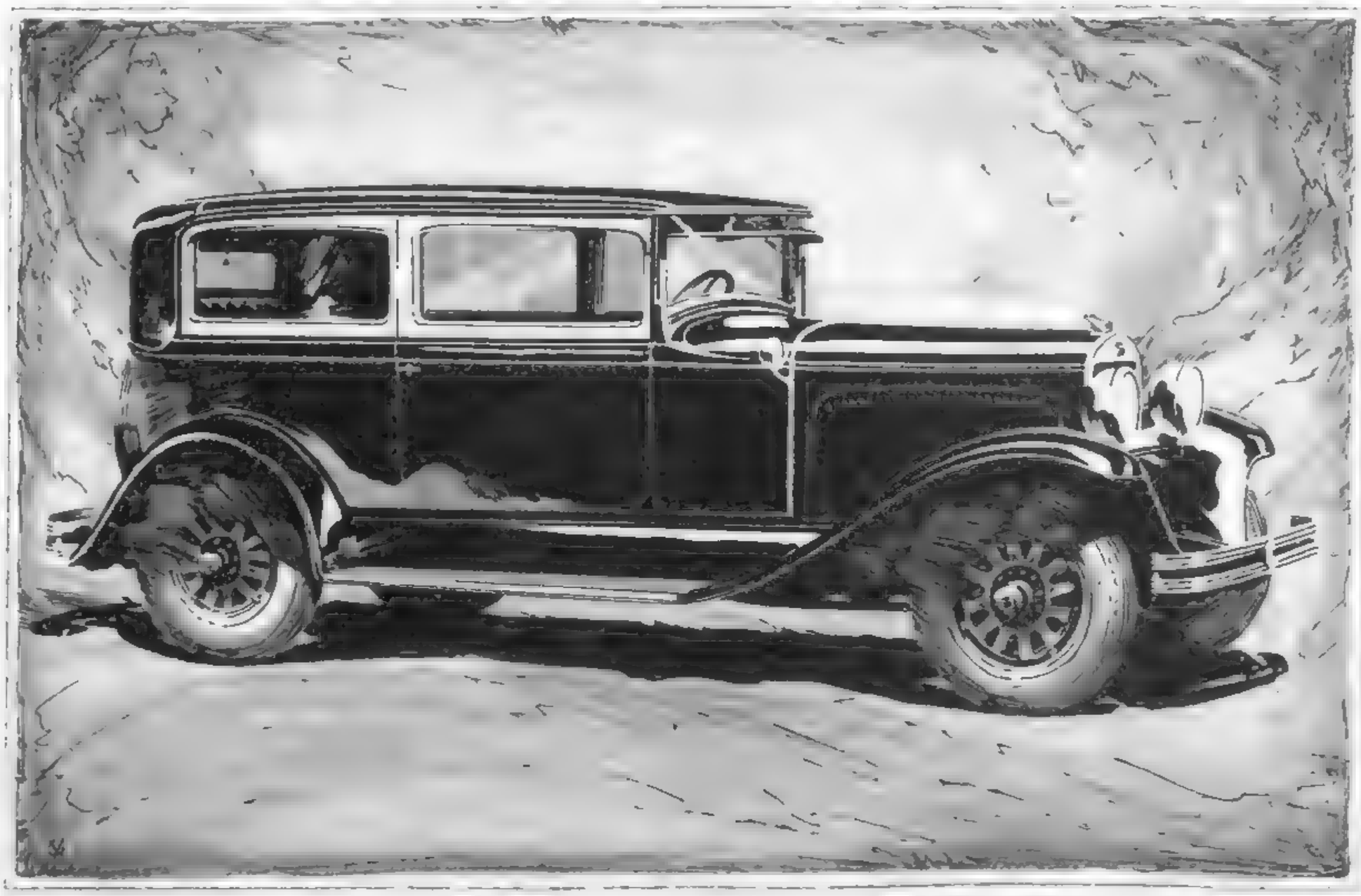
Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD. 612 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ont.

Chrysler



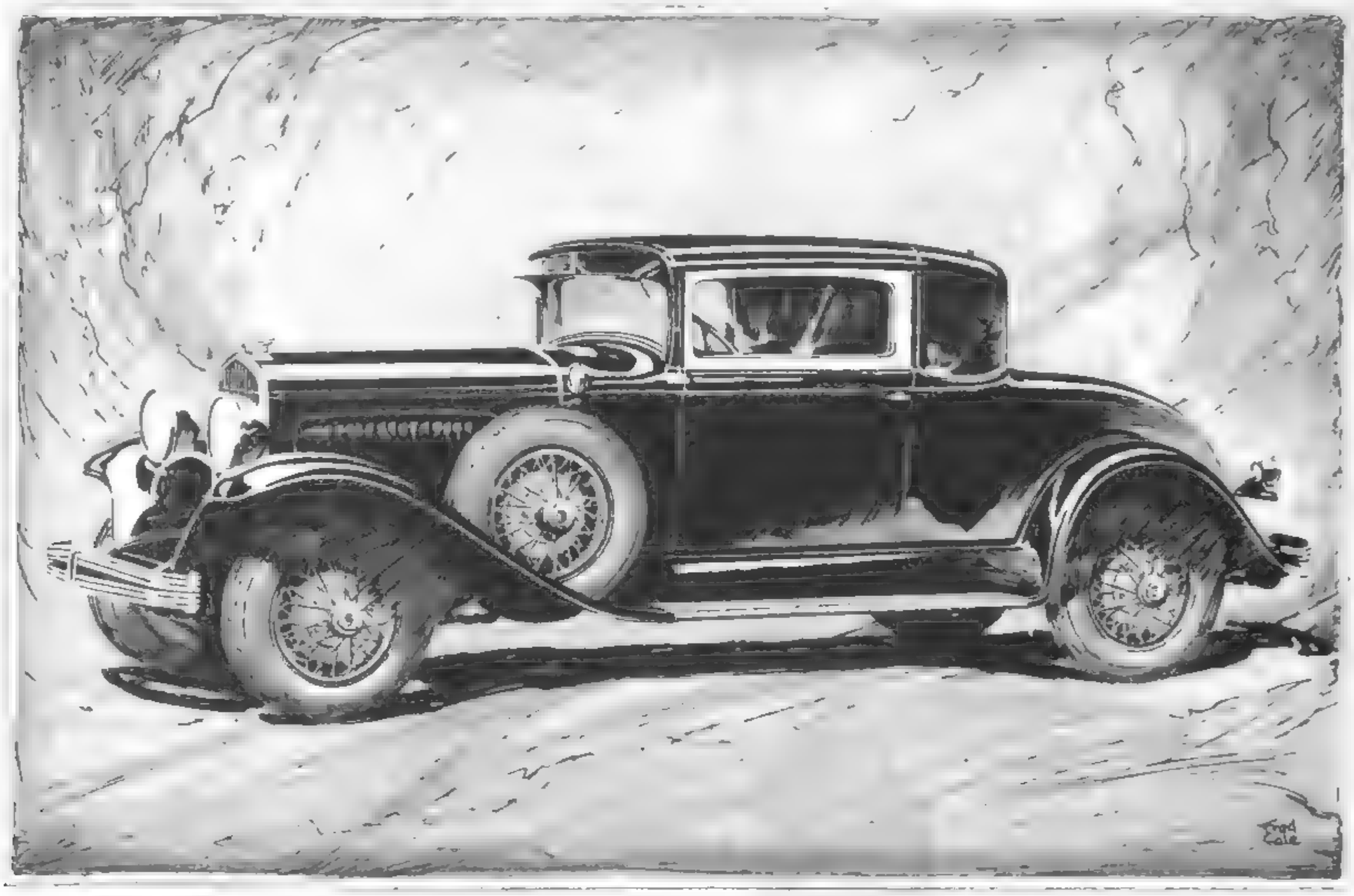
New Chrysler "65" Prices—2-Door Sedan (illustrated), $1065; Business Coupe, $1040; Roadster, $1065; Touring Car, $1075; 4-Door Sedan, $1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145. All prices f.o.b. Detroit.

New 65

Only Chrysler Could Achieve Such Pulse-Quickening Beauty . . .

To achieve a new group of cars with completely original body designs, so illustrious and distinguished as to give every beholder an entirely fresh appreciation of the artistic and mechanistic possibilities of today's science of automobile manufacture—that is the gigantic task which Chrysler engineers and craftsmen have accomplished so notably in the new Chrysler sixes—"75" and "65." At their exceptionally low

does it again!



New Chrysler "75" Prices—2-Pass. Coupe (with rumble seat) (illustrated), $1535; Royal Sedan, $1535 Roadster (with rumble seat), $1555; Town Sedan $1655. (Wire wheels extra.) All prices f. o. b. Detroit

prices, we confidently believe the new lines of Chrysler cars initiate not only a new vogue in design and a new supremacy in mechanical perfection, but establish also an entirely new conception of automobile values in the fine car field.

Features—New Chrysler "65"—New larger engine—65 h. p.—"Silver-Dome" high compression head using any gasoline—65 and more miles per hour—counterweighted 7-bearing crankshaft, only car at or near this price with this costly feature; new slender profile radiator—new bowl-shaped lamps—beautiful cowl moulding and cowl lamps—new longer chassis and longer, wider, roomier bodies—new arched window silhouette—new "air-wing" full-crowned fenders—new internal expanding Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes, unaffected by weather conditions—Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, front and rear—spring ends anchored in live rubber, instead of metal shackles.

Features—New Chrysler "75"—New Chrysler-created slender profile radiator—thermostatically controlled internal radiator shutters—new "air-wing" full-crowned fenders—new longer, lower, roomier bodies—upholstered optionally with fine mohair or broadcloth—new arched window silhouette—non-shatterable glass in windshield—new "Silver-Dome" high compression 75 h. p. engine, using any gasoline—7-bearing counterweighted crankshaft—75 and more miles an hour—new longer chassis with new duplex-channel frame—new light-action internal expanding Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes—Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, front and rear—spring ends anchored in live rubber.

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

No fear of sunburn

Are you one of those many persons whose skins seem unusually sensitive to the scorching rays of the sun? Then to you Mennen Skin Balm will be a real blessing, for it relieves a tender, fiery, sunburned skin and soothes the pain in a way that's almost magic.

Skin Balm heals and cools at the same time. That hot, flaming feeling which usually accompanies an afternoon under the blazing summer sun gives way quickly to the cooling touch of this creamy lotion. Relief comes at once. Clothing slips on without the usual pain and healing is rapid and complete.

There's nothing greasy about Skin Balm. Its creamy whiteness leaves no stains on clothing. Disappears quickly and has no "tacky" after-feel. Mildly astringent and antiseptic, too. Has a clean, invigorating odor.

Mennen Skin Balm, in addition to being good for sunburn, is recognized as an all-round skin tonic. It tones up, refreshes and invigorates the skin. Used by men as the ideal after-shaving lotion and by women for keeping the hands and face soft, smooth and in the pink of condition. Use Skin Balm. And tell your family and friends about it. 50 cents at all drug stores. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

(Continued from Page 99

eleven we moved to Lincoln, where later I found another boy who could draw—Clare Briggs. He was the only one of the Nebraska cartoon quintet whom I knew except Hy Gage before we all found ourselves years later in the dream city, the Mecca, the heaven, of aspiring young artists—New York.

For a few months Briggs and I were fellow students in the art school of Wallace and Lockwood at the Western Normal College, now defunct, at Lincoln. Briggs, I think, was aiming for a career as a commercial illustrator. I had a vision of something akin to it, with painting animals in the roseate future, but lettering and the neatness required for commercial art irked my soul. I fear I absorbed little from the school.

I remember one incident of young Briggs. We met one day on the street and he showed me, with glowing pride, several small pen-and-ink portraits, drawn from photographs with the aid of a pantograph, which instrument Wallace and Lockwood had taught us to use. They were neatly and laboriously shaded, with the heavy slow lines in imitation of woodcuts, which was the fashion in newspaper portraiture of the day. How different from the sketchy, free and sure caricature faces of the later Briggs. He told me it was an order and he would get two dollars apiece for them. He was about eighteen, and I, three years younger, gazed in awe upon this evidence of blazing, glorious achievement. The next I heard of Briggs he was a real artist, with a job on a Chicago newspaper. Today his annual income and his golf score are neck and neck, counting a thousand dollars a year per stroke—and he plays rotten golf.

I had not entered high school. The art school, inadequate though it was, had seemed more desirable; but as my progress gave small evidence of early financial returns, and it was necessary that I should soon be earning something, I was placed in a business college to learn stenography, which I did. On Saturdays I clerked in a store, selling moleskin pants and suspenders from tubs on the sidewalk, at seventy-five cents for the day from seven A.M. to eleven P.M. I was a go-getter salesman, too, as evidenced soon by the offer—which I declined—of a regular job at three dollars and a half a week, with the lure held out of eventually attaining the princely stipend of the star haberdashery clerk, who got twelve dollars a week.

Stumbling Into Paradise

I drew at every possible moment. I read a great deal—constructive reading too. Fortunately our family taste in books was good. About this time I sent a little sketch, with a joke attached, to a new funny paper in Chicago called Up-to-Date. They bought it for a few dollars. My ambition for art, never flagging, flamed higher than ever. A Lincoln merchant bought some of my sketches and exhibited them in his show windows. The first Bryan campaign was on. A Lincoln admirer of the silver-tongued one hired me to paint a huge campaign portrait of Bryan, which was hung, draped with flags and a campaign banner, over the street. This meant money—five dollars or so—encouragement, glory.

That summer I went for a vacation trip to Denver, visited the art department of the Denver Republican, and met Pop Wilmarth, the cartoonist. When he learned that I could draw, he asked to see specimens of my work. He took it for granted that I was looking for a job—as indeed I was, but not as a cartoonist. My visit to him was uncalculated, merely a fortunate chance, fathered by a curiosity to see a real cartoonist in the flesh. I had about as much thought, at that moment, of a real art job in a real art department of a real city newspaper as I had of a ring-side seat in kingdom come.

I hustled out, bought some India ink, Bristol board and a crow-quill pen, and in my hotel room made some drawings of my favorite subjects—cowboys on raging mustangs, guns belching, Injuns biting the dust. Wilmarth looked at the stuff, opined that I might do and casually remarked that the pay would be twenty dollars a week. For a moment I thought I would get that ring-side seat. I nearly passed away. A regular job as an artist—and at twenty dollars a week!

So I got my start—I was not quite eighteen. But I was not yet a cartoonist. I was what in those days was called a sketch artist. I did news sketches much as reporters did news stories. Photographs in newspapers, outside the largest cities, were not then used. Once a week I was allowed to draw a cartoon on Wilmarth's day off. My knowledge of public affairs was slight, and, of course, inevitably my ideas were feeble, my drawing of public men weak, and my attempts elicited only noncommittal grunts from the managing editor, who made no effort to assist with suggestions. But he used my cartoons.

On the Republican I learned to engrave my sketches, and also portraits from photographs on chalk plates when they were too late for photo-engraving. For you younger artists who know not the dusty mystery of chalk plates, let me explain.

On to New York Via Yosemite

The plates are of polished steel similar to the copper and zinc plates used for etching, and of various sizes according to the size of cut desired. On one side of the plate is a coating of plaster of Paris about an eighth of an inch thick. You have a tool like a jackstraw pick, or like a penholder with a bent pin on the end. With this tool you draw through the chalk to the steel, blowing away the loosened chalk as you work. You can't see very well what you are doing and you can't do quite what you intend, but you do get a picture. The finished gem of art is sent to the stereotypers, where the engraved plate is put in a mold, hot metal poured in and a cast made, which is put in the forms as the finished cut. A chalk cut could be drawn and cast ready to print in a few minutes—some artists were highly expert at it. Wilmarth sometimes did an emergency cartoon in chalk, and when printed, save for a certain thinness of the lines, it could not be told from pen-and-ink work. Some of the grander engraving establishments and big newspaper art departments were equipped with chalk tools having rubber hoses and automatic blowers to remove the excavated chalk and save the artist's breath. I suppose chalk plates now are as obsolete as tintypes.

This was during the campaign of 1896. The shock of Bryan's defeat left the old Republican, which had deserted its party to espouse the silver cause, gasping and all but out. The smallest of their sorrows was the firing of the assistant artist along with others of the staff.

My humble efforts had made good on the Republican and I soon landed a job with the Kansas City Journal and became titular head of the department, consisting at times of four or five men. Phil Creager, the telegraph editor, wrote a little piece about the Journal's new artist as the youngest head of a newspaper art department in the country and sent it, with my picture, to the Inland Printer of Chicago and they printed it. When I sent a copy of it home, dad was tickled pink. He ordered a dozen copies of the magazine to distribute among his friends—then forgot all about it. Those old Inland Printers were kicking around the house for years.

I saved a little money, and after a couple of years returned to Lincoln to be admitted to the University of Nebraska as a special student. Some young fellows, named Roper and Boomer, had started a campus weekly called the Arrowhead. I joined them, and because of my newspaper experience, was made managing editor as well as chief and only cartoonist. They owned the paper and paid me a salary—I think it was five dollars a week—as manager editor and five dollars a page for cartoons. I also

contributed josh articles, a weekly caricature of a professor, and advertising ideas and illustrations for which I was paid pro rata. One advertising idea of mine proved especially successful. I put in as backgrounds of double-page cartoons street scenes showing shop fronts and we sold space for shop names on them, which I lettered in. Once or twice, I think, I earned as much as sixty dollars a week from the Arrowhead.

I craved art education. I yearned for technic as the hart panteth for the waterbrooks. I had no money, little health. Art schools were out of reach, far away. I decided if I could get to New York I might learn something.

Health first. I spent several months working as a day laborer, shoveling snow and mending trails in Yosemite Valley. I walked most of the way into Yosemite over the snow-covered mountain road. I slept in a barn loft in the valley all those months there and nearly froze to death every night. But each day was a grand experience in that magic land of mountain wilderness which I have never ceased to love. It was early April. The roads into the valley were still buried deep in snow, stages had not yet begun their regular trips. The tourist influx would not come for weeks. The first thing was to open the trails.

Shrewd and humorous John Degnan was foreman of our gang. He took me with him to mark out the trails for the snow shovelers to follow. John was a common laborer then, but he had a wise and capable helpmeet, and they have since built up a prosperous general store in the valley, employ a large staff of clerks and their two sons are University of California graduates, one in medicine, one in engineering, and both were officers in the World War. I saw them all last summer and John recalled to me the acres and acres of lovely mountain primroses which once carpeted the floor of the valley, but which now, with grazing, hay mowing and tourist picking, are all but totally extinct.

John and I climbed the Glacier Point trail first. In places near the top the snow lay twenty feet deep on the hogbacks. The experienced eyes guided us wisely, and later, when we had shoveled down from our tracks, I saw that at no point had John misjudged the trail an inch. Had he done so in some ticklish spots, we should surely have skidded into eternity as part of an avalanche. In one hollow place we afterward dug out a snow tunnel which we rode through on horseback to and from our work.

Getting My Just Dessert

Under the surface the snow was hard-packed and frozen almost as solid ice. My soft hands blistered with the hard shoveling so the skin came off in patches when I took off my gloves. My face burned from the reflection of sunlight on the snow and my cheeks, nose and lips peeled and cracked. But, oh, how good the lunches tasted—of corned-beef sandwiches and Yosemite apple pie, which Lee Jup, our employer Kenny's Chinese cook, put up for us. Once I tried to bribe Jup to put an extra piece of pie in my lunch pail. To all my entreaties and subtle hints of money, the incorruptible Jup replied over and over, "Nope—you ask boss!"

The snow shoveling finished, broken trails repaired, I became an assistant guide for tourist parties. I was an experienced horseman and was sent with an Indian a couple of days' ride away to a ranch near Mariposa to bring in the summer saddle band. We went down the Merced River over a pack trail. That fine new motor highway which has just been opened was not dreamed of then. We forded the spring-flooded torrent and climbed over the mountains to Mariposa—a short cut. We drove the horse herd over the stage road around by Raymond, Wawona and Chinquapin, galloping at times through clouds of dust so thick I could not see my horse's head in front of me. Once a mule fell in the road and my horse almost came down on top of it. I got a fleeting glimpse through the dust of the mule down, and as my horse swerved past, it scrambled out of the way with the agility of a rabbit.

Two other young fellows and I camped for several weeks in the Mariposa Big Tree Grove, mending roads, cutting away fallen timber, and we pulled down three dollars a day apiece as carpenters while engaged in building a lunch pavilion. The team of sixteen-hundred-pound grade Percherons which we used in our work we stabled comfortably in a hollow tree.

I saved my wages, and feeling well and strong, and with money in my pocket, decided to be on my way. My vision—at that time extremely vague—was to do pictures of Western life and of animals, a sort of iridescent blend of what Charles Livingston Bull, W. H. D. Koerner and Frank B. Hoffman now do. I never had any desire to be funny. I could, on occasion, but my dreams were of serious pictures, stirring, dramatic, beautiful.

While There Was Life There Was Hope

It took me nearly two years to reach New York, which period included a job in Tucson, Arizona, as reporter and city editor of the Arizona Daily Citizen, O'Brien Moore editor. Also nearly a year back at my old job on the Kansas City Journal. Moore told me I was a better reporter than I was artist—which wasn't saying a whole lot. I also obtained the Tucson agency to sell subscriptions for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and the Ladies' Home Journal, and canvassed the town outside office hours, winning a prize, I think, of about two dollars and a half above my commissions.

The necessity to make money always pressed hard upon me. Somehow I couldn't save up much or get ahead. Eventually I reached New York, January 3, 1903, twenty-four years old, with fifty dollars in my pocket. My immediate need was more money—then, ho, for an art school!

After locating a cheap hall bedroom in Harlem, the first thing I did was to buy drawing materials, sit down in my room and draw five pen-and-ink cartoons, which I took to the office of Life and left with the impressively coifed duchess at the outer desk, who told me I could know the next morning if any were accepted.

Next morning she informed me that one had been accepted and a check for forty-five dollars would be mailed on Thursday. Incredulous, I was reassured that the figure mentioned was to be paid for one cartoon. I should have considered it ample compensation for all five.

I had just left my old twenty-dollar-a-week job as head of the art and engraving departments of the Kansas City Journal. I had, just before leaving, declined a flattering offer of twenty a week to join the art staff of the Kansas City Star. Here was I in New York, getting more for one drawing than two weeks' pay in Kansas City! A little incident illustrates the Western standard of newspaper salaries of those days. A former Kansas City newspaper artist returned from St. Louis for a visit and told me he was getting forty dollars a week. I told Celby C. Cline, city editor of the Journal, and Celby said with infinite unbelief, "Aw, let him lie!"

The second week in New York I sold another cartoon to Life for fifty dollars, missed fire the week following, but the fourth week landed with one, which was used as a double page, for which eighty—count 'em!—dollars was paid. I felt that I was treading the ultimate pinnacle of high Olympus.

Of the three American artists who most influenced American illustration in their time, two were cartoonists, Nast and Gibson. The third was Howard Pyle. Nast created practically the whole body of American newspaper political cartoon tradition and symbolism that is used to this day. Gibson created a nation-wide appreciation for black-and-white line and a pretty-girl vogue that is still going strong.

(Continued on Page 105)

L/O
LIBBEY-OWENS glass makes more beautiful windows because of the unusual brilliance of its lustre—a lustre produced by the exclusive Libbey-Owens process of manufacture.
Libbey-Owens "A" quality glass, for all fine windows everywhere, is especially selected, inspected, and graded—and each individual light bears the familiar Libbey-Owens label—the symbol of superior quality.
Ask for window glass by name—say Libbey-Owens—specify "A" quality—and look for the L/O label.
The Libbey-Owens Sheet Glass Co.
Toledo, Ohio
Libbey-Owens
FLAT-DRAWN
CLEAR SHEET GLASS

"Look Dad! Here's the razor we both should use"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST July 14, 1928

Schick Repeating Razor

"Son, your shaving will be a pleasure with a Schick Razor"

A smooth shave quick with a Schick

Easy shaving—that's what the Schick means. Easy, smooth and quick. Try it yourself. Use your favorite shaving soap or cream. Then use any one of your ordinary razors. Take alternate strokes with it, and the Schick. Then watch the Schick shave in long eager strokes, smooth to the skin line! That test will sell you the Schick forever.

No other razor works like the Schick.
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Its blades are thicker and keener.
It holds 20 blades in the handle.
When you want to change blades—just a pull and a push of the plunger—
It is as simple as A. B. C.

Schick blades are never touched by hands.
The clip protects their superkeen edges.
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Saves time changing blades and cleaning.
Saves time shaving and putting away.
It's compact and convenient.
It's the biggest $5 value in this man's world.

Ask your favorite store to show you a Schick. Or write us direct with $5 for a silver-plated model with 20 superkeen blades. (The gold model costs $7.50). Schick blades are better but cheaper—only 75c for a clip of 20. In Canada: Silver models with 20 blades, $6.50; (gold-plated, $10)—Extra clip of 20 blades, $1.00. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Limited, Saint John, N. B., Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

Simple as ABC to change blades

(Continued from Page 103)

Pyle created a school of oil-painted magazine illustration with a solidity of dramatic interest, drawing and decorative quality unapproached before him and only surpassed since by one or two geniuses like Dean Cornwell.

I never have been able to understand why A. B. Frost had so few imitators and followers. I think he was one of the most versatile illustrators that ever lived. He did things surpassingly well in many widely different fields. He was not enough appreciated by the real arty artists. He was too "subject picture" to suit their taste perhaps. Too much idea, humor, human interest, story, drama, and not enough conscious effort at technic. Or rather, his technic was too wholly subordinated, always exactly adequate. The old story again—worshipers of technic for its own sake, forgetting that, after all, pictures to make a wide appeal must have something to say, and technic is merely the means of saying it. Frost's technic was always exactly measured and fitted to the end, the subject.

This thing of having something to say is the problem that hands the cartoonist a wallop right between the eyes every day.

Readers are forever asking the cartoonist, "Where do you get your ideas?"

He is forever asking himself, "Where will I get an idea?"

At last I was a free-lance artist in New York. I quickly found that the line of least resistance for me was funny pictures in pen and ink—the only medium I knew anything about. After buying a few of my pictures, John Ames Mitchell, the founder and editor of Life, admitted me to his presence and told me I was one of the artists whose pictures he wanted to accept. I worked my head off supplying him with opportunities to gratify his wish, but he turned down a large proportion of my output. The stuff he almost never rejected was my caricatures of horses. Gradually I began to specialize in horse stuff. I could make a horse funny and keep its horse character. I knew horse anatomy, breed points and characteristics, Western horses, saddles, cow-punchers. But show horses, polo, park riding, hunting and jumping were new to me. I combed the back files of Life and Punch to their beginnings for hints for ideas. I read volumes of horsy literature, the Badminton Library, horse weeklies. I attended every horse show and polo meet near New York and walked the streets of the city sketching cabbies and their bobtailed nags, Mrs. Lofty on the Avenue with her high-stepping hackneys, Canal Street draymen and their patient sad-faced slaves.

The Trouble With Free-Lancing

I was able to sell most of my output. What Mr. Mitchell didn't use went to Judge, or, more usually, to Scribner's Magazine back pages. Life paid up to fifty dollars for a half page, one hundred and twenty-five for a full page, and once they paid me two hundred and fifty dollars for a double-page drawing. Those sold elsewhere brought only eight or ten dollars apiece.

So much time was consumed in digging up ideas and material, and in peddling my wares, that I found in spite of the good prices for some things, the poor prices for others kept my earnings so low I was always barely a jump ahead of the landlady.

The second winter in New York I remember meeting Mr. Mitchell at the door of the Life Building and we went up in the elevator together. I was not wearing an overcoat and it was a raw day. He remarked the fact and I explained airily that I enjoyed the cold and never wore an overcoat. He bought the two or three sketches I showed him, and I had a most uncomfortable feeling until weeks later, when I saw them in print and found with relief that they were really first-rate and worth buying even had I been draped in sables and ermine.

John Ames Mitchell was a kind and wise critic, adroit with tactful boosts to flagging courage, and one of the best friends young artists ever had in America. The Life market was open to all comers; and many who were not comers, as it eventually proved, got a hearing—and pay checks, too—from Mitchell.

Two years in New York and I was no nearer art school. I had made up my mind that free-lancing for a beginner was a losing game, a senseless drain on time, a scattering of effort. I am still emphatically of that opinion. Only the exceptionally talented and trained artist can free-lance successfully from the start, and even he will quickly find himself establishing connections with a few buyers of his work, amounting practically to regular employment. In fact, such connections are the invariable mark of success. If nobody wants to tie to him, he is not a profitable investment, his stuff isn't going over as it should.

I had learned some things. I had learned that, lacking training, ideas and humor were the most marketable wares the young artist could possess. I had learned that ideas grow only in a soil of knowledge. The first step in getting a cartoon idea is to know your subject and what should be said about it. Then how to say it is your problem—and your idea.

The Search for Ideas

Young cartoonists who attempt political cartoons are usually feeble in ideas, not necessarily because they lack wit or inventiveness but because they don't know what they're cartooning about. The editor turns down their suggestions because he knows more about the subject and he knows the ideas do not fit. This is no reflection upon the young cartoonist's ability, but it is up to him to scratch gravel and dandruff until he, too, knows.

As a rule today, the editor cannot be depended upon to suggest cartoon ideas. He may at rare intervals help out with a subject; but getting ideas is the most valuable part of a cartoonist's job. The editor is the leader of the orchestra. He calls the tune and indicates the emphasis, but each performer in the ensemble is expected to toot his own piccolo.

A generation ago this was not so true as now. Then cartoons were more partisan, more used as weapons of political warfare, and the editors, knowing exactly what they wanted to say and just how much hide they desired to remove from the opposition, went into solemn conclave over the cartoons, as they did also over the editorials and the manufactured political news stories. That day is gone, because newspapers are no longer eager to alienate large bodies of readers for the sake of any partisan political cause. The political cartoon has become more amiable, more of a playful poke in the ribs than a vicious poke on the jaw.

In comics, the getting of ideas is easier, given an established group of characters or an omnibus title—such, for instance, as When a Feller Needs a Friend—with which to start. Getting such a title is an inspiration from the high gods—a stroke of genius. The title once hit upon, pictures to fit it crowd the mind. Anyone's daily life is full of incidents which that title will aptly hit off. The cumulative effect and value of popular familiarity grows up to a certain point. When a title or characters begin to grow stale, another, or others, must be introduced, and finding them is the big job.

New comic characters are always an experiment. It took Mutt and Jeff years to become a recognized success. Before Sidney Smith hit upon Andy and Min, he was only moderately successful, and it was a long pull before they won for him fame and princely opulence. The great value of established comic characters—and the danger and difficulty of introducing new ones—is why sometimes a comic will languish and stall along for months without a real laugh in it, the artist feeling out one slant after another until he gets a lead, a new angle.

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Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. INGRAM'S comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are.

Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with INGRAM'S Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try INGRAM'S.

7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the million men who now use INGRAM'S every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let INGRAM'S prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon and your 7 Free Shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 *cool* shaves for 50 cents.

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I want to test on my own face that *difference* you are claiming for your **Cool,** Soothing shaves. Please send me the 7 FREE Shaves.

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COLLEGE GIRLS, *typical of the younger set of today, say that baldness and dandruff make men unattractive. Are you missing out with the women you know because they can say this about you?*

"Men who are bald or have dandruff don't attract us"

HOLYOKE Seniors say

"NATURALLY we find men with thick, well-kept hair far more attractive than those who are wholly or partly bald," Mount Holyoke Seniors recently told us.

Dandruff, all college women agree, is simply intolerable. "It embarrasses us fearfully to be seen with escorts who are so careless," they say.

Are the women you know saying these things about you? Do they, too, believe that men's own carelessness causes dandruff and thinning hair?

They are right. No matter how many different things you've experimented with, if you haven't given your hair faithful care *daily* you cannot expect your scalp to be clean, your hair healthy.

But kept up regularly, *3 minutes a day every day*, this famous treatment produces amazing results.

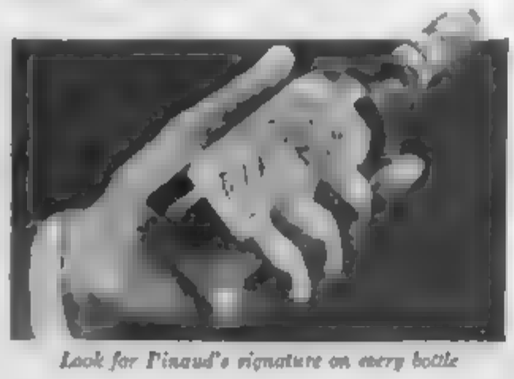
IT'S ALREADY *very noticeable, this good-looking young chap's receding hair. But five years from today, when the recession has become actual baldness, how much older than his age he'll look! Begin your Pinaud treatment today. Practise it faithfully, three minutes a day every day. Check and destroy dandruff. Keep your hair thick, vigorous, young-looking, through the years.*

EVERY MORNING moisten scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with fingers pressed down firmly, *move scalp rigorously in every direction, working tonic thoroughly* into every inch of scalp. Move scalp—not fingers. Brush your hair while moist. It will stay just the way you want it.

Dashing Pinaud's Eau de Quinine over the scalp kills dandruff. *Working it deeply into the scalp every day* keeps the hair healthy and thick.

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store today.

FREE: *generous sample bottle of the* famous Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Write today to Pinaud Inc., Dept. P-1, 220 East 21st St., New York.



Look for Pinaud's signature on every bottle

PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

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Then all is rosy again, the going is comparatively easy and the cartoonist gets himself a new limousine.

On the other hand, each political cartoon is a new idea, a new venture, and must stand alone, as a rule, without the aid of cumulative interest which the comic enjoys. Its success depends not upon repetition or expectation, and must be immediate or not at all. In the theater, it is well understood that a new idea or character—often even a line—must be introduced repeatedly throughout a play before the audience gets it, and finally, in the last act, it becomes a hit.

In spite of two years' free-lancing and cartooning in New York, I still dreamed of art as a career. I was not yet quite a confirmed cartoon addict. My fatal gift of a capacity to make up pictures and sell 'em, in spite of their painful artlessness, and my still more fatal lack of ability to get enough money ahead to quit making them, kept me enslaved.

In New York, I lived on Morningside Park near Columbia University. My boarding house was full of Columbia teachers and students. This is an example of the fortuitous influences which often shape one's life. Had I been in an environment of art and artists, I should have got started at last in the study I most wanted and needed. As it was—fortunately, perhaps, as it has turned out—I entered Columbia as a special student in English and the drama with Prof. Brander Matthews.

In 1905 I came to Philadelphia on a sight-seeing visit. The Philadelphia Horse Show was about to begin. The editor of the North American, who probably had seen my horse stuff in Life, engaged me for the week to do sketches and cartoons of the event. The horse-show sketches were an immediate hit. I was asked to stay on. Knowing there were several splendid art schools in Philadelphia, I agreed to work five days a week. That left me two precious days for study.

My job with the North American was to do news sketches and illustrations for Sunday magazine pages. Almost at once I was asked to pinch-hit with a full-page Sunday comic. The pay was increased proportionally, but I found myself working seven days a week instead of five. An assistant art manager was needed to take care of the Sunday art work—the job was wished on me. My dreams of art school were fading. When, a year or two later, I was made front-page political cartoonist, they passed out of my life.

Enter Mr. Common People. The North American was a militant champion of the Progressive cause. The cartoons were used as a battle-ax in the war on privilege. Those cartoons were institutional. The entire staff participated in their conception. Some were my ideas. I was young, an apprentice in my new job, and when I got an idea over in that hard-boiled bunch it had to be good.

Mr. Common People grew out of my effort to picturize and dramatize the opposite of power and privilege, to give it a personality. Fred Opper had used a little funny figure and called it Common People. Mine was quite different—I tried to make it human, pathetic, likable and helpless. It came to possess quite a real identity. I have had dozens of harmless little men pointed out to me as the original model for the character. There was none.

After about seven years with the North American, I decided to try to break into the magazine field. To this end I cut down my newspaper week to five days, then to four, then to three, doing advertising and magazine work as I could get it to do. I sold occasional cartoons to THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. One day the managing editor of the North American turned down a cartoon suggestion of mine which I knew was good. I made a rough pencil sketch of it, submitted it to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and got an order to execute it. Shortly after that came an offer of a job as art editor and cartoonist of THE POST, and my newspaper career came to a quick and happy termination. I had not yet arrived, but I knew I was on my way.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

The brightest, the sweetest, the tendercst, too,
And dear as the song that will never grow old –
And she knows that she is, but she likes to be told.

And whether she's maiden or whether she's a wife,
And whether you sing it to viol or fife,
Be sure that you never neglect to impart
That she is the one that has all of your heart,
That she is the fairest that eye may behold—
For she knows that she is, but she likes to be told.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Ode to a Hippopotamus

IN OLDEN days, in modern times,
In native land, in foreign climes,
In song and verse, in jingling rimes,
Most folks have made a fuss
O'er animals from bear to bee,
A pig, a crab, a mule, a flea,
But only one appeals to me—
A hippopotamus.

This beast is feared o'er many seas.
His bulk is such that every sneeze
Can make a cyclone from a breeze;
In fact he's marvelous.
And though he looks quite innocent,
His massive feet by swift descent
Can shake and jolt a continent.
Great hippopotamus!

His body, counting legs and feet,
Contains three tons of solid meat;
A list of things he has to eat
Would prove him gluttonous.
Of snakes he has a restless dread,
So in a lake he makes his bed,
And waves his heels above his head.
Cute hippopotamus!

But still his neck is bowed with care,
He sheds great tears of pure despair;
You see, he cannot curl his hair—
A fact most dolorous.
So he is forced to weep and wail
And warble like a nightingale;
The only curl is in his tail.
Poor hippopotamus!

—*Paul M. Saunders.*

A Sales Manager to His Love

If a Poet Had No More Originality Than a Sales Manager

REPLYING to your glances of
The 21st, we wish to state
Today we're shipping you our love—
Of course, plus c. i. f.
We trust it's just the thing you need—
Unpack with care, and don't use hooks –
Because we're very pleased indeed
To have your name upon our books.

And, as regards your dimpled smiles–
A favor we were glad to get—
We find, on looking through our files,
We've never seen your equal yet.
And, as to that, and by the way,
In re your accents most divine,
We're also very pleased to say
You surely have a splendid line.

If there is anything that we
Can do for you, just kindly name;
Whatever matters there may be,
We're very glad to do the same.
The best of service we will try
To give, as long as life endures,
And now, awaiting your reply,
Beg to remain, sincerely yours.

—*Douglas Malloch.*

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IN the new Chrysler-built PLYMOUTH you get results that you simply won't believe possible in a car of such price, until you actually experience them for yourself.

Never before, at such low prices, have you expected, much less realized, such effortless speed—60 miles and more an hour from the new "Silver-Dome" high compression engine, which uses any gas; such smoothness—not a vestige of vibration throughout its entire speed range.

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In short, never before in all the three decades of motor car manufacture has there been such a car. Only the engineering genius and manufacturing skill of the Chrysler organization, through its principle of Standardized Quality, could produce such a low-priced car, embodying the quality and the value of the finest cars.

Every Chrysler dealer is eager to place a Plymouth at your disposal. Ride in it, drive it and we know you, too, will be ready to acclaim it Chrysler's crowning achievement in the *low-priced field.*

New Chrysler "75"—priced from $1535 to $1655. New Chrysler "65"—priced from $1040 to $1145.

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P 7-14

PRESIDENTIAL WALLS AND OTHERS

(Continued from Page 25)

shoe leather, ideas brought to him, which a few months later he would discover for himself and swallow whole—horns and all. Such an instance was his rejection of the idea of the League of Nations when brought to him by the officers of the League to Enforce Peace, near the end of the war, but he adopted the idea as his own within a comparatively short period with such belated vigor that League of Nations advocates, even to this day, try desperately to remember that the only reason he led us into the war was to establish the League.

It is the experience of those who have been close to a President that, other things being equal, it is the sycophants and those who refrain from complete frankness, rather than the brave bearers of evil tidings, who get along better in his esteem. "It is not so much that I do not detest in the bottom of my heart the men who say I am always right," said one President. "But the job is a nervous strain. There is trouble enough, and it is easy to become impatient with trouble and with any bad news. Such irritation cannot always be hidden by the best man in the world. So the fellow who might bring the truth I ought to know, I may drive away, but the men who soothe me are always coming back, provided they are not the type who want to worm a job or favor out of their visits."

Of course this feeling—no doubt common to all human nature under the circumstances—is transmitted to the secretarial group which makes the walls around a President, a monarch, a dictator, or the desk of the proverbial great industrial leader. The secretary group finds life easier when the chief is pleased. That group is also under a nerve strain. On the other hand, if bearers of bad news are admitted from the anteroom through the forbidden door to the inner chamber, things may be unhappy for days on end!

Up the Gangplank

As time passes and the secretarial guard remains unchanged, the cement in the walls around a man hardens more and more. The great man is increasingly at the mercy of the battlements which hem him in. It was not long ago that a senator of the United States by mere accident discovered that in his files was a two-year accumulation of unanswered letters which a secretary, who had gone mildly neurotic, thought could be shelved and kept out of the senator's knowledge.

One of the group of secretarial servitors of a President can ruin the reputation of a person he wishes to keep away from his chief by a word of malicious gossip; it would not be done by most men in such responsible places, but it has been done, and more than once. But the favor of a secretary, whether in Wall Street, a court or a White House, has often been rated as a priceless treasure. On this side of the water such favor is not often for sale—certainly not in terms of money—but it is sometimes obtained by conspiracies and elaborate campaigns of which even the secretary has no knowledge. In some European countries, however, there is often a more or less definite price set for an appointment—a tip, if one chooses to call it so, to open the inner door.

But even here and even in sacred precincts the mere suggestion that John Doe or Richard Doe is to be appointed as the secretary to the great man will result in a rush of popularity, invitations and small gifts.

Not many years ago there was a rumor that a certain man was to be appointed as a secretary. That rumor started a flurry in one crooked group which, of course, the public never saw. Those who expected to profit by favors which the President should not give were of two kinds—the insiders and the outsiders. The outsiders, although rather fearful that the proposed secretary would not be practical, swarmed about him like flies around honey; whereas the insiders—the old political dogs who wanted the secretary to be a convenient and tractable man—immediately set to work to defeat this appointment. Some of them even took a private car and dashed out West to see the chief. They told the great man that his proposed secretary was disloyal, was a fool reformer, and probably was in league with the Bolsheviks, and so on.

The upshot of it was that the proposed secretary was offered a post abroad and the gang gave a sigh of relief when he went up the inclined runway onto an ocean liner.

The late Senator Penrose then remarked with his usual bluntness, "I never knew why it was called a gangplank before. It's because it serves the purposes of the gang."

Keeping the Walls Weak

In Europe conspirator groups around a great man are much more common. There is no question that Kaiser Wilhelm had around him men who, under the pretense of being his beneficent walls, used their power to bring influence to bear upon him and to keep the truth from leaking in at any cracks in the doors. Plainly, to have such power is considered worth the expenditure of much plotting and preparation to obtain it. Many a secretary, a court chamberlain or other inferior has been wished upon premiers, kings and presidents.

The court of the Czar of Russia was alive and squirming with such conspiracy. For instance, not long before I went to the Russian Front during the war the Czar had made a visit there with one of the dukes from the Baltic states. This duke had made himself a favorite. The Grand Duke Nicolai was then in command of the army. On the first morning that the Czar went out for observations he was taken up by the Grand Duke Nicolai to an observation tower. The Czar's favorite was just behind him.

"How far away is the enemy?" the Czar asked Nicolai.

"At your elbow, Sire," replied the tart and angular commander in chief.

He had reason to believe that the pet of the Czar was in fact a Prussian agent.

Of course foreign agents do not often find places where they can weave their silken nets into a cocoon around a ruler, but much more often a faction in domestic politics, or a secret society, or a mere group trying to build up personal power, is able to plant its men around an executive, a ruler or a dictator.

I know of one ambassador of a foreign country with long and honorable record who suddenly was recalled from his post. He tried to see the premier of his country. He was balked at every turn. Appointments were made, but somehow always withdrawn just at the last moment. The letters he sent the premier were never answered; probably because the premier was never permitted to see them. Months went by and the ex-ambassador is still without explanation as to why he was snuffed out, and he is still trying to break through a wall of secretaries who no doubt have their own reasons for building an insurmountable wall about their chief.

Another European ruler is so hemmed in that he failed to learn the truth about military operations against certain tribesmen in Africa. The army bureaucracy was skilled in erecting truth-proof barriers around him. Much to their surprise he suddenly disclosed that he knew the unpleasant facts.

But he did not tell them that the sole source of his information was a man he had sent to enlist as a private of infantry.

This was a case where the attempt to surround a great man failed. Plenty of them must succeed. Perhaps the best way a President, a premier, or even a king can keep the ways open to learn the truth is to avoid relying solely upon one set of secretaries and one wall of personalities to protect him. Mussolini, for instance, who once had only one line of ingress, has added several. One forms a check on the other, for if one dares to bar a man who wants to see the premier on important legitimate business, it faces exposure of its action when some other line of approach is opened successfully.

"One of the dangers of bureaucracy is that it is always intrenching itself," says one of America's great industrial leaders. "You may think that bureaucracy is not a danger to big business, just as it is to big government. But if you care to unmask my own policy you may count the number of times I have changed the circle of my secretaries and advisers. Some of them have been beyond criticism, but I can always find, even to my inconvenience, new men who also are efficient and beyond criticism."

But I could tell him that, even with all his precautions, he is deceived continually. His secretarial group lets him see only what it desires him to see.

It is literally true that this shut-in soul finds himself driven at times to choose his barber for conversations and his butler for philosophies. Anyone else is considered, by the succession of advising and secretarial monopolies, as dangerous to their own régimes.

Of course, in the case of the President's secretary, the man is not only usually of the highest character but of highest ability. To mention the names of some who have had or attained great distinction would be to omit others. Nevertheless, these men, like Presidents themselves, are human. Furthermore, they have their noses pushed for a great part of the time into the dull, uncreative job of making quarter-hourly appointments. Some become irascible and some, when irritated and nervously skinless, are sensitive to flattering and to comforting personalities.

A Visit to the President

The walls around a President of the United States have changed in height and character with the increasing complexity of the job. An old Civil War general, Daingerfield Parker, before his death used to tell of going to see Lincoln. In those days the Executive Office was at the top of the stairs inside the central part of the White House. Parker said he used to pass one bowing negro and saunter up these steps to the President's office, and that once he found Lincoln and Seward all alone in an intimate discussion. And this in wartime! Even as late as 1894, when I was thirteen, I was taken by one of the Justices of the Supreme Court to see the President, Grover Cleveland, and remember the comparative informality of the call. He seemed to me rather more open to visitors than my own father.

Today all is changed. The campaign to get to the President is sometimes carried on with skilled engineering, including elaborate preparation and a proper accounting of psychology.

Whenever, today, there is a drive to put pressure on the President, the plan is often designed without any attempt to reach him directly—without any obvious attempt to scale the walls.

Most often such attempts are made in the increasing cases where the scheme on foot is to get a congressional appropriation out of the taxpayers' common fund in the Treasury to spend it on local improvements or upon schemes intended to benefit special classes of citizens. The principle involved in this is one which threatens our democracy more than any other menace on the horizon, for it is the greatest wrecker of democracies.

(Continued on Page 111)

NEW! *Beads of Soap*

banish washday drudgery

Super Suds dissolves quicker . . . works faster . . . rinses out easier

HERE is a way to wash clothes that's faster . . . easier . . . better. Saves one rinsing. Gets clothes whiter. A revolutionary discovery that brings you soap in the form of tissue-thin beads—the fastest-working form of soap ever made.

First bar soap—then chips . . . now Super Suds

Years ago women had only bar soap. How hard it was to rub the clothes with the soap and to rinse out those clinging soap particles.

Next came chips. Many women changed to this form of soap because it could be *stirred* into a cleansing solution. But clothes and dishes had to be rinsed very carefully in order to get rid of the undissolved soap.

Now comes Super Suds, and women are changing to it by thousands in preference to all other forms of soap because it dissolves twice as fast as any soap they have ever seen before.

Super Suds is not a chip . . . not a powder . . . but a remarkable new form of soap in tiny hollow beads, so thin that they burst into suds the instant they touch water.

Four times as thin as chips, Super Suds is the thinnest soap made.

In this new soap women have discovered two distinct advantages:

First, Super Suds is so thin it dissolves instantly . . . saves time and trouble.

Second, Super Suds dissolves completely . . . no undissolved soap to leave spots on clothes or film on dishes. Women like Super Suds because it does the work faster and better than other forms of soap.

Super Suds is simply wonderful for dishes. It makes them sparkle and glisten like jewels, and yet you never even touch a dishtowel. Just give them a quick hot rinse—and let them drain!

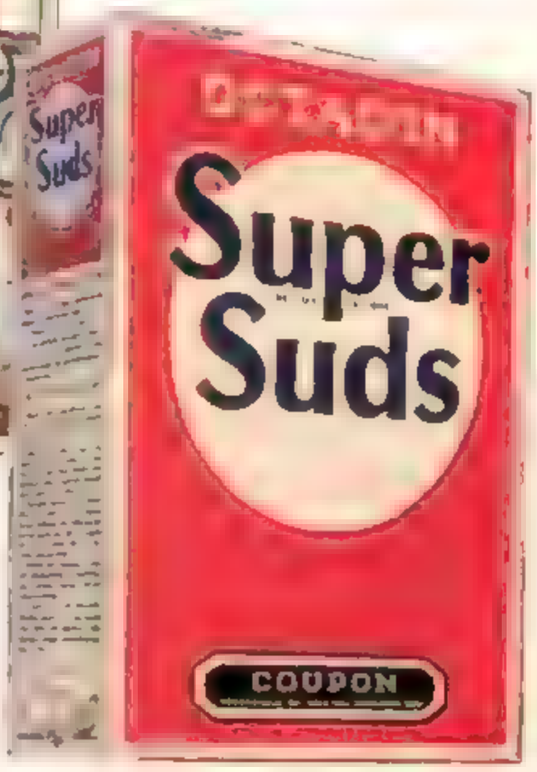
Already thousands of progressive women have been delighted with Super Suds. Won't you try it today? Just say "Super Suds" and your grocer will hand you the biggest box of soap you have ever seen for ten cents!

An Octagon Soap Product. Every box of Super Suds carries a premium coupon, our discount to you!

A PATENTED PROCESS . . . Super Suds is made by a process covered by exclusive patents. Product, process, and apparatus covered by U. S. Letters Patent Nos. 1,051,441: 1,090,740: 1,600,503: 1,634,640: and Reissue No. 16,749.

Wash dishes the new scientific way—with Super Suds. Glasses and silver gleam. China needs no wiping.

No waste—no undissolved soap—no chance of soap spots or yellow stains. Super Suds is perfect for washing machine use.



The BIGGEST box of soap on the market for 10¢

The Kelvinator Company,
Detroit, Michigan.
Gentlemen:
Having used our Kelvinator for three years, we would be very reluctant to do without it. It is convenient, economical, sanitary and is satisfactory in every way to the superlative degree. Our Kelvinator has never been out of order and practically takes care of itself.
Very sincerely,
★

★ *The letters used in Kelvinator advertising are genuine. For obvious reasons we do not publish the names of the writers, but they are on file in our Detroit offices.*

The physician speaks of his Kelvinator

WHO should know better than a physician the many wholesome advantages of Kelvination? He is closely concerned with safeguarding the family health from the dangers of taint and spoilage in foods.

He is interested in Kelvinator convenience, too, for his hours are such that his Kelvinator has furnished him many a tasty snack after a long vigil at some patient's bedside.

He speaks of Kelvinator reliability . . . he who must in his own life be the very personification of reliability.

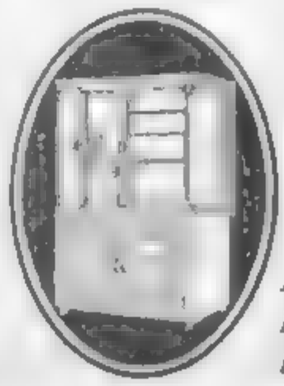
You will come to count on your Kelvinator too. People whose homes are Kelvinator-equipped soon learn the many delights and comforts of its crisp, clean cold. They learn to expect a *goodness* and *freshness* in their foods that cannot be had in any other way.

You may have Kelvination installed in your present refrigerator . . . for there is a Kelvinator cooling unit to fit every make and size. Or you may have it already installed in any of the famous Kelvinator Refrigerators. They are made in all sizes and styles . . . in all finishes and shapes . . . to fit their place in your kitchen. They are reasonably priced in keeping with capacity and design, and a convenient plan of deferred payments may be arranged if you wish.

Your local Kelvinator representative will gladly show you these cabinets and explain to you the many advantages of Kelvination. Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit; Kelvinator, Ltd., London, England; Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario.

Kelvinator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR



All-porcelain, new Kelvinator Model P-6 Ready to use

(Continued from Page 108)

More than one recent President has said frankly to intimate friends that the pressure on him not to veto these masked and disguised, or open and clamorous demands by organized minorities, sectional or class, "is tremendous." These proposals for free Federal aid, though they filch from every taxpayer's purse for the benefit of a special privileged group, manage to wear the mantle of liberalism, and they are supported usually on the ground that somebody—a people of a particular section, war veterans, farmers or what not—is suffering woefully for this or that special subsidy.

As one President said, "The pressure is great because the prize is great. What is in the grab bag is no inconsiderable stake. There is sometimes not only millions but billions of Federal expenditure asked for. There is no wonder that whole organizations of men and women will almost break their necks to get it or to put up conspiracies to reach me with influence."

The program is to pass the platter of such subsidies, special privileges and prizes as far as it will go with anything on it and then tax the average man as long as he can pay to replenish the platter again. The dole system in England milks the average man to pay a class increasingly professional-pauper in character; though it may have been necessary to avert suffering after the war, in principle it is the very essence of the poison of organized minority, treasury blood-sucking which has been and still is largely responsible for breaking down democracies, particularly since the war. The presidential candidates are all intelligent enough; they know the principles involved, but even before they are chosen it can be prophesied that only the rarest of them and neither of the two great parties will make an unqualified declaration against our Federal tendency to allow the wholesale robbing of the many taxpaying Peters to pay a few organized and woe-wailing Pauls. Certainly the next President will have enough conspiracy around him trying to influence him to allow the platter-passing of the public funds and, hence, the taxing of our pocketbooks.

I have stated this one example because it gives an opportunity to picture what has happened or what could happen when there are walls around a man. John Doe, let us say, is a man of moderate means, but a good party man and somewhat of a leader of thought in his community. He represents a fair average of the masses—the direct or indirect taxpayers of America. He sees that there will be presented to the President a proposal that the Federal Government should engage in reforesting New England or should build automobile roads for all the states not bordering on the sea. He knows that Congress is scared to death not to pass the legislation. New England and all the states not bordering on the sea have got together and form a joint partnership, a scratch-my-back-'n'-I'll-scratch-yours, organized minority. The lobby is stupendous. Clergymen and professors, chambers of commerce and women's clubs come down and say that this is the one plan approved by heaven and demanded in the interests of common humanity from the Great Heart of America.

Not So Liberal

But John Doe, who wants to see the President, is only a taxpayer who lives neither in New England nor in a state not bordering on the sea. He comes to speak for the taxpayers of America—for the masses. He is really the true liberal. He is a rare case, anyhow, for whoever heard of many men going down to Washington and hoping for any success in representing the silent, sleeping, disorganized general taxpayers, as against the modern, skillfully radioed, advertised, well-represented, high-pressure, organized-minority lobby working for a class or section?

Now John Doe discloses that he is going to ask the President to veto the New England Forestation and the Dry States Road bills in his own behalf and in behalf of the general taxpayers. First of all he has to overcome his own disinclination to be a kill-joy and an anti. He will appear to be a reactionary because apparently nowadays a liberal in politics is one who is liberal about spending other people's money. He knows that he will get no pay and little thanks for his pains and he is no crank. Then his congressman and his senator give him no encouragement. They tell him that powerful interests seem to want the thing done. Furthermore, he plans to go to see the President on Tuesday, and not being an experienced lobbyist such as advise and help the minorities, he does not know that Tuesday is the day for cabinet meeting. Furthermore, he has to travel, while the representatives of the organized minority, with its mouth watering for an appropriation of a billion or two, eat their meals around the corner and pay for them out of yearly salaries. And finally he arrives, and then the question in the mind of the President's secretary is why John Doe should see the President anyhow.

In Through the Garden Gate

As for the other side, the secretary, after some years of experience, learns that the attempts to break through the walls around any great man are carried on by the Wantits with increasing skill. In the old days the Wantits were often corporations and so-called interests. They were looking for tariff-schedule favors or affairs like Teapot Dome. Today they still are in existence, but they usually cost the general taxpayer pennies, nickels and dimes, whereas appropriations for group, class, sentimental and sectional special privileges will cost the taxpayer tens and hundreds or thousands of dollars. By the size of the swag that can be legislated out of the Treasury may be judged the size and the skill of the work to be done by pressure on a President.

"Most of this work is indirect," said one skillful manipulator to me. "We lose a large part of our battle if we see the President and try, face to face, to influence him. No; the thing to do is another thing. In the cabinet is one man the President listens to especially. We must win him. And he in turn listens to a banker in New York, and he in turn listens to an economist. So we get the economist onto the job first. Why, not so long ago, if you will believe it, a whole farm program affecting world marketing and world finance was originally pushed forward by an Englishman who wished it onto one of our own great public men."

Somehow the contest between our population, the rather half-awake and sleepy voter and the general taxpayer—the misrepresented masses—on the one hand, and on the other hand, the social worker, the new pass-the-platter liberal and progressive and sectional and class lobby—the organized minority out to milk the Treasury—is an unequal contest.

I suggested the correction of this inequality to one of the possible presidential candidates as an issue on which he could stand.

He said cynically, "For that I will not thank you and for that few would remember to thank me. If I could say I represented every hungry minority in sight, one added to the others, that would help me. But there is not so much that is bright and gay, alluring, romantic and fascinating in trying to educate the direct or indirect taxpayer in the idea that somebody pays, and that he's the one who does, and that I, true to my oath, will represent him and nobody else. Far easier to picture the Government as a variety of Christmas tree which, by some kind of hocus-pocus, always blooms in a paternal way, with endless presents ripening on its boughs."

The next time I may not get beyond that man's secretary, but I shall still continue to remember that the most spirited, admirable and courageous part of Coolidge's record is found in the times when he has been willing to plant his heels in the ground

AMERICAN
KITCHEN KOOK
CLEANLINESS~SPEED~CONVENIENCE~SAFETY

AMERICAN
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Complete Gas Cooking, Heating, Lighting Service for Homes *without* City Gas

THIS new Kitchenkook range is worthy of the finest kitchen. Attractively designed, compact, of convenient working height and beautifully finished in white and grey porcelain enamel it is, indeed, a thing of beauty, harmonizing in appearance, and in performance, with the best equipment of the modern, well appointed kitchen. And it is so easy to keep clean; no smoke, no soot, no unpleasant odors.

Kitchenkook is a gas range with every convenience of gas for cooking; the dependable, uniform heat of gas for baking. In fact, at maximum heat it is hotter and faster than city gas; may be regulated instantly to a slow, simmering fire that cannot "creep up" or smoke. Kitchenkook makes its own gas from gasoline. It lights with a match. One or all burners ready in one minute.

You, too, can have the comfort of gas service no matter where you live. Kitchenkook is made in a variety of models and sizes from the two-burner plate to the fine range with built-in oven and broiler shown here. There is a dealer near you who will be glad to show you the Kitchenkook in operation. Write to us for his name and folder showing the entire line.

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All American Products:
Light with a match.
Generate their own gas from gasoline.
Use no wicks; are smokeless and odorless.
Require no piping, can be readily moved from place to place while burning
Made by makers, for thirty years, of gasoline gas appliances.

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Send me full particulars about American Kitchenkook
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for Train or Aeroplane

If you must travel light— travel right!

The smallest, lightest, most compact wardrobe clothes carrier ever designed.

—the Hartmann Aerobe, only twenty inches square, carries garments just like a wardrobe trunk; yet in spite of its amazing capacity, it weighs only 14 pounds empty.

—no larger than a medium size bag, it carries accessories and clothing in a condition so perfect that you needn't worry whether or not a valet or maid is waiting at the end of your trip.

—built and designed for aeroplane travel, its use is extending far beyond our anticipations.

For week-end jaunts or year-end trips, by 'plane or boat or train, the Hartmann Aerobe carries its contents unwrinkled, smooth and immaculate.

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY, RACINE, WIS.
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May we send you an interesting booklet in colors illustrating and describing this new type of modern luggage? A copy will be mailed you upon request.

Hartmann Trunks and Wardrobe Hand Luggage priced from $14.00 to $400.

HARTMANN TRUNKS

BE SURE THE RED HARTMANN IS ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

and resist attempts to loot the Federal Treasury for class legislation, local improvements and wasteful pork-barrel expenditures. Any secretary of the future who will have the courage and skill to protect his President against the lobbies seeking millions and billions for special favors out of the taxpayers' pockets will be a patriot and a fine example of the right kind of wall to be built around any man in high place.

One learns, when one is a part of a wall around a great man, how boresome humanity can be. Harding once said that he noticed that most persons were uninteresting in their first ten minutes of their talk and rather interesting in their last five minutes. Now the truth was that Harding had no great preparatory practice in weighing other than the good nature and entertaining qualities in men. As an Ohio politician and as a senator he was an earnest and conscientious man, but his senatorial-office contacts dealt more with amenities than with any machine-gun fire of new ideas. Hence he failed to know the humorous though sad truth that nine out of ten human beings who go to see anyone they consider great spend the first ten minutes of a quarter of an hour talking about themselves—and their selves are not half as interesting as they suppose. They use self as a kind of wrapping paper for rolling up an idea and they spend most of their valuable appointment minutes in unrolling the wrappings. When the idea—the thing they have come to say—is unwrapped from its deadly covering it may be interesting or it may not be of any interest whatever, but there it is—the real delivery they have come to make.

"I suppose," said one President, "that they think they are breaking the ice, rather than making it."

I have heard men who wanted something of a President string out tiresome recitals of what they had done and sought in the last five years until I wondered that the Chief Executive did not say, "And when you get back to a recital of your birth I will say it was unfortunate, and I will ask you what on earth you came to say."

A Good Show for the Curious

Of course, the great trouble is that many of them came to say nothing. Once upon a time, in Italy, I had to pass upon applications of Americans to see Mussolini. Some were men who really have good minds and many were important. Some used to find that Mussolini was rather dramatic—that he rolled his eyes, ruffed his papers and pressed buttons. I told Mussolini. He laughed.

He said, "Well, a good many of your countrymen come to visit me as if I were a sea elephant or a great South American tapir. I try to give them a good show! I never do that with anyone who comes with a single idea or even with those who can formulate a germ of an intelligent question."

The old Empress Dowager of China had something of the same idea and something of the same kind of humorous attitude. She was besieged by requests of foreign women—no unofficial males were received—to have audience with her in the Forbidden City. Her secretarial walls were high and strong, but on one occasion it was the Empress Dowager herself who broke them down. An American lady journalist and an English authoress by chance came to Peking at the same period, each with the purpose of writing a book. One of these books, we will say, was to be called, What Goes On in the Forbidden City, the other, Inside With the Empress.

"Let them come," said the old ruler, "let them come—but one at a time."

She had everything of furnishings changed and their positions moved about. She invented absurd and grotesque costumes and ceremonies, and with all gravity received the first journalist. Then everything was changed about, costumes of utterly different kind replaced the first, furnishings of ridiculous types were introduced and even a new empress played the part.

Needless to say, the Empress Dowager herself looked forward with chuckles to the simultaneous publications of the two occidental foreigners who had been on the "inside."

But no doubt the secretaries were shocked beyond expression.

Our own great men have enough trouble with stupid souls. Such is the vanity of men that they will go to absurd lengths to get over the wall, so that they may say, "Last Thursday, when I was talking with the Executive in his office," and so on. In most of these cases the conversation on both sides, were it taken down stenographically, would sound like the dialogue between two inmates of a retreat for the feeble-minded. Naturally, the secretaries learn to pick out the types of visitors who, as one presidential secretary said, "are empties." Little by little, either by instinct, analysis or experience, the protectors of a great man learn that mere talk is exhausting; and the more "mere" it is the more exhausting it is. Contact after contact with dull visitors taking the occasion solemnly and themselves seriously will wear any executive to frazzles.

So Sorry You Must Go!

"There are three things to do," one old hand at the White House once said: "Keep them out; or if you can't keep them out, talk them out before they go in; or, if you can't get all the talk out of them, then stand behind them while they are in and cough, rattle documents and scrape the chairs."

After all, the oldest example of a great man needing protection is the monarch. It is interesting to see that even when all the walls are down and one is with a king, there has been built up through the centuries a number of protections against bores and fools. Such, for instance, is the etiquette which prevents a caller on a king from introducing new subjects or changing the subject of conversation. It is supposed to be a royal prerogative to steer the talk. Such, also, is the privilege always kept by sovereigns to terminate at pleasure the interview.

One very prominent American said to me, "I could have been talking to the king yet, if he had not got up! Of course, I had to get up, too, and just then one of the gold-braid fellows came in, and the first thing I knew a flunky was handing me my tall hat halfway down the hall."

In a democracy the Executive feels that he must be more indulgent. At least, he is not benefited by any set of traditional guides to etiquette which centuries have built up until, a few years before kings became so informal, one could have written a book on How to Treat a Monarch in a Way to Avoid Disgrace. The presidents of some of the new postwar democracies, and even the President of the United States and the premier of Great Britain, have to do the best they can.

One of them said, "I have learned that if I say nothing and let a man talk, he comes to the end of his rope in a little time. He probably will say that I am utterly unresponsive, but he finds himself walking out just the same."

Good secretaries know that comfortable chairs are deadly. Taking the whole subject by and large—kings, presidents, premiers and soap or tire magnates—if a visitor finds himself sinking into the depths of any chair whose leather exhalates in duet with his own sigh of comfort, he may feel that he is honored indeed. A survey of all the visitors' chairs provided by the secretaries of the great, from the China Sea to the Baltic and around and back, and from Patagonia to the North Pole, will show an almost unbroken exhibit of uncomfortable straight-backed and often rather frail-looking paraphernalia of repose. These serve to give the visitor the reverse of any sense of permanence; and good secretaries know it.

Good secretaries know also the value of meetings in which the great man makes the entrance and exit himself—that is to say, an arrangement where there is a kind of inner waiting room outside the great man's office. The preferred visitors are put in there.

The best technic is to line them up along the walls. Then the door opens and the great man, apparently on his way somewhere, pretends to recognize one of the visitors, says a few words, and ends with the amicable statement, "I'm glad you came," just as if the visitor had been passing a week-end with him.

Then he turns to the next and passes along, speaking in a low voice to half a dozen or a dozen, all in the brief space of some six minutes. In this way a skilled world figure can purge his day of interviews that otherwise would have consumed two hours.

Curiously enough, such visitors go away satisfied. They have not quite come within the walls, but the lord of the castle has waved to them and walked down the drawbridge, and though he has kept them on the outer edge of the moat, they feel that they have felt his hand and seen his eye, and can tell the neighbors, "Well, I says to him, says I," and so on. Roosevelt used this method with great success; I have seen him strip a line of visitors off a wall and send every one of them away wreathed in smiles almost in as short a time as it takes to tell it.

Too Much Warp and Woof

The guardian secretary knows that such devices save the chief a terrible drain on energy. The mere change of subjects which takes place in quick succession, brief but nevertheless too long interviews, following one after the other, twists the mind of the great man this way and that, until, as I have seen, the mind sometimes almost quits the job. Ramsay MacDonald when he was prime minister of England probably did not realize how often he was forced to say, like an awakening sleeper, "Won't you say that again?"

It is for all such men a great strain, on a day when a final decision must be made on some critical major issue, to be forced to consider birth control, the case of an inventor who claims a government clerk has improperly refused him a patent, suppression of the white-slave traffic, the appointment of a third-rate collector of revenue, and requests for speeches to be made three months hence, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

In fact the elevation of a man to high place in this modern world is an almost certain condemnation to being deprived of any consecutive minutes in the day in which problems can be thought out. Anyone who has had opportunity to watch such men at close range will have observed that at the beginning the great man sinks deeper and deeper in the mire of mere diversity of thought.

As one President said, "At the end of the day my mind is full of threads and I have no time to put my loom to work to weave them into anything."

It is only after experience with executive existence that the wise ones learn to shut firmly for certain periods all the doors and windows in the walls about them. Coolidge has an amazing capacity to do this even when surrounded by persons, and this, of course, is responsible for his reputation for silence. He can be, when he thinks the opportunity is worth while, and particularly when he wishes the rebound of his ideas from some other man's mentality, as talkative as a running brook, but he has his own personal walls in a silence which chatterers find disconcerting, but wise men rather peaceful and even companionable. Von Hindenburg draws about him a grim protection and in addition withdraws within the walls which visitors cannot penetrate. President Masaryk, of Czecho-Slovakia withdraws to the country estate—a motor journey from Prague—to do his thinking and find meditation and contemplation of problems. Wilson buried himself deeper and deeper as time went on; so deep, in fact, that he dealt with conclusions without sufficient premises of facts upon which conclusions must be based.

There have been periods when Kemal Pasha of Turkey has shut himself up and shown all the irritation of a hibernating bear when prodded in one of his midwinters of self-isolation.

There are two common types of great men—one is the decisive administrator blessed with executive art and genius, and the other the pondering, philosophical and sometimes program-making thinker. The first men require from their secretaries, their doormen and their walls much less than the second.

Mussolini is the rare case of a personality with duality of functions. He can spend a part of the day being a Roosevelt and another part being a Coolidge, one part being a yes-and-no man and another part being an I-wonder-why man. Therefore, one finds that he can see a great number of visitors when he is in his yes-and-no office hours, but certain periods come when a visiting king would have trouble in smashing through his barriers.

This latter protective covering he has learned to use since he came into power: as a result, he has leisure which, to be sure, like Roosevelt he uses to exhibit some form of external and almost psychopathic energy, but nevertheless, in this leisure he is his own master of what he chooses to think or do, and is not the slave of his surrounders. He becomes the pitcher rather than the catcher of ideas. One of the functions of intelligent secretaries and other guardsmen is to give him this chance.

A man who served as secretary to one of the best-known of England's premiers writes, "If men and women could only be induced to write rather than talk to the men who have the big jobs of the world, the latter would have more time to do them and think how they should be done."

This, of course, is a repetition of the old saw that anything that can be said in a thousand words can be written in a hundred. To which the crank against verbosity in journalism adds, "I tell my reporters that they could write an account of the end of the world in ten."

Putting it in Writing

Most of us are in full sympathy with that thought. But there are arguments to be said on the other side. One is that cheap printing has created almost more written words in our daily life than there are spoken words. If spoken words are a drug in the market, so are the mimeographed, printed and typed words. Even a private citizen finds himself wondering how many tons of paper in useless printed pages he throws away in the course of a year.

The reading and digestion of a morning mail, if done thoroughly, without the flip to the wastebasket, would take until midafternoon. What is the number of "yours trulies, faithfully yourses," and "most sincerelies" one reads in a year, and what is the national waste and the wear on how many thousands of young ladies' pink fingers from writing superfluous "dear sirs"? Furthermore, though the letter may say better what is to be said and preserve it in immobile form for a longer time, fairness compels us to admit that the average man feels correctly when he feels instinctively that he can make an idea enter the mind of a president or an emperor better if he says it. He is there face to face with the man: he knows, at least, that the idea is delivered, and can try to read even an inscrutable face to discover how his idea has gone home. In any case, humanity will still continue their assault to see the great man "in person."

They probably will want that privilege even in presidential campaigns, and neither the radio nor the motion picture—those powerful new agencies—will satisfy them

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IN great colleges you will find it. In magnificent churches and cathedrals. In hundreds of schools, theatres, hospitals. Why? Because it is good hardware. It performs. It adorns. It lasts.

You may never build a church, school or college, but some day you hope to build a home. You will want good hardware. Remember Corbin for what it will add to your home. Authentic, fitting designs. Locks that work. Hardware that lasts—because it is good.

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SINCE 1849
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation Successor
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"Come and help us build"

"We are building," we said in an advertisement two years ago, "a new city—upon the sure foundations of the old. We are building new office structures, hotels, apartment houses, factories, sub-divisions, roads, bridges, homes, schools. And we are building the more invisible things—business, social and educational developments that will make life not only prosperous, but full of all the things worth while. *Come and help us build.*"

In the two years that have passed, the new city has been building. Thousands of people have come. Jacksonville has spent $35,000,000 for new homes and new buildings—for new people . . . a sum, with one exception, *millions of dollars greater* than that spent by any other city, anywhere, within Jacksonville's population range. Scores of new factories have sprung up; hundreds of new business enterprises have been established.

And the new city is still building. Its growth is assured and inevitable. Jacksonville has in its favor such essential economic factors as: strategic location near thriving markets and rich sources of raw materials, a great ocean port, splendid highways, low power rates, unique inland waterways, exceptional railroad radiation, a favorable climate, ideal living conditions, progressive citizens, friendly labor, unexcelled recreational facilities.

Jacksonville is the commercial, financial and industrial capital of the new Southeast that is rapidly developing. It is within thirty hours of 55 per cent of all of the people of the United States. It is the gateway to South America and the Panama Canal. It is the largest lumber market from Maine to Texas. Many of the nation's business leaders declare that Jacksonville offers opportunities to be found nowhere else. Nearly 500 of them have expressed their approval by locating branch factories or offices here.

And Jacksonville blends with its business opportunities the charm of the Old South. It is a city of full living, of historical associations, of beautiful surroundings. Thousands come not only to work and play, but to live. Here the earth lives and blooms a full twelve months of each year. In Jacksonville people find the combination of health and opportunity.

Those who want their business to grow with a growing community, professional men who would live where life is worth the living, young men and women who have special talents of value in the building of a new city, we invite you:

"Come and help us build."

Believers in

Jacksonville

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completely. The world is still overwhelmingly personal, and the great man will still need his secretaries or his guardian walls to admit or reject those who want to be personal in this world. It will be a long time before any mechanical substitute for the great man and his visitor will be found, and, therefore, the secretary and the doorman classes have some centuries of grace before them. They may go on, reasonably certain that the work of building walls around the great is far from outdated. They will be limited to the daily fear that some visitor will get closer to the great man than they themselves. The average secretary has, of course, a natural feeling of power and would like to preserve a monopoly of it. Not all of them, but certainly some, delight in saying over the telephone, "I am sorry, but he is in conference," and it is pathetic and makes one want to cry when a wholly inadequate secretarial personality says wistfully, "Isn't it something you can tell ME?"

One who knows the entourage of great men is sure of the truth of the old saying, "No man is hero to his valet." There are some great men who, perhaps being composed, down to the very center, of the same metal that shows on the outside, have the profound respect and admiration and almost hero worship of those who are close to them. But not many. Many are found out by their secretaries to be lovable because they are human and, like most humans, engage in some pardonable attempts to hide their weaknesses under a grand manner or behind those walls which conceal the real personality when it is utterly dissolved of its pomp, its glory, its dignity and its official trappings. Most kings and presidents cut a better figure in a uniform or a cutaway than under the shower bath.

I knew a British Labor Party man who went with almost a devout attitude on a pilgrimage to see Lenin in Russia. He found the Greatest Man in the World in his place in the country.

"Did he impress you?" I asked.

"He did, until luncheon," the other replied. "It was the women of his family—and apparently there were only women relatives there—who broke the spell. One announced the meal with no respect and upbraided Lenin for not hurrying in. The others interrupted him in the midst of his discourses, turned the subject of his conversations, disagreed flatly with his ideas. I came to the conclusion that the gem failed to shine in its most intimate setting."

Behind the Scenes

Few can; few do. The walls around the great have ears and eyes, and behind the scenes the great, or at least the near-great, cannot go on acting grandeur interminably. The secretary usually knows, sooner or later, the boss as he is, and not as the boss finds it his duty to appear to be, even though it is not his inclination to pretend. The secretary knows that some men—even men who reach great places—are scenic and hide what they really are beneath their scenery. The secretary knows that there are other men who, like some of the unfortunate kings and like one or two of our unfortunate Presidents, really hate pretense and would, if they could, put all of it aside and cry to the skies, "Here I am as I am! Whatever I am, that you shall know!" But the traditions, the walls, the flunkies, the doormen, the dignity of the office, the secretaries and the advisers are in conspiracy to prevent such sincere men from doing anything of the kind. If it may be said that the walls around the great prevent the great at times from hearing the truth, it may also be said that these walls prevent them from telling the truth.

Many of them—even men rated high in greatness—fail to use the one quality that would endear them to mankind—courage at any cost.

The secretarial forces know imperfectly, but better than great men usually know, that greatness is rather volatile. It evaporates with amazing speed. Once when a cabinet officer had been named by a President he told me of the great honor that was to be conferred upon him. But he could name for me but one out of six of his immediate predecessors!

The secretaries imperfectly realize the loneliness of greatness.

The isolation of presidents, premiers and kings is sometimes a terrible and touching spectacle to those who have a peep at it. Some natures which have been trained in isolation can stand it with fair cheer; and others, even rarer, are filled with such outbursting energy for expenditure of personality that their tide runs all one way and they never have the hunger for sympathy and understanding that finally starves the man who is a receptive, as well as an expressive, personality.

The King is Dead

For the great man—even the greatest—there is not only the necessity of caution in all that he says but the need to be cautious that no group of individual companionship is built up which can be advertised as a nest of favorites. There must be caution, even for the man who does not want it, that no assassin shall have an opportunity. Consequently, footsteps and danger-searching eyes are always at the left or right. There must be caution that the heart does not grow black because some men have been untrustworthy, or weary because most men are weak.

There must be caution that flattering tongues do not lull to sleep and that concealed and ulterior purposes do not creep in under the inmost door.

These cautions are a part of the walls around a great man whether he be in politics, a hereditary prisoner of a kingship stripped of power and left mostly with mere pomp, or a great Wall Street executive or an Unparalleled Producer.

There is pure greatness which the secretarial and other guardians cannot either tarnish or garnish.

There are the trappings of greatness—harness which the group around the great man must polish up every day.

There are the cautions.

There are the conspiracies.

And finally there is the cynicism. For the world in certain respect appears to be without much gratitude.

A Justice of the Supreme Court at a presidential inauguration turned to the man nearest to him and said, "It is a curious thing that we, too, say 'The king is dead; long live the king.'"

I wonder whether we could not do better justice if we held a ceremony of farewell and gratitude for the man who had served faithfully, rather than an inauguration of a man who is about to serve.

Later on I remembered this thought when the case was presented of a cabinet member retiring from his post. Few men had served his land as well or as much. Multitudes had cheered him. Governments of many nations had honored him. Without much taste for it, he had known all the pageantry of greatness.

He was leaving Washington. It had been a gray day; dusk had fallen; it had begun to rain. The station was filled with commuters hurrying to get home out of the chill.

Perhaps the greatest man who had filled his office now came down in a limousine with his family. A few servants picked up his traveling bags. A uniformed man punched his tickets.

The great man looked about almost as if he missed something, had left something behind, was looking for something not there.

Then he climbed on the Pullman car and the train moved. Good-by. There was not much good-by. There was less of a good-by than if he had been a week-end guest.

The wind was cold.

Up in one of the hotels near the White House sat one of the great man's secretaries. He was laughing heartily with a congressman.

The walls were down.

She stood in the swaying launch perfectly poised

. . . then gained the dock as a gull lights on the sea

IT WAS noon—at the cross-trees of the Yacht Club flagstaff, the meal-pennant snapped and purred a brisk invitation to lunch, and from all parts of the anchorage tenders plowed their ways to the home landing.

As each boat came alongside, ladies—charmingly nautical in a Parisian sort of way—*clambered* ashore in a way rather more Parisian than nautical!

And then I noticed *her* as she stood erect—perfectly poised—a part of the pitching launch—as gracefully at home on the rising, falling deck as she would have been in her own drawing-room!

It was a stab of pleasure—the sight of her—the poignant pleasure with which all men silently acknowledge really rare beauty in this drab, work-aday world. . . .

Along the pier she came. Such grace! Such dignity! Such wave-like freedom of motion!

I got to know her very well later on. As a matter of fact, I married her.

And that's how I came to know about Red Cross Shoes.

It seems that the unrestrained, buoyant *grace* of movement, that makes one woman *the* woman in a crowd, is due, almost always, to shoes that *fit* the foot in *action* as well as in repose!

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FRIGIDAIRE

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THE SANDALWOOD FAN

(Continued from Page 32)

not know what he like, so first thing I get a Chinese doctor in Bayard Street to put medicine ——"

"Yes, yes, you worried yourself sick over that man, I'll bet."

"Not sick."

"Very well, Huey, you're right. Keep on going as you are, and see where you head in. The first thing you know, you're going to look up in the air and see the Queensboro Bridge. You heard, now. . . . What did you want with this gentleman's fan?"

"I didn't want this gentleman's fan."

"Hurry up."

"There is Chinese gentleman—very fine rich man—want this fan, not I. I nothing but poor gambler. I can't do nothing; I can't help nothing."

"You were getting it for this very fine man?"

"If he will give me five hundred dollars."

"Naturally, you wanted sweetening. Well, Huey, who is this very fine man and what's his lay? Where does he hang out?"

"I don't know this."

"What was good about that fan that he'd offer five hundred dollars for it?"

"I don't know this. This fan belong to Jacob Koo, a very fine Christian gentleman of China. But it is very sad to relate, he is chopped up by hatchet men and so he cannot pay the rent. For this I sell a few very little things belonging to him for a very few dollars to pay the rent. So comes this very fine Chinaman and he want Jacob Koo's fan, but it is sold and nobody can tell about this. So he will give me first one hundred and then five hundred dollars for the fan. And so comes this liar to me and says 'Give ten dollars for bringing you the man what have this fan in a silver box.' So I give this liar ten dollars."

"And you figured you'd bought his life and you wanted it. We're not asking you about that. Our party is the very fine man who's willing to pay the price of a high-class murder for a fan."

"But he don't want a fan no more. He got a fan."

"What did he want it for before?"

"It is a talk fan. Everybody know this."

"You'd be surprised how dumb some people are. A talking fan, eh? What does it talk—Chinese?"

"Chinese too. American, French, English, Cuban, Chinese, Spanish ——"

"A pretty smart fan. Well, where is this man?"

"You like see him? It cost money, sir."

"Where is he—in a dime museum? This is the gentleman wants to see him, and he isn't paying you for it either. Get that out of your nut, Huey. I know you wouldn't pull your own brother out of the river if he didn't throw you a quarter, but this time you're working for charity. So put on your hat and go along with Mr. Phillipse and show him the very fine man who wanted to buy his fan."

"All right, sir. But not pretty soon. Maybe six o'clock."

"When will it be convenient for you to go with him, Mr. Phillipse? Don't consider him at all. You know what he's going to do between now and the time you meet him; he's going to scuttle around and try to sell you to somebody. He'll go straight from here to his very fine man."

"No, sir, never will I go straight. I give a word of honor."

"Eight o'clock would be more convenient," said Dick.

"Eight o'clock it is then," decided Conlin. "Huey, be at Mr. Phillipse's house at eight o'clock. Here's the address."

And at eight o'clock sharp Mr. Huey Gow was announced at Berkeley Chambers. Dick went down to the main hall and found the Chinese waiting.

"Shall we take a cab?" asked Dick.

"It is not far, if you do not like to come in a car," said Huey Gow. "It is on Riverside Drive—not far."

They walked across West Eighty-fifth Street and then southward on the Drive, and they had not proceeded three hundred yards from Dick's own door when the Chinese said "Here it is," and led the way into an old ten-story apartment house. Huey Gow had himself announced, and was asked by the operator to get on the wire, by request of the individual upon whom Dick and he were calling. After gabbling animatedly and at length in a language that was Chinese to Dick, he apparently secured permission to go up to the apartment. They took the elevator to the tenth floor and were admitted by a white servant girl.

She left them in the foyer of the apartment and went off. They sat there for five minutes in silence. It was a large apartment, judging by the size of the foyer, and rented, it was likely, for something like four hundred dollars a month. It seemed to Dick that the furniture was poor and mean, and that there was not half enough of it. The foyer was equipped with an ordinary dining-room table and six cheap dining-room chairs. Dick was still looking for the Oriental luxury which he, for no good reason, had expected to see, when his host entered, went to Dick with a bright and pleasing smile and shook hands.

"He is Mr. Wong Get," said Huey Gow; and Mr. Wong Get looked at him with patient kindness, as a polite man who did not care for dogs in general might look at the dog of his friend. He was not as thin as Ma Bonn's "two crackers tacked to a shingle," but he was thin. He was of average height, but small-boned, with a Size 13 neck and a small round black head. The round cheeks and the shining eyes and the smile that showed heavy white teeth made him look doll-like. He was an intelligent and cultured gentleman of about Dick's age, and, at a guess, a graduate of an American college. His complexion was ivory suffused with pink. Dick had known such men in the university—men who differed from the coolie class as much as one European race differs from another—and was prepared for Mr. Wong Get's excellent English.

Wong Get held the door of a room for Dick, closed it against Huey Gow, and waved a thin, small hand at a morris chair.

"You have a fan belonging to me, I am told," said Dick bluntly.

"Pardon me," said Wong Get. "I do not think so. Of what fan do you speak, Mr. Phillipse?"

"A sandalwood fan given me by Mr. Garret Duane. He bought it, I understand, at an auction sale of articles that had belonged to one Jacob Koo. The things, including this fan, were put into the auction room by your countryman outside."

"Had he a right to sell what was of Jacob Koo?"

"Certainly. By the law of this state, as it has been explained by my attorney, Huey Gow had a rooming-house keeper's lien on the personal property of Jacob Koo, and was entitled to sell it and get his money. Mr. Duane bought it legally and gave it to me, and it was stolen."

"Ah, but suppose that the fan did not belong to Jacob Koo," said Wong Get.

The suggestion was new to Dick, and troubled him. Wong Get refrained from dwelling on his embarrassment, and said frankly: "I have the fan you are looking for, Mr. Phillipse. When I sought it, some time ago, I went to Huey Gow and offered him at last five hundred dollars for it; it would have been unwise to offer more, and perhaps I offered too much. He did not tell me about the auction room but said he would find the fan for me. Some time later I learned that the fan was in a curiosity shop near Jefferson Market, and I went there and bought it."

"I might waive my title to the fan and buy it from you. Will you sell it to me?"

"Impossible."

(Continued on Page 119)

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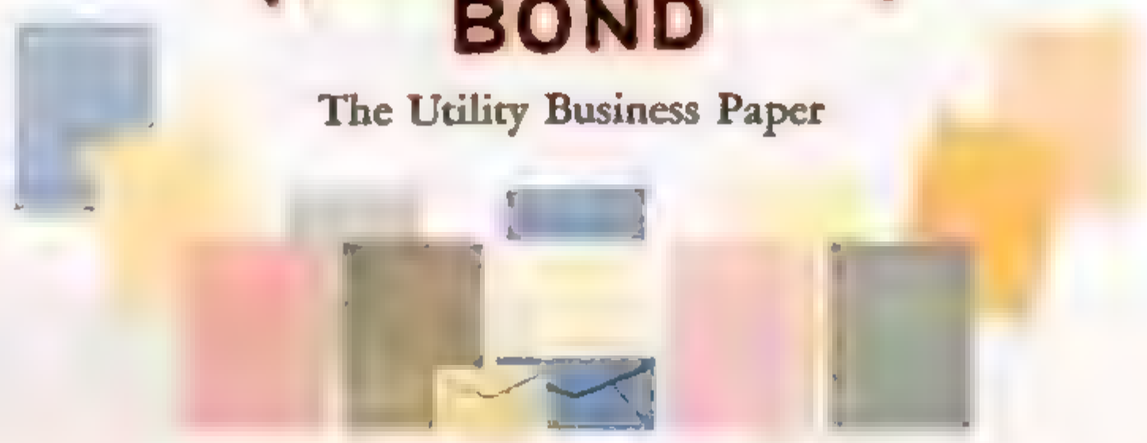

(Continued from Page 117

"I won't quibble about the price. I must have that fan."

"Impossible, Mr. Phillipse. I am very sorry, but that cannot be. The fan is not now for sale—not for one hundred thousand dollars—not for any sum."

"But what is the thing's peculiar value?" said Dick, somewhat heatedly. "I can't think that it is of great value to anybody but me."

"You do not know the office of that fan, Mr. Phillipse? Everybody knows that. It is no secret. Huey Gow knows it, and many others."

"Huey Gow wouldn't tell you the time by the Metropolitan tower clock without being paid for the information."

"Very amusing! Yes, he is a low fellow. It is a talking fan, Mr. Phillipse."

"I heard that. What does it mean?"

"It is to convey secrets. Here in New York I represent some estimable people in China; you will not inquire who they are. We will say, for instance, that they are merchants. They wish to tell me something for my very self alone, and they send me a philosophic maxim of Tao-tsze, or a recipe for making taffy candy, or something equally admirable in itself, but not startling to curious men."

"A verse in praise of life on the farm, perhaps."

"Perhaps—and I read the secret message with the sandalwood fan."

"But how?"

"My people in China have a print of this fan, precise to the last piercing and least crenelation. The fan has twenty or more sticks, or blades, and each blade is pierced in an arbitrary design; it is a very old fan, and handmade, and there is not such another in the whole world. There was just such a one, long ago, and then it supplied the place of the print that my people have now. Understand how such a print was made. The fan was opened to its fullest on a sheet of sensitized paper—the ordinary paper for printing photographs—and so was reproduced faithfully a print of every little hole of the hundreds in the blades of the fan."

"I think I see now!"

"My people then place on the print a sheet of tracing paper or some thin white paper, and through the paper appears the design of the fan. They write on the spots, corresponding to the holes in the fan—a letter here, a letter on there, spaced irregularly—until the message is complete. On the white places, corresponding to the material of the fan, they write what they will to mislead, making of the whole composition a pleasing sentiment or some worthy advice upon the ordinary affairs of life. Everyone may scrutinize; no one will read the secret if he have not the sandalwood fan, to open fully, to place on the composition—to see what letters are not covered. One needs light behind the paper to read readily. By day, one may place the paper against the glass of the window; by night, such a glass table top and a light held below it. Is it clear to you? I do not betray a secret to you. Such a method of communicating private matters is known in China by those who would be posted."

"Clever," said Dick. "Your people, Mr. Wong Get, have gifts that are all their own."

"It is all a matter of being posted," said Wong Get slightingly. "Here in America, Mr. Phillipse, you have so very many experts, and they announce that they know all, and people believe this, even when they hear these experts quarreling together like a buyer and a seller. I have read in an American book that no secret writing can hope to escape the all-seeing eye of the anointed expert. This is absurd. If a unique object is needed to read, the expert cannot read. Do you know of string writing? That is not Chinese, but Greek—ancient Spartan. One winds a string about a stick, making the coils sit close, and one writes on the string. One unwinds the string and sends it to his friend, who will wind it again on just such a stick, and read. Can anyone read the string without the stick? No, he cannot. There are many such. Here is a secret writing of India; blow into a water tumbler hah—puff! . . . But I do not wish to bore you."

"I'm really immensely interested. I happen to have a secret writing of my own that I am anxious to interpret. From what I know now, it is evident to me that it is to be read with the assistance of the sandalwood fan. Can't you let me have it long enough to use it to read the writing that interests me, and I'll give you any pledge you may require that I shall guard it and restore it to you at once, and be satisfied to debate the question of ownership later?"

"You must see that I can't let it from my possession, Mr. Phillipse. It is not that I do not greatly wish to oblige you, but you will not insist that I resign into your hands the lives of my people in China. It is so serious."

Wong Get stared at the carpet underfoot in reflection.

"Is it so important to you, Mr. Phillipse?"

"It is of the greatest importance. The message is from Mr. Garret Duane, who is dead. It seems that he used that fan to send me a message, and the fan was stolen before it came into my hands. You may judge of its importance when I say that the unfortunate fellow who stole the fan was murdered in my presence because he was about to divulge some information bearing on the affairs of Mr. Duane."

"You shall have the use of the fan," said Wong Get.

"You'll let me take it?"

"No, not that. I didn't say that. I said that you shall use the fan. You shall use it here. You shall bring here the writing that you wish to interpret."

"That creates a certain difficulty. Candidly, I should fear for my life if I had that paper on my person. There are criminals of the most desperate type who have learned somehow that this paper is the key to a hidden treasure. I have put the paper in the vault of my bank. It may be, though, that the matter can be arranged. I can get in touch with the police and get an escort in bringing the paper here. That makes me seem very timid, which I am not—not without good reason. My life was attempted recently because I had that paper with me, and only sheer luck saved me. Secrecy is of no avail; this murderous crew seems to be apprised of my every movement. My best policy is to act openly. I'll go to the police and have them accompany me to the bank and here."

"Oh, no," said Wong Get decidedly. "If you come here, you must come alone. It is unfortunate, Mr. Phillipse, and you may think me harsh, but it cannot be helped. If my interests only were involved, I should not hesitate to trust you, but I must not trust anyone with the lives of my friends It means too much to China. You are not the only man, Mr. Phillipse, who walks under a sword. You must come here alone and unarmed."

"At least the fan is here?" demanded Dick, pondering.

Wong Get smiled and spread his hands quaintly.

"If you will tell me when it pleases you to come, the fan will be here."

"You ask me to do the thing of all things that I would avoid—to bring that writing and that fan together except under the most carefully controlled circumstances. It is likely that nothing will happen and that my problem will be quietly and instantly solved, but I feel as if you were asking me to touch fire to gunpowder. Unarmed!"

"Unarmed," repeated Wong Get, rising and bowing slightly. "Will you please to come?"

"I'll tell you, though, that I'll take every precaution to guard that paper as far as your door."

"I do not quarrel with that. It is with regret that I impose such a condition on you, but you should see that it is I who require protection. Were I not minded to oblige you, I should refuse to talk to you about the sandalwood fan at all—laugh it off, as it were. You must see that."

"And I appreciate it, sir. Will the afternoon of tomorrow be entirely convenient to you? Let us say at two o'clock then. That gives me time to restore the writing to the vault."

"You will not need it again, unless for a souvenir, if it is to be read with the fan. Tomorrow at two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Phillipse."

An abstracted look came into Wong Get's velvety eyes; there vanished from his round face the conventional simper with which he was bidding Dick good-by. With an agility that Dick had not supposed him capable of, he sprang to the door and snatched it open.

If he expected to find Huey Gow with an ear glued to a crack, the gambler was altogether too honorable or too quick. Huey Gow was sitting across the foyer, with hands folded comfortably over his stomach, with eyes closed, snoring softly and soothingly.

XIII

DICK had a talk with Little Amby about Wong Get's proposal.

"I'll come, Phillipse," said the lawyer. "You intend, no doubt, to hold the fan when once it is in your hands, and to call in the police and have this Wong Get arrested under Section 1308 for buying and withholding. Do that, and I'll put the scare in him. He'll be mighty glad to give you the fan and to pay me for my trouble. We'll badger him!"

"I couldn't think of doing anything like that."

"Surely, Phillipse, you're not thinking of keeping your word with him, and going there alone and unarmed with that paper? Why, he'd have you at his mercy. Oh, no, I would never let any man get me that way, not if he swore on a stack of Bibles. Why should he keep his word when you would have nothing to trade with? Oh, I'm a great believer in being honorable, and I'll take a man's word to a reasonable extent, and so long as he is taking mine at the same time; and then it is only a matter of seeing that he does not beat me to the punch. Well, ring me after, will you?"

Dick himself felt insecure, but he resolved to go through with his arrangement. At one o'clock he left Beekman Street and went to police headquarters and talked to Conlin. The inspector sent a plain-clothes man to the Mauritius Mortgage & Trust Company with him. Dick took the precious paper from his safe-deposit box. He walked out into crowded Park Row and stood beside the detective at the curb and awaited a taxicab.

On the sidewalk beside him a street faker was exhibiting mechanical toys. The sidewalk was none too wide already, and the faker was compelling the traffic to detour so as to avoid stepping on him and his idiotic novelties.

While he chanted his ballyhoo, his eyes roamed ceaselessly in search of the man on the beat. Now he bent over and plucked his goods from the walk, slammed the lid of his valise on them and darted off into the crowd.

And it was just then that a pretty blond girl seized Dick by the arm and collar, and screamed "Police—police!"

"What's eating you, lady?" asked the detective, while Dick stared at her in wonder.

"This man took my pocketbook! Look! Right out of my hand bag. He pulled it open and grabbed it and passed it to another man, who ran right away with it. Police!"

"Pickpocket, eh?" said an elderly gentleman, coming manfully to the rescue of beauty in distress. "Took your wallet, my dear? Have him arrested."

"You mind your own business," said the detective rudely. "There's no water here for your car. Do you know what that shield means? I'm an officer and this man is with me, and I know he didn't take anybody's pocketbook. For that matter,

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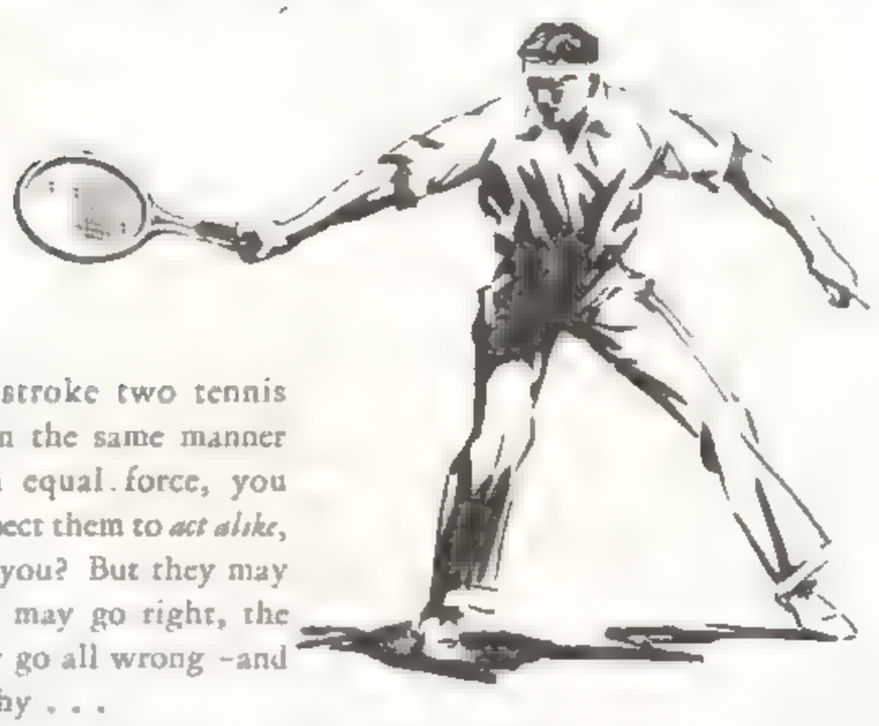
Iced or hot, India Tea gives the same delicious and world famed flavor.

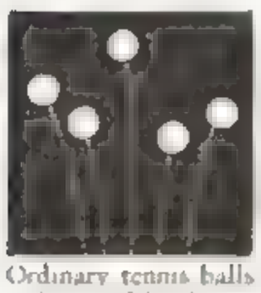
INDIA TEA

Issued by the Growers of India Tea

SOME *tennis balls* *can* FOOL YOU!



IF you stroke two tennis balls in the same manner and with equal force, you would expect them to *act alike*, wouldn't you? But they may not. One may go right, the other may go all wrong—and here is why . . .



Ordinary tennis balls bounce like this —*all different!*

Ordinary tennis balls are not *uniform*. Balls of the same size and weight may vary 20 pounds in air pressure. In the official drop test, one will bound too much, another too little. This means that in actual play, one will feel light off the racket, another heavy. If you stroke them alike they may fly in an entirely different manner. This variance can be fatal to any player's game.

Out of a year's production of Wright & Ditson tennis balls, you could not find *one* that would differ one iota in bound, fly, or feel from all the others. In the official drop test, every Wright & Ditson ball bounds exactly the same—and bounds the legal limit. Wright & Ditson tennis balls are the most uniform ever created—because every one of them gets exactly the same air pressure *automatically!*

Wright & Ditson balls bounce like this —*all alike!*

• • •

For 37 years the Wright & Ditson Championship ball has been adopted for National championships—and for all Davis Cup matches played in this country since 1900. *Demand it!* It costs no more than other tennis balls—50 cents each, from your tennis professional or at your favorite sporting goods or department store.

HERE'S ANOTHER *great feature!*

Every Wright & Ditson ball reaches you as fresh and as lively as when it left the factory. And it is *kept fresh* by an *air-retaining* inner-lining. Air can't seep out of it—the ball *holds* its liveliness for an entire season's play! And every Wright & Ditson ball *bounds the maximum legal limit* allowed a legal ball—58 inches!

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Please send me, free, a copy of your booklet, "Hints on Playing Tennis," by ten of the world's leading tennis authorities.

Name

Street

City ..... State .....

I don't think there was any pocketbook taken at all."

"But I saw the man running off with the wallet," protested the gentleman.

"So did I—and I—and I," chorused a volunteer jury.

"Anyway, the girl says he took it, and she wants to make a charge against him. If you're an officer, you got to run him in."

"You're making a charge against this man?" demanded the uniformed patrolman, shouldering into the center of things. "What are you charging him with?"

"He pulled my leather," said the pretty lady—"I mean, he took my pocketbook. I hope to die, officer. I was walking right here and going to get my lunch from where I work in a Wall Street broker's office, and somebody knocked my hat. I put up my hands to fix my hat, and right away this man crowded his shoulder under my elbow and held it up, and pulled open my bag and lifted my pocketbook, and give it to a man who blew with it—I mean, he ran away. I seen him, officer, with my own eyes."

"This is a game," said the detective, showing his shield to the uniformed man. "This gentleman is with me."

"And you didn't see him do it," cut in the blonde. "Well, one witness that seen him do it is worth two that didn't; I know that much law. And it ain't on my say alone, either; this party right here seen him—didn't you, dearie?"

"Well, yes, I can say I did," said the elderly gentleman, taking her arm and drawing her under his protecting wing.

"He'll have to come around to the house," said the patrolman.

"Then let's go and get it over," growled the detective.

"Come on, everybody," invited the lady.

"Listen, if you want a parade, where's your permit?" objected the patrolman. "I'll take anybody's name and address, but only this gentleman is going along."

"Here's our cab, Mr. Phillipse," said the detective. "I don't suppose you want to walk down Nassau Street with this dame tagging after you. Let's ride."

They all got into the cab that the Central Office man had hailed and rode to the Old Slip station house. It was a tight squeeze, but the lady was obliging enough to sit on the elderly gentleman's lap, making room. They lined up before the police lieutenant on the desk; the lady repeated her story with embellishments, and was heartily supported by the elderly gentleman, who, developing as witnesses always do, had become a fervent partisan of the side that his testimony helped

"Absolutely false," said the detective.

The lieutenant nodded slightly and shrugged his shoulders. "Why don't you take him right over to court and have him turned out?"

"We'll do that," said Conlin's man.

"But I can't spare the time to go to court just now," protested Dick. "I have a very important appointment."

"But I'll have to send you over to court, anyway, sir," explained the lieutenant. "I got my opinion, but that don't give me a right to turn you out. You'll have to go over and give bail if you don't want to wait around and get the charge dismissed."

A civilian strolled out of the wardroom—a wide and generously curved man in a shiny blue sack suit. A cigarette, looking like a pin stuck in a map, was in his wide mouth. His big blue eyes were on the lieutenant.

"Hank, my old tomato," he said in a resonant bass, "did I understand you to remark upon the subject of a bail bond?"

"This is the agent for the International Surety Company," said the lieutenant. "They write bail bonds."

"I'll arrange for my own bail, thank you," said Dick, who had heard of the tricks and extortion practiced on ignorant prisoners by professional bondsmen.

"Fair enough," said the stout agent, but the flirt of his head invited Dick to step out of earshot of the others. "I don't know what business you're in, mister, but if you like the bonding better, hop to it." Dick walked over to him. "You don't want to go to court, eh?" grumbled the stout man confidentially. "Well, that is where you are going, unless you get sprung right here."

"You mean, admitted to bail?" queried Dick. "But the lieutenant says he can't take bail—that he has no power."

"That man don't begin to know his own power. Do you want to walk out now, or do you want to go to court?"

"I'd like to walk away now."

"Slip me thirty dollars."

"What for?"

"Three per cent on a thousand dollars' bail."

"Who fixed the bail?"

"That ain't one of your worries, Mr. Phillipse. If you don't get a hearing right away, you won't be held in less than a thousand dollars for larceny from the person, and you will lose your time for nothing. You will give collateral up there, too—mark my words—and I am offering to take you out on the cuff. Now about a lawyer. You let me give you a winner. I'll give you Little Amby himself—Counselor Ambrose Hinkle, of Centre Street. You call him up and tell him you're a personal friend of mine. You just say, 'I'm a very intimate friend of Fat Ben, and he gave you to me.' See?"

"That's kind of you, but I happen to be already acquainted with Mr. Hinkle. He's handling a certain matter for me."

"Is this right?" said Fat Ben. "Here's news. Wait up."

He spoke to the lieutenant and left the station house. He returned almost at once, and drew Dick aside again. He put an arm about Dick's waist as a barrier against the whole world, and said, his big blue eyes softly eloquent:

"Dick, my old tomato, why don't you declare yourself? It is no good to have a friend if you cannot give him a play. Little Amby and me are like two fingers in the mud, and I will front for any friend of his, day or night. I will take you out and it will not cost you a cent, and besides, I will tell you a few that you ought to know." He led Dick farther away from the waiting group. "Stall," he said. "Let on that you are giving me an argument over that thirty dollars. Now I will tell you how this thing is. There is a certain party that throws me not a little business in the way of taking him and his friends out, and this party comes to me this morning and says, 'Ben, my old tomato, if you will be down in Old Slip this after, there is going to be a party walked in on a charge of pulling leather, and he is going to want a bond.' Well, that was good enough, and I didn't ask questions about where he gets the advance info, because it is my experience that I can make good money minding my own business. So he says to me, 'This party don't want to be kept too long down there, but he wants to be kept till about half-past two.' So I thought I would tell you, Dick, and let you use your own judgment."

"You heard beforehand that I was to be arrested? Come and tell that to the lieutenant."

"No, I wouldn't do that, Dick. I wouldn't want to stir up hard feelings with this certain party, because, as I was saying, he throws me some nice business. One hand washes the other, isn't it so? Here, I will give you some of my cards and you can pass them around to your friends. Instant service, day or night—Fat Ben, the Minute Man. I see you are doing some heavy thinking, and I will ask you to give me a ring if there is a grab on account of what I have told you. If this certain party is grabbed, he will want to give me the bond anyway, because he is a very intimate friend of mine; but still and all, I would like to be on hand when he is booked, as he is a man that likes service. Give me a a chance to exercise my money, will you, Dick?"

There was a heated exchange at the desk. Dick heard the Central Office man say, "I can't just place this jane, but I know her from somewhere."

"Oh, sir, don't let him call me a story-teller!" cried the blonde, putting out slim and imploring hands to her champion.

"I'll see this thing through, officer," he said, shaking a menacing left hand while he patted the lady with his right. "There, little girl. . . . How dare you speak of a lady like that? This is the sort of thing that has made the name of the New York police a scandal."

"Don't let that man escape," she said, pointing a quivering finger at Dick. "Watch him until I come back; I'm going out to call my lawyer. We'll see if this shoofly will insult me then, the cur."

She ran toward the door. Fat Ben stepped into her path and said ingratiatingly, "Lady, I saw you take your friend's roll just then, and I hope I am not speaking out of my turn. You better give it back or he will be blaming the police."

"What's that?" exclaimed the lieutenant alertly. "Come back here, madam. Hello, in there—call the matron!"

The elderly gentleman called for vengeance when a roll of bills that had been in his pocket was discovered on the blond girl's person. She asserted that he had given it to her, but the lieutenant was not impressed.

"I'll hold her, but I'm almost sorry she didn't get away with it. This detective showed you his shield up there on Park Row and told you Mr. Phillipse hadn't taken her pocketbook."

"If that tub of lard there would only mind his own blamed business there wouldn't be all this fuss," stormed the blond girl.

"That's what I was doing, lady," said Fat Ben cheerfully, "and I certainly needed a break, because business is terrible. You are the first customer today. Well, how about giving me the bond? And if you think you can give it to anybody else while I am here, try and do it. Slip me thirty dollars."

It was half-past two when Dick walked down the station-house steps, the charge against him having been dismissed. He was late for his appointment with Wong Get, and that was annoying, but the fact that occasioned him genuine anxiety was that the delay had been deliberately made by a secret enemy. He had made contact with this enemy and had lost a tactical advantage, and yet he did not know from what quarter to expect the main attack.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THUS MAN LEARNED TO FLY

(Continued from Page 19)

In the summer of 1902. This had been designed with wings conforming to their own measurements. It had the same biplane appearance, but the wings measured thirty feet from tip to tip and five feet across, proportionate dimensions which are still generally observed by designers today. To prevent that troublesome swinging of one wing ahead of the other when off balance laterally, a fixed vane had been set up by means of spars extending back from the rear. The glider weighed one hundred and sixteen and a half pounds.

At Kitty Hawk the brothers had spent some time watching the soaring flight of vultures. They had observed other birds closely—bald eagles, hawks and ospreys.

One day Orville was standing on top of Kill Devil Hill when he saw an eagle soaring about level with him and only a few yards distant. As he watched it closely, he saw the wings being warped now and then, very much in the manner by which he and Wilbur had planned to obtain lateral control of their glider.

This was the first time that they had observed the wing-warping trait in birds, but afterward they were to see it again and again; it confirmed their original idea. It also proved that birds while soaring do not use their wings to thrust the body ahead, but simply to balance themselves while they take advantage of rising and descending currents of air.

They had discovered the effect of air currents in several forms. While gliding into a rising current Wilbur had suddenly felt the machine drop faster than gravity, for his body was raised up off the supports. They concluded that the gust of wind rising up the slope had suddenly played out and pitched downward, which was true.

That was their first experience with the so-called air pockets which even today are held accountable for many accidents, though actually there is no such thing as an air pocket; it is a sudden change in the direction of an air current downward and is no menace to a modern airplane in the hands of a skilled pilot. The Wrights also learned that the soaring birds cannot make sustained flights upward without being lifted on rising air currents.

These rising currents were prevalent on the slopes of the Kill Devil dunes, and there they flew the third glider, first as a kite, then in free flight with one or the other aboard. The front elevator performed efficiently, but the problem of lateral control was always before them. Orville one day made several preliminary flights to accustom himself to the front rudder, the control of which had been changed. Then he tried the side controls.

Starting out with one wing raised above the other, he felt the glider veer off to the left, and the right wing rise higher than the other. He worked the controls, but the right wing continued to rise, and while thinking about this he neglected the front elevator.

The glider nosed up into the air, higher and higher, until it was thirty feet off the ground. There it stalled and slipped back with a crash into the sand.

The others, horrified, ran to the wreck. To their surprise Orville was emerging, unhurt and without a bruise. The glider had been damaged to some extent, but in a few days they had it out again as good as new, and ready for further research into the mysteries of balance and control.

The brothers knew that they could accomplish nothing without actual practice in gliding. In the air the pilot could tell by the feel of his machine—as pilots do today—just about what was happening under various conditions.

The fixed vane in the rear proved annoying. Sometimes it worked as intended. As the machine tipped sidewise it would catch the air stream on the side of the higher and faster wing, and by slowing it down, restore the balance. But the Wrights found that after the wing had been raised up higher the vane would have exactly the opposite effect. Instead of counteracting the tendency to turn the machine, it would help turn it. Several days were spent experimenting with this vane, until the brothers found that by making it movable they could set it against the wind as they pleased. As they knew that its movements must be determined by the angle at which the wings were warped, they connected it to the wing-warping controls so that the pilot could move wing tips and rudder with one operation.

In the past, strong winds had often caused the brothers to postpone their glides. Now, during their third season at Kill Devil, rain and light winds were the main drawbacks. By that you may know that the fledglings were growing up into birds. They sailed off the dunes in winds that had once seemed forever menacing. They made 100 glides in the course of a single day.

They tried out their machine under all kinds of conditions and increased the length of the glides to more than 600 feet, remaining in the air nearly half a minute at a time. They worked hard throughout the hours of daylight. When not gliding they were tabulating the effect of the wind upon

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YOUR car or other property may some day be attached because of an automobile accident.

If you carry Ætna Automobile Liability and Property Damage Insurance, an Ætna *release of attachment bond* will be promptly issued, without additional cost, up to the amount of your policy.

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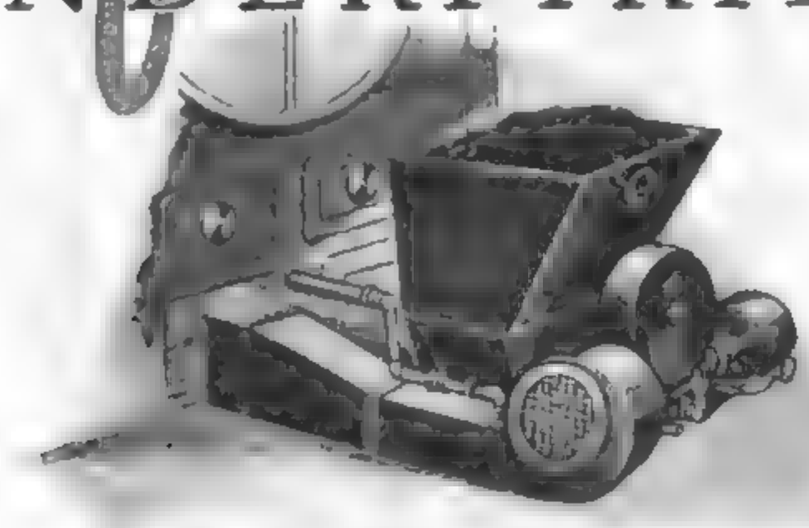
The Ætna Life Insurance Company • The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company • The Automobile Insurance Company • The Standard Fire Insurance Company • of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection.

ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN ORTH KNOWING

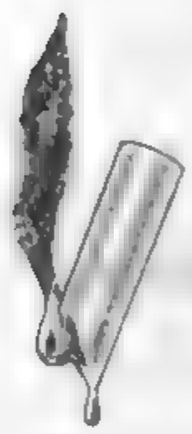
IRON FIREMAN "forced UNDERFIRING"



—the scientific principle that is revolutionizing heat and power production...

Study the two candles a minute. At the right, the flame is bright, smokeless—*because the fuel is fed from below.* At the left, the flickering, smoky flame indicates wasted fuel—*because the fuel is fed from above* . . . like wasteful hand firing, where coal is thrown on top of the fire.

The Iron Fireman successfully applies to furnaces, and boilers up to 200 h. p., the scientific principle of *feeding fuel from below the fire,* which engineers have long recognized as the efficient way to burn coal. Through Iron Fireman "forced underfiring" this scientific method is now in use in thousands of heating plants, power plants and home furnaces.



Wasteful Fuel from above. Smoky flame—poor combustion.

"Forced underfiring" truly ushers in the dawn of a new era in heating. It makes coal an automatic fuel, scientifically fired, clean, economical, dependable. Iron Fireman "forced underfiring" makes a firebox temperature 500 to 1000 degrees hotter than hand firing. Lower priced coal may be used. Slack or screenings, or buckwheat, give excellent results. Coal costs less in these sizes and you get more heat from it than from more costly lump coal, hand fired. You save both ways.

Easily installed in furnaces, and old or new boilers from home sizes up to 200 h. p. Send coupon for literature and complete information. Address: *Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland, Oregon. Factory branches: Cleveland and St. Louis. Dealers throughout the United States and Canada.*

Scientific underfiring Fuel from below. Bright, clear flame. No waste.

The Iron Fireman saves 15% to 50% of fuel costs. Saves labor. Maintains even heat. Eliminates smoke.

The IRON FIREMAN *Automatic* COAL *Burner*

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Send catalog about Iron Fireman automatic "forced underfiring" for the type of furnace or boiler checked below

☐ Industrial ____ h. p. Type of building

☐ Residential Hot Water ____ Warm Air

Vapor System ____ Other

Name

Address

wings, proving with their full-sized machine the tables which they had compiled in the wind tunnel at home in Dayton.

The effect of the wind upon their glider they translated into terms of air pressure; and as air pressure is the same whether the wind blows against an object or that object travels through the air at the same speed, they calculated that if they could move their glider through the air at a speed of sixteen miles an hour the resulting air pressure would sustain it above the surface.

Meanwhile the control system was working splendidly and the brothers were spending more time at gliding. That season they made 1000 glides, 375 during the last six days of flying. All told, they were in the air about four hours during their three seasons of gliding. In this third season they were also thinking of acquiring engine power to take the place of the gravity that had been the motive force in gliding. Before leaving camp in October, 1902, they had commenced the design of a machine to be equipped with a gasoline motor and propellers.

The First Wright Motor

"With our accurate data for making calculations, and a system of balance effective in winds as well as in calms, we were now in a position, we thought, to build a successful power machine, an airplane," Mr. Wright explained. "Our first design for this provided for a total weight of 600 pounds, including the pilot and an eight-horse-power engine. The wind-tunnel tests and actual experiments in gliding indicated a need for an engine of at least eight horse power to take the place of gravity and provide the thrust for the machine. Our tables made the designing of the wings an easy matter.

"On our return to Dayton we wrote to several automobile and engine builders, saying that we were interested in procuring an engine for our machine and asking if they could supply one of about eight horse power. After some correspondence we were told by a majority of the manufacturers that they were too busily engaged with their regular business to undertake such a commission. One company stated that it had an engine of eight horse power weighing only 135 pounds, but we found that it was a single-cylinder affair and no doubt overrated. Wilbur and I decided to build our own engine.

"Until then our experience with engines had been limited to the construction of an air-cooled motor to run the machinery in our workshop, but we felt that we could make an engine of four cylinders with a four-inch bore and four-inch stroke which would weigh some 200 pounds, not more.

"We made the design, Wilbur and I, and intrusted it to Mr. C. E. Taylor, who was in charge of the machine work in our shop. Within six weeks the engine was undergoing tests. It was a temporary engine, of course; the four cylinders had been set into a frame of inexpensive construction. We made no provision for lubrication, and for that reason it could be run only a minute or so at one time. But it developed about nine horse power.

"Meanwhile Wilbur and I were busy completing the design of the machine itself. Confident that the motor would deliver more than eight horse power, we agreed that more weight might be added to the airplane, and therefore we could build it stronger than we had planned at first.

"The next important thing was to find propellers. Our tables had permitted us to calculate the exact thrust, or power, necessary to sustain the machine in flight. But just how to design a propeller having that thrust was something else. We had not given it serious thought. We had understood that the marine screws gave 50 per cent efficiency. We would acquire books on marine engineering and use our own air-pressure tables in place of the water pressure.

"We found several books in the Dayton Public Library, but to our surprise they contained only empirical formulas, governing the design of marine propellers. They were not based on any theory. We could not afford the time or money necessary to carry on extensive experiments in this especial field, so decided to build the propellers on our own theory. We would use our air-pressure tables to determine the most efficient type of aerial screw. This at first did not seem to present much of a problem, but when we got into it we were nonplused.

"We found that we had no place from which to start in our reasoning. What at first seemed a simple problem became more complex the longer we studied it. With the machine moving forward, the air flying backward, the propellers turning sidewise, and nothing standing still, it seemed impossible to find a starting point from which to trace the various simultaneous reactions. Contemplation of it was confusing. After long arguments, we often found ourselves in the ludicrous position of each having been converted to the other's side, with no more agreement than when the discussion began. Finally we decided that the only way to test that theory of the propeller would be to try it on a machine.

"Before we had tested the propellers by actual running, we calculated that with 305 revolutions a minute they could get a thrust equal to 100 pounds. The accuracy of these calculations may be judged by the result: On the first test the thrust varied between 100 and 103 pounds at 305 r.p.m. The propellers were about 66 per cent efficient.

"For two reasons we decided to use two propellers. In the first place we could, by the use of two propellers, secure a reaction against a larger quantity of air, and at the same time use a larger pitch angle than was possible with one propeller; and in the second place, by having the propellers turn in opposite directions, the gyroscopic action of one would neutralize that of the other. We decided to place the motor to one side of the man, so that in case of a plunge headfirst, the motor could not fall upon him. In our gliding experiments we had had a number of experiences in which we had landed upon one wing, but the crushing of the wing had absorbed the shock; so that we were not uneasy about the motor in case of a landing of that kind. To provide against the machine rolling over forward in landing, we designed skids like sled runners, extending out in front of the main surfaces. Otherwise the general construction and operation of the machine was to be similar to that of the 1902 glider."

A Strong Head Wind

"From our calculations as to what was required, we believed that the machine could carry a total weight of 600 pounds, including its own weight and that of both the engine and the operator. Those figures were based on an engine having at least eight horse power and, too, upon the efficiency of our propellers as indicated by the work which we had done in the laboratory.

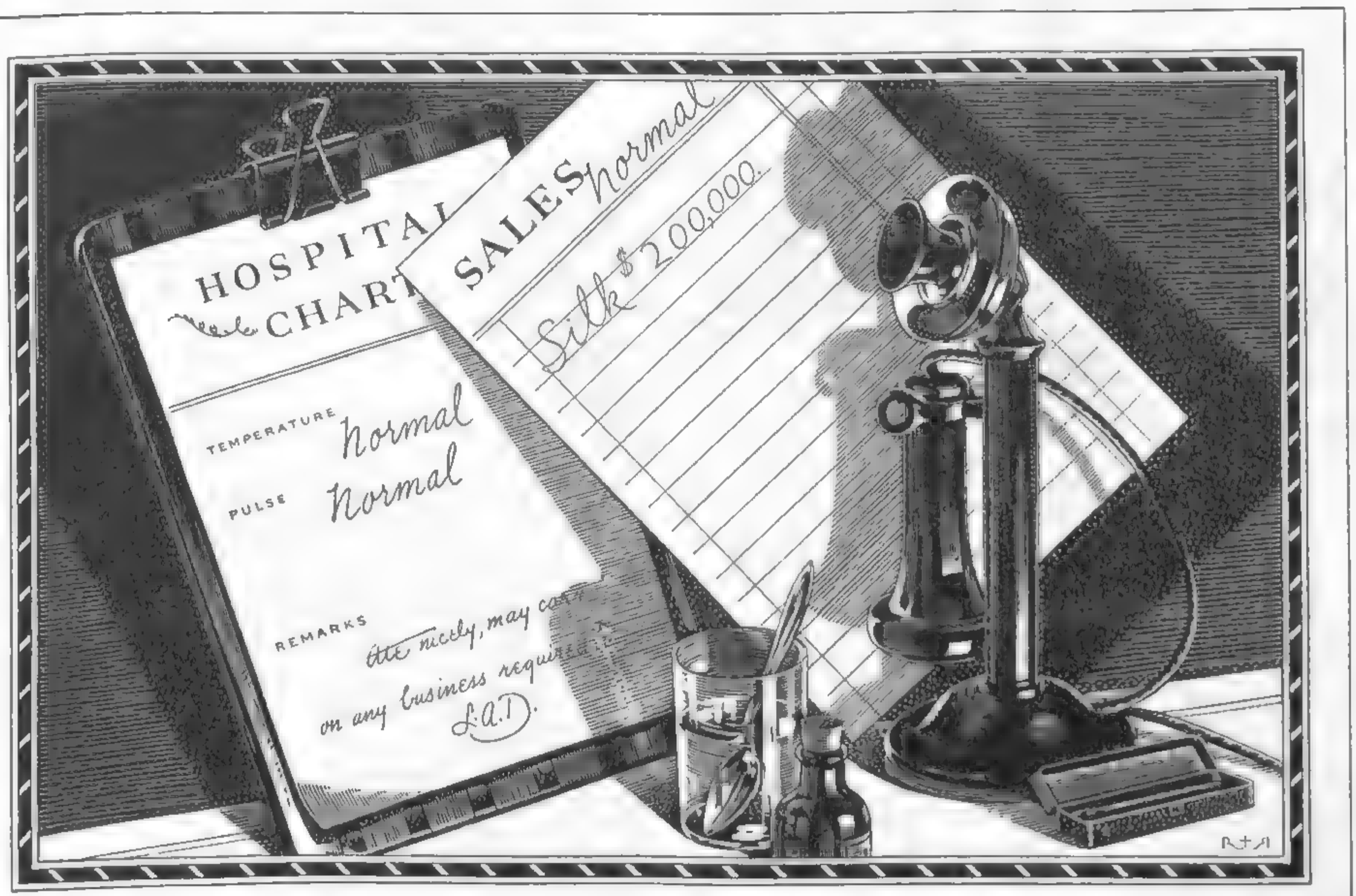
"But after the motor had been completed we found that it would give more power than anticipated. Under test it would develop sixteen horse power for some seconds and then gradually fall off, until at the end of a minute it would be about twelve horse power. As we were unaware, at the time, of just how much power an engine of its weight should actually develop, we thought twelve horse power a fair beginning; though later on we learned that it should have had more than twice that power.

"Assured of twelve horse power, we were able to make the machine heavier than at first planned; the total weight, with engine and operator, could be 750 pounds.

"Before leaving for our camp at Kitty Hawk we tested the chain drive for the propellers in our shop at Dayton, and found it satisfactory. We found, however, that our first propeller shafts, which were constructed of heavy-gauge steel tubing, were not strong enough to stand the shocks received from a gasoline motor with light flywheel; although they would have been

Continued on Page 124

Laid up in the Hospital he sold $200,000 worth of Silk



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

A NEW YORK raw-silk salesman had to go to the hospital for 10 days. His illness was minor, but the loss of time was serious. He secured a room with a telephone. Throughout his convalescence, he kept informed of the course of the market. Sent and received his cables by telephone. Kept in constant touch with office and customers. Sold more than $200,000 worth of silk.

A Milwaukee dry goods salesman was forced to cancel his regular trip because of a broken leg. From his sick-room, he covered in 5 days by telephone the same territory that took 5 or 6 weeks of traveling. And he gathered in 90% of his usual business.

Held up by road conditions, a tire salesman had to abandon a certain trip in southern Nebraska. He went to the telephone office and covered his territory by Long Distance. Sold, $1280 worth of tires; charges, $6.20.

In emergencies and in the regular day's work, hundreds of concerns are using Long Distance to get things done and to increase profits.

You will be surprised how little the calls now cost. New station to station day rates are: Los Angeles to New York, $8.75. Dallas to Chicago, $3.25. Baltimore to Philadelphia, 70c. . . . Calling by number takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

Cool Stores are Busy!

People like to shop where it's cool and breezy during hot weather. Quiet, long-lasting Robbins & Myers Fans have been bringing comfort and trade to thousands of merchants for years. They're good fans—made with care and balanced to a nicety. They stay quiet. And they need no attention beyond a little lubrication every year or so.

There are R&M Fans for every store, office and home need—big and little, ceiling-type, wall-type, table-type. They're all R&M quality. An R&M Fan costs less to operate than an ordinary light bulb. Good dealers everywhere sell them. All you have to do is telephone your order.

The Robbins & Myers Company
Springfield, O.; Brantford, Ont.

Robbins & Myers
Fans and Motors

The Sign *of a Breeze*

(Continued from Page 122)

able to transmit three or four times the power if uniformly applied. We therefore built a new set of shafts of heavier tubing, which we tested and thought to be abundantly strong.

"We shipped the parts and materials to Kitty Hawk and left Dayton on September 23, 1903. Upon our arrival at Kitty Hawk we found the provisions and tools which had been shipped weeks in advance. But the camp had been wrecked. Some months before, a storm had torn the larger building from its foundations. While waiting for the machinery and parts to arrive we put up a new building and repaired the old one. Just as we were putting the finishing touches to them one of the worst storms in years blew up suddenly and the wind laid siege to our camp with a velocity of thirty or forty miles an hour. During the night it gained force and next day was raging at more than seventy miles, threatening to rip off the tar-paper roof. I went out and climbed a ladder to nail down some of the vulnerable parts more firmly, when the wind caught my coat, blew it up over my head and bound my arms.

"Wilbur ran out, climbed the ladder and held down my coat while I continued to labor at driving nails, but such was the strength of the wind that I could not guide the hammer. I pounded my fingers as often as the nails."

One Delay After Another

"During the next three weeks we worked at assembling the machine. At times we experimented with the 1902 glider. It had been left behind in the old building and was in rather good condition. We found that the experience of the year before had remained with us—like once learning to swim, never forgotten.

"In some of the favorable winds we could sail out for hundreds of feet and glide almost on a level, occasionally as high as forty feet above the surface. Often we could hover, without making speed and yet remaining up, headed into the wind. One of the men assisting us felt sure that if we would put feathers on the glider—as he said, to make it lighter—we could remain up indefinitely. We did succeed in making glides lasting as long as a minute, after which the machine would be landed hundreds of feet from the starting point.

"During some of these glides Mr. Chanute and Doctor Spratt were our guests, and we spent a great deal of time discussing the calculations from which we had designed the power machine. Mr. Chanute told us that as a rule the designers of power machinery allowed a loss of at least 20 per cent in the transmission. In our machine we had allowed only 5 per cent loss from the engine to the propellers. This worried us considerably.

"Our guests departed before we had the machine fully assembled, and after they had gone Wilbur and I commenced a series of tests with our driving chains; for if we were to lose 20 per cent of our power, it would mean that more than our estimated surplus would be taken up by the friction on those chains. The tests indicated the loss would be only 5 per cent, as we had calculated at first. However, we did not rest until we had the engine running and could actually try the propellers.

"Then, at the very first run, the engine developed trouble through a weakness in one of the propeller shafts. This had remained unnoticed during the shop tests in Dayton. Now we had to send the shafts back at once for repair.

"They were returned two weeks later, on November twentieth, and we made another test. This time the sprockets, screwed onto the shafts and locked with nuts of opposite thread, came loose. We worked the greater part of a day trying to get them to stay on, but it was useless. That night we went to bed tired out, cold and discouraged.

"Next morning we attacked the problem again. Once, in our bicycle shop, we had used tire cement to repair a stop watch that several experts had pronounced hopeless. The cement had held the hands on firmly. Why not try it on the sprockets? We heated the sprockets and the shafts, melted the cement into the threads and screwed them together again. That trouble was past.

"The machine was assembled quickly. Its wings were larger than those of the third glider. They measured 40 feet, 4½ inches between tips and were six and a half feet in width. We had provided a monorail track—wood covered with iron—about sixty feet long. This was designed to afford the least possible friction to the machine when it should start off the surface. The engine was ready. The machine was ready. But the weather was against us.

"For several days it had been so cold that we found difficulty in working. Now a stiff wind blew down from the north, bringing rain and snow. Under those conditions, especially with the wind at about thirty miles an hour, we did not care to launch the machine. The hours were spent making a device by which we could measure accurately the first flight, from the time the machine began to move until it should stop.

"We also ran the engine inside, observing it closely. On the afternoon of November twenty-eighth we again noted something wrong with one of the propeller shafts. The motor was stopped and we were exasperated to find that the shaft had cracked. We decided that I should return to Dayton and procure new shafts, and this time they should be of solid steel and smaller. Being solid they would allow of some spring, while the hollow shafts lacked the spring necessary to take up the strain.

"I arrived back with the shafts on December eleventh, and the next afternoon we were again ready for a trial. But then the wind was too light to permit taking off level ground with only sixty feet of track. It was too late in the day to transfer operations to one of the dunes. On the fourteenth the weather was perfect, but the wind was lacking, so we decided to attempt a flight from the big hill.

"About a mile from camp was the Kill Devil Life-Saving Station. The members had taken much sympathetic interest in our work and we had arranged that they be notified in time to observe the first flight. Five of them soon appeared. They aided in taking the machine to the hill, which was about a fourth of a mile away."

The Fledgling Tries Its Wings

"We placed the track 150 feet up the side of the slope and put the machine on it, facing the wind. We had no doubt about being able to get up flying speed. Our chief concern was whether we could balance the machine while it was on the track, but moving. It could not start out until the pilot himself released a wire which held it to the rail; so he would have time to have the engine running properly. Wilbur and I tossed a coin to determine who should make the first test. Wilbur won."

But Wilbur was not destined to make the first flight. Orville held one end of the wings to help balance the machine as it ran down the track. Wilbur had taken his place in the machine, lying flat, face down, just as they had done while gliding. The engine was purring as smoothly as could be expected with that type of motor. The propellers were churning the air. Waving his hand as a signal that he was ready, he released the wire that restrained the plane.

It started down the track so quickly that Orville could not keep up with it; so it ran on the track free, and about forty feet from the start left the rail, climbed a few feet, stalled and then settled to the ground at the bottom of the hill, about 100 feet distant. It had been up just three and a half seconds. As it landed, the plane swung around; the skids tore into the sand; one was broken. Other minor parts were damaged, but on the whole the accident was not serious. The plane could be repaired

easily. The flight had failed because the machine had been permitted to turn up too much on the take-off. It had pleased the brothers, however, for they knew then that their system of launching was practical.

They spent two days repairing the airplane, and on the afternoon of December sixteenth it was again ready. The Wrights had it out in front of their hangar making the final adjustments when a man—a stranger to them—came by and gazed at the machine with some display of curiosity.

"What is it?" he asked seriously.

"A flying machine."

"Do you intend to fly it?"

"We do. As quickly as we have a suitable wind."

For several minutes the stranger examined the machine, and then remarked courteously enough:

"Well, it does look as if it would fly if it had a suitable wind."

That night the north wind howled about the camp and thumped the roof under which the brothers, buried in blankets, were speculating on their chances for the morrow.

The End of the Plane

Next morning, on the seventeenth, they found the wind blowing at about twenty-seven miles an hour. They remained inside until about ten o'clock, hoping that it would die out, but when it continued, they decided to fly despite it. The men from the life-saving station were to be summoned by a flag flown as a signal. This was put up. Orville and Wilbur talked things over. If they could face the machine into that wind there would be no trouble launching it from the level ground in front of their camp. They decided to try it.

The wind was so cold that they had to interrupt operations at short intervals to warm their hands over the stove, which was nothing more than a large carbide can. Their friends arrived as they were ready. These witnesses included J. T. Daniels, W. S. Dough and A. D. Etheridge of the life-saving station; W. C. Brinkley, of Manteo; and Johnny Moore, a boy from Nags Head. They found the brothers discussing the wind. Obviously it was dangerous to set out in a machine of that size against a twenty-seven-mile wind. But then, thought the brothers, the force of the wind should make a slow landing, which would compensate for the danger in flight.

There was no question as to the pilot. Wilbur had tried on the fourteenth. It was now Orville's turn. He took his place in the machine.

"After running the motor for a few minutes until it had heated," said Orville Wright, "I released the wire and we started forth into the wind. Wilbur ran alongside holding one of the wings to balance it on the track. The start was different from that other day when the air was calm. The wind held back the plane so that it started slowly. Wilbur could remain with it until it lifted free of the track forty feet from the start. One of the men from the station snapped the camera for us just as the machine had risen about two feet.

"From there on the flight was erratic, because of the bumpy air and, too, because of inexperience in handling the machine. The front rudder was balanced too near the center and I found it difficult to control. It turned itself when once started, so that it turned too far to one side and then too far to the other. This made the machine rise up about ten feet and then lunge toward the ground. During a sudden lunge it touched the surface, thus ending the flight."

But it was a flight, and it had lasted twelve seconds. The machine was in the air for a distance of a little more than 120 feet. It had attained a speed of about thirty-five miles an hour. It had lifted about sixty-three pounds for each horse power of its engine.

Three more flights were made that day, though the wind was so cold that now and then all hands had to visit the stove to warm up. Shortly after eleven o'clock that morning Wilbur went up. Like the first, his course was up and down, but the wind had slackened and he flew faster. Though in the air less than a second longer than the first flight, he flew about seventy-five feet farther.

Orville went up again twenty minutes later; his flight was steadier, until a gust of wind carried the machine up about fifteen feet and turned it sidewise. As it slid off to the left, Orville warped the wings to retrieve the lateral balance and at the same time pointed the plane down so as to reach the earth quickly. His time was fifteen seconds and the distance covered more than 200 feet. Wilbur then went up again at twelve o'clock. For 300 feet he flew an erratic course, then, apparently having the machine under better control, he flew straight without much undulation, until several hundred feet farther on, when it commenced darting up and down again, and Wilbur landed. He had flown a total distance of 852 feet. On examination they found that this had been a rather hard landing, for the front rudder frame was broken.

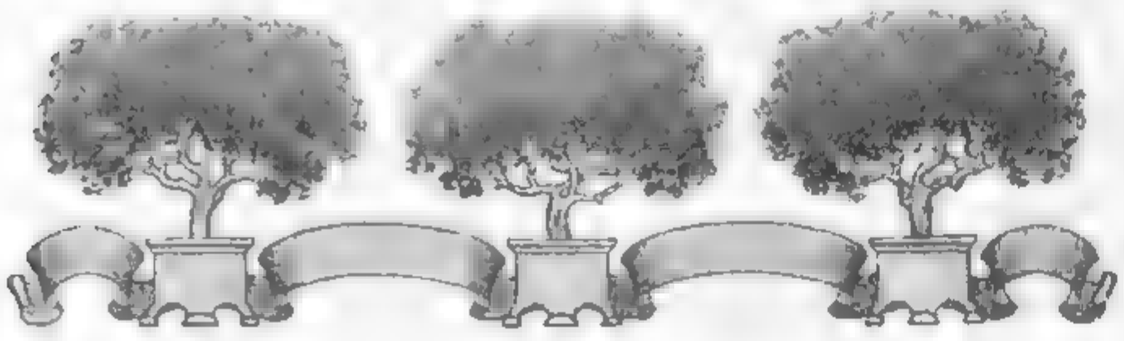
Back in camp and while they were standing about the airplane discussing the last flight, the wind hurled itself upon the little group, as if bent on wreaking vengeance for man's conquest. Then and there an angry gust struck the machine, caught under the wings and turned it over. Wilbur tried to seize it in front. Orville and Mr. Daniels tried to hold the rear supports. The plane rolled over. Daniels, who had held on, was thrown in between the wings and carried along. When they got him out he was badly bruised, for he had been shaken up and down. His body, tumbling about, had smashed the ribs of the wings, hurt the engine and bent the chain guides. That ended the flights of 1903.

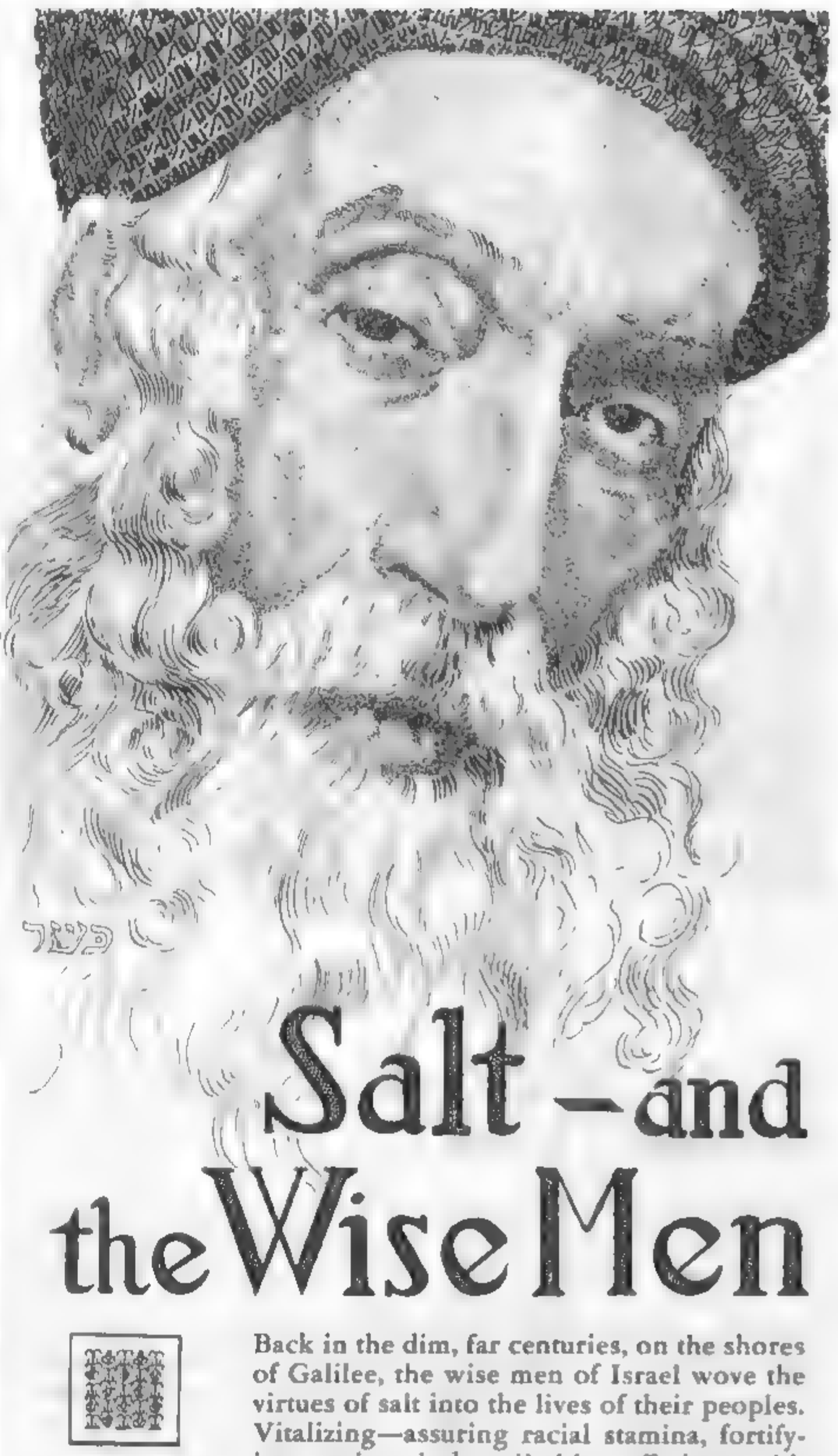
An Audience Disappointed

Soon after the first day's flying the Wrights packed up their belongings and returned to Dayton. There they made arrangements to retire from the bicycle business and devote themselves to developing their flying machine.

At Simms Station, eight miles east of Dayton, the Wright brothers put up a shed in a ninety-acre field known as Huffman Prairie. There, in the spring of 1904, they assembled a new airplane, heavier and stronger, but in other respects similar to that flown at Kill Devil Hill. When they were prepared to fly it they notified every newspaper in Dayton, requesting merely that no photographs be taken and that the reports be conservative.

A dozen reporters and possibly forty other persons gathered to watch the flight, but it did not come off that day. They saw the airplane, the wings in this new machine measuring forty feet between tips, and a new engine built by the Wright brothers, weighing 240 pounds. All told, machine and engine weighed 925 pounds. But they did not see it fly. The weather was unsuitable, with little or no wind to help the plane get under way on its monorail. The engine did not work properly. What engine did





Salt—and the Wise Men

Back in the dim, far centuries, on the shores of Galilee, the wise men of Israel wove the virtues of salt into the lives of their peoples. Vitalizing—assuring racial stamina, fortifying against indescribable suffering—with salt—for they knew its worth three thousand years before the dawn of "scientific dietetics".

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A Word to Fathers

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in those days? All motorists had the habit of walking home from a ride.

Nevertheless, so as not to disappoint the crowd, the brothers tried to get into the air, but the plane ran the length of the monorail and stopped. Some of the reporters returned next day, but they saw the machine make only a short glide of about 600 feet and were disappointed. A few weeks later, however, the Wrights were flying for several minutes at a time, but the people, including the newspapermen, thought nothing of it, for Zeppelin airships, lighter-than-air craft, full of buoyant gas, were making longer flights, and to them an airship and an airplane were one and the same thing. That accounts for the lack of publicity and the public doubt that the Wright brothers were doing anything worth while.

But they were doing many things. They got the engine working so that they could stay up for many minutes on a flight, and during more than 100 flights that year they practiced turning to the right or left, up or down, until they were no longer limited by the ninety acres of field, but could circle it at heights of fifty or sixty feet, sometimes higher than that. Their first circle flight was made on September 20, 1904.

At times, however, the machine would take a notion to do something which they had not planned, and when they resumed activities in 1905—with a new machine, their third airplane—the chief problem, they thought, was to improve their system of control. To do this they continued flying, practicing turns. On one occasion the machine dipped sidewise and clipped the top off a tree.

That troubled them until they found that their control system was not at fault. The fault lay with the pilot; he must be more skilful. What had bothered them was the tail spin. The machine would lose flying speed while off on one side and nose down until it crashed. The vast majority of the accidents today are caused by the tail spin, particularly among novices or reckless aviators.

As their engine improved and they learned more about handling the controls, both Orville and Wilbur lengthened their flights—to twenty-five miles at times, that limit set solely by the quantity of gasoline carried. The farmers in the vicinity became accustomed to flying. As one explained it:

"I was cutting corn in the next field, and when I saw the airplane go up I said to myself, 'Well, the boys are at it again.' I kept on cutting corn and kept an eye on the thing as it circled around the field, until I got down to the fence and the durned thing was still going round and round. I thought it would never stop."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Mingos

A SAGA OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 21)

"Thy family scorns me," he said bitterly. "Not good enough am I to wed one of their race. But I will show them! They shall boast that I condescended to them!"

Yes. He would show them! He followed that thought as he heard and refused to hear Felipa quietly weeping close beside him. Foolish were women—perhaps he had done wrong in marrying. When he returned in triumph from that voyage—from the voyage—he would spurn them, mock them in their turn as they pressed forward among his magnificent retinue. That voyage! If only he could make it! If only God would soften the heart of some king to grant him his prayer for those three ships he had long ago calculated were the minimal necessity.

The sun was setting in a blaze of gold, a dazzling glitter upon the heaving swell, making a radiant pathway to the west. One day he would follow that pathway, steer—as no mariner had ever deliberately steered before—directly westward across that vast ocean which was still to men's minds, as from all time it had been, the formidable Sea of Darkness, unthinkable to navigate. To the majority of mankind, heedlessly unaware of the theories of a few scattered mathematicians, it was the great flood which rolled around the borders of a flat earth, devoid of any farther shore. It might indeed be so. There was no human experience to contradict that possibility. From immensely ancient days men had coasted northward and a little southward along its hither verge. During the past century the Portuguese—often under Genoese captains and using the new Genoese type of vessel, square sailed and round hulled, better fitted for rough ocean weather than the galleys of the Mediterranean—had launched themselves a little way out onto its infinity, had discovered the Azores to the westward and Madeira to the south, while the Canary Islands were already the possession of Spain. Many English ships had sought the unfindable islands of Antillia and St. Brandan. But no mariner had ever dared seek its farther side. Haply there was no farther side. Its vast unexplored expanse was still an abiding mystery, the impassable barrier which from the beginning of time had set a check to each successive westward-sweeping impulse of civilization.

He alone among men—and he was proudly, exasperatedly, conscious of that solitude as he gazed over the long smoothly swelling, smoothly subsiding waves on which the caravel lifted and dropped with all her few large sails fully set to the light evening breeze—saw in that trackless ocean not an appalling terror but unique and beckoning opportunity—opportunity to win those riches, power and fame for which the lust was in his ambitious gold-hungry Genoese heredity. Across that desolate waste of sea there must be unknown lands. He craved, with a consuming intensity, to test his confident sea craft in the quest for them. Though not yet thirty years of age, no pilot was more expert than he in the lore of winds and tides, in guessing leeway and distance run, in taking the angle of sun and stars, in applying the navigational tables of the manuscript *marteloio*, in making an exact landfall.

Many voyages had he made, much had he learned, since at fourteen he had quitted the little shop in the Vico Dritto di Ponticello and sailed from Genoa as ship's boy, kicked and cuffed by the rough sailormen. Already his destiny had lifted him high above that humble commencement. If God and the Blessed Virgin who had so puissantly protected him—it was a genuine piety that asserted itself in him—would but bring him to a king, grant him those three ships!

The sun went down and the dusk came over the sea while he was lost in these imaginings. A timid hand laid itself upon his arm. It was again Felipa. He had forgotten her.

"Cristofero," she whispered humbly, "thou didst go so far from me. I shiver. I am frightened."

He looked at her, torn from his dreams. Her young girl's face was tear wet, pathetic. His heart went warm to her in a wave of remorse.

"*Tesoro mio*," he said in his native Italian as he took her in his strong arms, kissed her, heedless of the mariners down in the waist.

She shook her head at him, half smiles, half tears.

"I would that I could get into thy heart, Cristofero, that ever thou shouldst remember me in thy voyagings. But ever, alive or dead, will I pray for thee that thou hast thy heart's desire."

"*Carissima!*" He kissed her again, gratefully, on her upturned lips. Surely he loved her. She at least understood him, believed in him.

She clung to him.

(Continued on Page 129)

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That spark plugs continue to function under the extreme conditions to which they are subjected is a tribute to the great advance in spark plug design and manufacture.

And in this advancement Champion has always played the major part—always pioneered and anticipated the requirements of engine designers.

CHAMPION *has always pioneered* spark plug *development*

For more than 16 years Champion has led in spark plug development and that is why today it is accepted as the better spark plug and outsells throughout the world two to one.

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For Champion is of two-piece, compression tight construction, with a new solid copper gasket seal.

Its insulator is of *sillimanite*, a rare mineral of which Champion controls the only known source of supply. This insulator is specially heat treated to withstand the greater compression and higher temperatures of the modern engine. It is practically unbreakable and greatly resists carbon formation.

A fixed spark-gap under all driving conditions is assured by the special analysis electrodes, which greatly resist pitting and burning.

For these reasons you can buy dependable Champions with every assurance of better engine operation and greater car satisfaction, as do two-thirds of motorists the world over.

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fire burns up

That's why this Gable Grate can save half your annual fuel bill

Men light cigars and cigarettes from underneath. Pipes are hard to light, for men must work and puff to create an artificial draft to pull the flame down. Spencer Gable-Grates are sloped to make fire burn up-hill, the way it burns easiest and best.

When coal piles up at the bottom of a chute workmen take a shovelful from the bottom to start the flow again. The proper amount of fuel flows down by gravitation from the Spencer Magazine to the Gable-Grate. Then it waits for fire to burn some fuel away to start it down again.

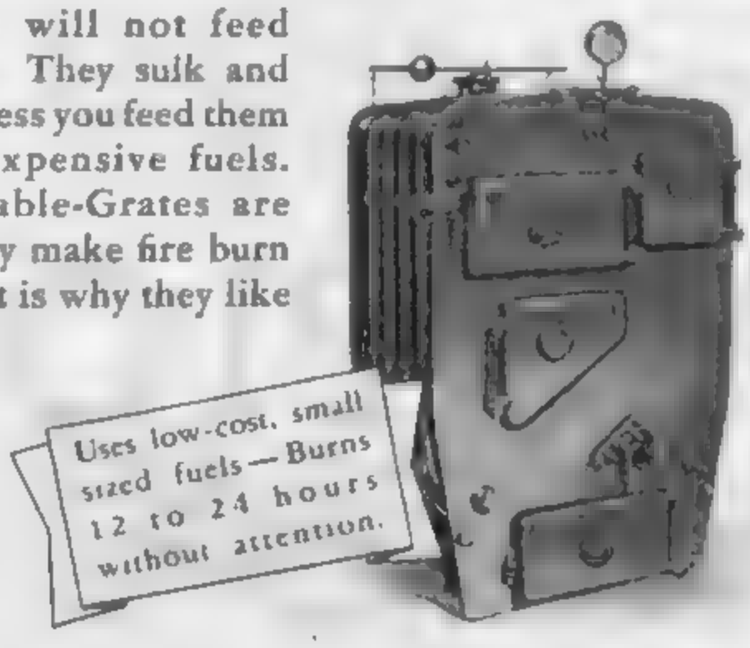
You need not be a coal merchant and a smoker to know that fire burns up and coal rolls down.

Yet you may pay too much each year for heat, because the heater in your cellar disregards these two simple laws of nature.

Sulky grates and willing gables

Flat grates will not feed themselves. They sulk and smolder unless you feed them the most expensive fuels. Spencer Gable-Grates are sloped. They make fire burn up-hill. That is why they like any non-coking graded fuel, especially the inexpensive smaller sizes, like No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite or by-product Pea coke.

You use no more tons of these smaller low-cost sizes, because they have just as much heat value when burned in a Spencer as the more expensive sizes. No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite costs about half as much as egg, stove and nut sizes, and other low-cost smaller fuels make proportionate savings.



Fire plays fireman

In this patented heater fuel is stored in a water-jacketed Magazine. Fill the Magazine in the morning, and forget it till tomorrow. Fuel feeds automatically to the Gable-Grate. As fire burns fuel up, ash and embers settle on the grate, making room for more fuel on the top of the fire. As fast or as slow as the fire bed shrinks, more fuel must roll down, a little at a time, to keep the fire bed uniform.

Write for the new book, "The Fire That Burns Up-Hill." It tells just how the patented Spencer feeds itself with fuels that can cut your annual bill for heat in half, the same way that Spencer Heaters have been saving home owners money for more than thirty years. Ask any good heating contractor to install a Spencer in any kind of home or building, and see how quickly it pays for itself.

SPENCER HEATER CO., Williamsport, Pa.

SPENCER
steam, vapor or hot water
HEATERS

(Continued from Page 126)

"Cristofero! Cristofero, if only thou wouldst be content to live at Porto Santo!"

It was a November evening of the year 1491. In the gathering dusk he and his eleven-year-old son Diego climbed wearily up the rough track which had deviated from the scarcely less rough main road of this southwestern corner of Spain. Away to the right, a mile or so distant and below, a few first-appearing lights indicated the little town of Palos, its anchored shipping just discernible on the shadowed gray water of a broad river. Away to the left, the last glow of sunset lingered upon the immensity of the Atlantic. In front, now nearly reached, its white walls glimmering through a belt of dark pine trees, was the refuge the itinerant friar had told them of, the Franciscan monastery of La Rabida.

The little boy gripping at his hand whimpered and stumbled in the fatigue of their daylong journey on foot, all but fell. He himself was too exhausted to carry him up that final steep ascent. He halted for a momentary repose, with an affectionate word bade the little fellow sit a while, be of good heart, since rest and food were near. He put off the heavy pack—it contained his most precious charts, a globe, and the many manuscripts eruditely setting forth his great plan in a parade of borrowed learning—from his shoulders, turned instinctively to gaze across the ocean spread out below him, stretching in metallic calm, to an empty horizon clear-cut against the greenish western sky. The sight of it smote him with a bitter pang.

Still, after all these years of ceaseless single-minded effort, of vehement solicitation, of plotting and planning and desperate persuasion, of patience in humiliating poverty, of sanguine hopes lifted intoxicatingly almost to a certitude of near fulfillment and then cruelly dashed to annihilation, that ocean kept its great secret that had become almost an obsessional mania with him. Still he had been unable to convince the royalties of the earth that his idea was the key to unheard-of wealth and power, that but a reasonable distance across that mighty flood lay the glittering Indies, that it was neither impiety nor insanity to attempt a western sea road to them. Still he was refused those three ships which eternally he had insisted would demonstrate the fact. But he must first be guaranteed his title as *Almirante* and Viceroy, must be guaranteed his tenth of the revenues. Fiercely determined was he that none should rob him of the fruits of that idea which was his and his alone. His hair had become prematurely gray, his face and figure gaunt, in that long pleading. Nevertheless—it was an intimate grim satisfaction to him—his tall lean form bore itself yet with a dignity sufficient to abate the insolence of sneering Spanish grandees as it routed, by his mere turning on them, the little boys of Cordoba who pointed after him with a shrill derisive cry of "*El loco*"—the madman.

Now he was come to the finish. There was no more hope in Spain, as already seven years ago he had discovered that there was no hope in Portugal. Six years had he been in the realm of their Catholic Majesties of Castile and Aragon, persistently forcing his project on them while they were engaged in that great holy war with the Moors which now had penned Boabdil in his last stronghold of Granada. Always the Queen Isabella had smiled on him, had given him pleasant if noncommittal words, femininely impressed, he could feel, by his tall grave handsomeness. Everything had he sacrificed in the endeavor to convince them, to induce them to stretch forth their hands to that rich prize which should give them gold enough not merely to chase the Moslems from Spain but to redeem the Holy Land itself. Felipa was dead, left behind in Portugal. How like to her, Diego was sometimes! It gave him a pang at his heart when he caught that look in the eyes.

He had made no more of those lucrative voyages as pilot on Portuguese caravels slave raiding on that west coast of Africa called by the Arabs "Bilad Ghana"—the land of wealth and Europeanized into Guinea. He had subsisted on rare royal donations and the charity of his friends, eking out the little he could make by selling charts in Cordoba. Yet God had been good to him there, had sent to him the sweetly gentle Beatriz de Arana Enriquez, wife of a scoundrel who had deserted her. Like a mother had she been to the little Diego, caring for him equally with their own little son Fernando, now a pretty three-year-old prattler. He wondered whether he should ever see her again, sent up a prayer for her loving soul that he had jeopardized.

Again and again during those years the king and the queen—though the king was always somewhat cold toward him—had buoyed him up with illusive hopes, had temporizingly sent him and his long-winded projects before juntas of ecclesiastics and learned men for their report. The last of those juntas had recently examined him in that busy camp of Santa Fé, created for the siege of Granada, whither he had exasperatedly gone in a determination to get a decisive answer. That council, authoritatively presided over by the cardinal of Spain himself, had finally and ignominiously rejected his proposal on the grounds that it was fundamentally heretical. There was no more to hope, and to complete his despair had come a letter from his brother Bartolomeo, at last, after captivity by pirates, reaching King Henry VII of England with charts and the great plan. The English monarch likewise would have none of it. Genoa and Venice had also been sounded, had refused. There was but one frail chance more. He would appeal to the King of France. Therefore had he quitted Santa Fé, and calling at Cordoba for the little Diego to leave him with Felipa's sister at Huelva, had set forth on foot toward that kingdom where he must begin all anew.

All that past of bitter disillusionment, of fruitless effort, swept over him as he gazed upon that calm ocean whose lingering westward illumination seemed to mock him. He felt crushed under an accumulation of despair. The best years of his manhood were already gone. How many more before his strength went also? Yet did the idea still burn in his brain, possessing him, consuming him—a tyranny over his every thought. Perhaps was he becoming a little crazy with it; he was uneasily conscious of his gesticulations and mutterings all that long road from the armor-glittering, banner-hung camp of Santa Fé. A sudden terror gripped him, poignant to the core of his soul. Would he, after all, fail? Would he perish, worn out ere he could prove the truth of that grand idea with which his whole life had become interwoven; leave it perhaps for some other man to accomplish, robbing him of his glory and his reward?

He fell suddenly on his knees, made the sign of the Cross over his breast, cried fervently: "Santa Maria, sustain me in this dark hour! Grant that the King of France may listen to me! Grant that for Thy glory I may prove that I am right. By Thy holy name will I call the ship that carries me to those lands that shall be mine! For the recovery of Thy Son's Holy Sepulcher will I dedicate the wealth I shall receive from them!"

At that moment a shooting star—one of the asteroids common in November—passed in a swift trace of gold across the darkening sky. He sprang to his feet. In him, as in every man of his age, superstition and genuine piety were near allied.

"Didst see, Diego? The Blessed Virgin hears me! Gives me her promise!" He was shaking with excitement, his voice on a high note. "Diego! Diego! Thou shalt yet be rich, a ruler over strange lands—the countries thy father will give thee—the countries that none but I dreams of—I shall be viceroy over them, second only to the king himself! The Blessed Mother of God has answered me, ever her faithful servant! Rich shall we be, Diego—you and I—rich as no men have ever been rich!"

The little boy looked up to him, his teeth chattering with cold.

— and leave these sandwiches—NEVER

What makes a picnic—the lunch—

What makes the lunch—the sandwiches—

What makes the sandwiches—that flavor called French, of course.

A flavor of rare distinction that brings a new appreciation, a renewed enjoyment, of even the most familiar of everyday foods—

To sandwiches of every sort, to eggs, to salads, to hot or cold meats French's gives inimitable zest and savoriness.

And only French's Mustard gives that distinctive flavor—neither too hot nor too flat—just right—accomplished by the perfect blending of imported mustard seed with certain spices, according to an old, tried, and jealously-guarded recipe—the result—

THAT FLAVOR CALLED FRENCH

FREE—your name and address on the coupon below will bring you French's Flavor Service, including famous recipes for making savory salads, entrees, dressings, and other appetizing dishes; together with French's Flavor Talk No. 6. Send for them that you, too, may learn the secrets of appetizing meals.

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Every MOLLÉ Shave is a "Facial Treatment"

MOLLÉ—enabling you to shave without brush or lather—does more than give you a cooler, cleaner shave than you've ever had before.

Every MOLLÉ shave is, in reality, a facial treatment—leaving your skin tingling and refreshed—as though the deft fingers of a master barber had been massaging you. MOLLÉ means HEALING (from the word "emollient"), and it contains healing, soothing creams. There's no Simon Legree sting about MOLLÉ—just the kind of after-feeling that makes you whistle a happy tune—and that million-dollar feeling lasts all day.

If you want to save time if you want a shave that IS a shave—just give MOLLÉ a trial. Find out why a million men have switched—permanently—to MOLLÉ—the modern way of shaving.

The coupon brings you 7 MOLLÉ *shaves Free.* Give your face a "break" and find out what MOLLÉ really means to you. Mail the coupon now.

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Dept. B-1
Cleveland, Ohio
U. S. A.

Send free and postage paid, a week of MOLLÉ shaves to

Name

Address

A whale of a tube for 50 cents—your druggist has it

"I am hungry, father," he said piteously. "And so tired."

He laughed in his happiness.

"I will carry thee, *chico*," he said. "The Blessed Virgin has given me new strength. Miracles can she work. A little more and we are at the monastery"

He lifted the child in his arms, carried him like a thing of no weight up the steep path.

The miracle the incredible miracle had occurred. As in the first whiteness of the dawn he was rowed out to his ship in Palos harbor, his other two ships ghostly visible at their moorings, it seemed to him that it could not be real, that he lived in a dream. Yet was it a fact. Divine interposition had been made manifest. He had made fervently pious vows of gratitude, had once more promised to finance that crusade for the deliverance of the Holy Land which surely had been the deciding factor in the divine grace. It had shown itself almost from the very moment that he had stumbled up the steep path to the monastery of La Rabida, had begged for food and lodging at its great door. The prior—his name, ever to be remembered in his prayers, was Juan Perez de Marchena—had by chance come up, had entered into talk with him, had taken him into his cell. He had been interested—deeply interested—in those arguments, those certainties he had once again tumultuously set forth in a release of all his pent-up broodings; had said that so great a work—the opportunity of converting who knew how many heathen—must not be lost to Spain. And then, behold, it had been revealed that of aforetime he had been confessor to Her Catholic Majesty Queen Isabella herself. He would write her a letter at once, using what he might of his old authority over her. Meanwhile Señor Cristóval Colón must remain, an honored guest, in the monastery.

The miracle had continued. After many weeks—how anxious they had been!—a messenger had come summoning Señor Cristóval Colón to that camp at Santa Fé. He had gone, provided with fine new clothes from the royal purse, had been received graciously. How his heart had thudded in that royal presence when the queen had smiled at him, had said that she was decided to give him his three ships "that he might go and make discoveries and prove true the words he had spoken." But he had kept his head, even while that royal pavilion swam around him and the figures of the two royal personages on their thrones went suddenly blurred to his sight.

Then or never he must establish his claim to the dazzling dignities, the huge potential profits, which through all those years of bleak misery had gleamed before him as his eventual reward, had become a monomania in him not less tyrannical than the great idea itself. *Almirante*, Viceroy over lands and continents, for himself and his heirs forever, monopoly, a tenth of the revenues, right to an eighth participation in the ladings of all ships that should venture to those lands he would reveal—he had been surprised himself at the hardihood with which he had pronounced those demands. The king had ceased to smile. A frown had come on his ruddy war-lined countenance. He had curtly refused. Monstrous were such demands from a mere sea pilot. Did Señor Colón insist in this fantasy? Señor Colón had insisted. The audience was at an end. An hour later he had been once more on his mule, resuming the road to France, in a bitterness of soul where he laughed harshly to himself.

Yet had the miracle persisted—surely the Blessed Virgin watched over him! Not four miles had he gone from that camp resounding with clarions, yet splendid with the pageantry of the recent final triumph over the Moor, when a horseman came dashing along the dusty road behind him, overtook him with a shout. He was to return! A miracle had touched the heart of the queen. He was to have everything he asked for, without a tittle of abatement. She herself, from the revenues of Castile, would pay seven-eighths of the cost of the expedition, leaving Señor Colón to pay that eighth he had offered—a certain Martin Alonso Pinzon of Palos, friend of the prior of La Rabida—miraculous spot—had promised to lend him so much. And for a final sign, that very town of Palos, where the Blessed Virgin had at last listened to his prayers, had for some old offense been mulcted in the service of two armed caravels, complete with their crews, for one year. Those two caravels were assigned to him, together with right to hire a third. Miraculously, from Palos itself, close under that ever-to-be-blessed monastery of Nuestra Señora de la Rabida, would he sail!

Yet much tribulation had he had since then, since on the twenty-third May of that year 1492 he had stood in the church of San Jorge at Palos, whither the citizens had been convened by royal order, had listened to the notary resonantly reciting his new titles and dignities—he was now proudly "Don"; he the poor Genoese seaman—reciting the royal commands laid upon the town. There had been an outburst of cries and weeping. This was to consign men to certain death. Who could return from such a mad venture across the Sea of Darkness, swarming with awful monsters, down the slope of the world it was impossible to reascend? Panic-stricken, they had flatly refused, had rioted, had sought sanctuary in the church when the officers of the alcalde had come to take them

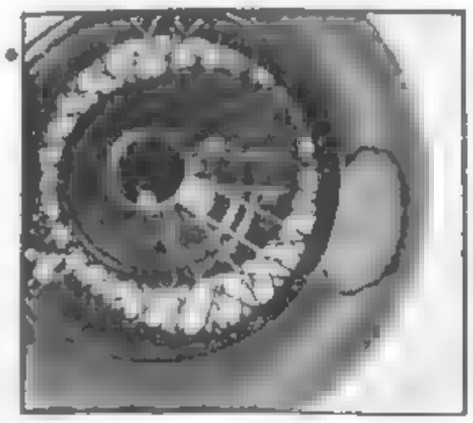
More royal orders had followed. The jails had been opened, prisoners with difficulty enticed out of them for this appalling hazard. Then again there had been divine interposition. Not only Martin Alonso Pinzon but his two brothers Vincenti Yañez and Francisco Martin, the three most considerable mariner merchants of the town, had volunteered, had brought with them a number of seamen. One caravel, the Pinta, complete with her crew, had been ruthlessly impressed. Two others were hired—the comparatively large *nao*, or carack, whose name of Mari Galante he had changed, as he had vowed, to Santa Maria, and the little lateen-rigged Niña. Slowly, painfully, they had been loaded with stores, made ready for sea.

At last that time of fierce man driving, of desperate persuasion, of lynx-eyed supervision over would-be fraudulent contractors, was finally behind him. On that glassily hot afternoon of the second of August the last of the cargo had been stowed, the last barrel of fresh water brought aboard, the crews had mustered, had taken their effects to their quarters. With what an immense relief he had watched them give these pledges for their departure! He himself had confessed and received absolution at the monastery of La Rabida, had then gone down to the church of San Jorge in Palos, where, amid the hysterical sobs of women, a midnight mass had been solemnly celebrated for these surely doomed adventurers kneeling under the glimmer of the candles. Then, chanting the Salve Regina in honor of their protectress, the Blessed Virgin, as he had commanded, they had marched down to the waterside by torchlight, through weepings, embracings and poignant cries. Odd how at that moment he had thought of gentle little Felipa, had almost felt her near him, had had a sense of her eyes fixed upon him like shining stars. Now, as he swung himself over the thick bulwark of the Santa Maria, went up the ladder to her high stern castle, he saw the boats around the other ships, saw the men scrambling aboard them as, haggard in the pale light, they scrambled on board the Santa Maria.

He stood on the lofty poop while that tumult died away, while the boats pushed off, by his command lay a little way from the ships. There was a peculiar hushed silence. The sky brightened. Yet a little wait to that half hour before sunrise when the tide would begin to ebb, carrying him over the bar of Saltes. The three stubbily short masts of his ship, the masts of the other ships, were now distinctly silhouetted

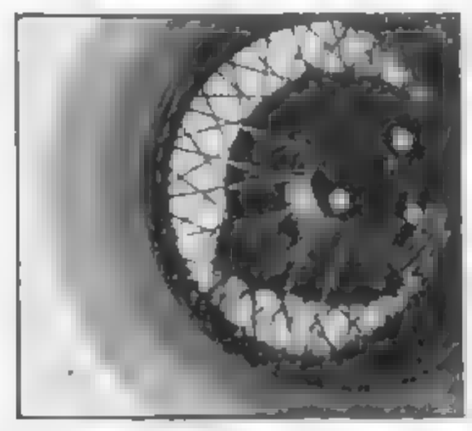
(Continued on Page 132)

"What...Ruined? I bought it only last spring.."



A CUT-AWAY SECTION graphically showing a broken-down side wall. Without question caused by improper inflation

"SORRY! CAN'T GIVE YOU an adjustment on that tire. It's all your own fault"



RIM CUT. This tire has been cut through six plies of fabric. This is a destructive and common result of improper inflation

This scene, enacted countless times all over the country, invariably results from one common tire abuse. What this abuse is . . . and how to avoid it . . . is discussed in detail below

THE motorist shown in the photograph above is frankly and utterly disgusted.

He bought that tire only five months ago. And already it is ruined. Ready for the junk man. So he shifts from make to make. Always blaming the tire . . . never his own neglect.

This man's case is typical. It illustrates in a graphic way a nation-wide condition that tire authorities today view with considerable alarm.

According to recent scientific findings, 80% of all such failures are needless waste. Without question they are caused by failure to keep tires properly inflated

Thus millions of motorists are literally throwing away the added mileage that modern science is now building into their tires.

Now, to combat this grave situation, Schrader has launched a nation-wide educational campaign endorsed by tire manufacturers.

This advertisement is part of the campaign. It describes the causes and effects of improper inflation . . . and suggests three simple ways to avoid it.

The facts contained in this advertisement are based on highest scientific authority.

So, simply in fairness to yourself and to your tires, we ask you to read what follows carefully.

What improper inflation does

The menace of improper inflation cannot be exaggerated. Without question it reduces tire life tremendously.

When a balloon tire is run five pounds below its proper pressure its life is reduced by hundreds of miles.

According to actual tests a balloon tire in this condition loses just as much mileage as a high-pressure pneumatic tire that is under-inflated by twelve or fifteen pounds.

Premature tread wear is one of the most common and costly results of all. Broken-down side walls . . . rim cuts . . . flexing breaks . . . carcass ruptures, also.

And yet improper inflation can easily be avoided if three precautions are taken:

First, ask your dealer the exact pressure you should carry front and rear. Then test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Gauge.

This gauge is built on simple, scientific principles. It is accurate and durable. Easy to read. Easy to use.

Second, make sure each valve stem is covered by an *improved* Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight up to 250 pounds.

In case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap will prevent the escape of air at mouth of valve until the valve inside can be conveniently replaced.

And third, change your valve insides once a year. See that you have the *genuine* Schrader . . . standard all over the world.

Follow these three rules of tire care

Thousands of motorists have adopted these scientific rules of tire care recommended by Schrader engineers.

Now we urge you earnestly and sincerely to follow their example.

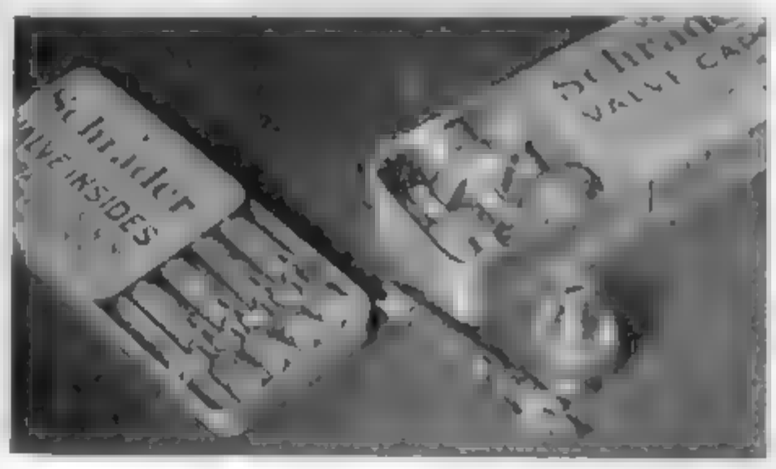
So go to your tire dealer. Ask him what pressure your tires should carry.

And then see that this pressure is maintained by the use of the three Schrader products described above. Sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Let us send you our valuable little booklet, "The Air You Ride On." Address A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

See that a genuine Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is screwed into every tire valve. Equally dependable for either balloon or high pressure tires. Box of five—25c

Screw an improved Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap tightly by hand on every valve stem. This valve cap keeps dirt from damaging the valve inside and is air-tight up to 250 pounds. Box of five—25c.

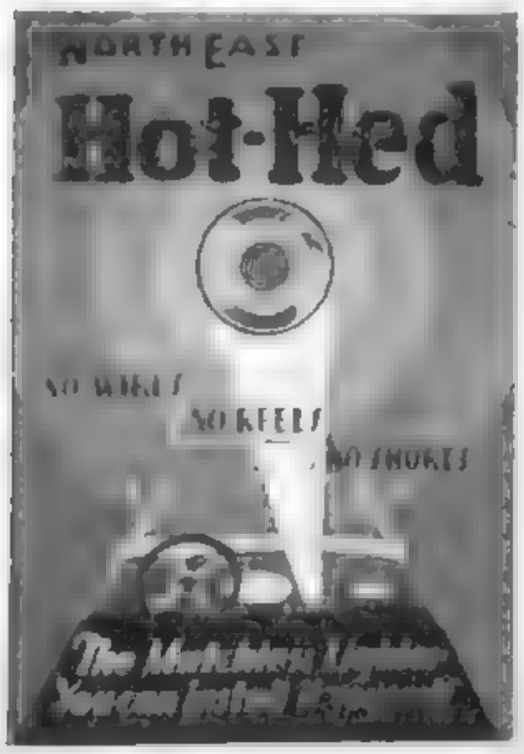


Get a Light in any wind with a ~

Press in—
Snap off—
Light up—

NORTH EAST
Hot-Hed

Where you see this card you find Hot-Heds. Then—you've solved the big problem of getting a light while driving.



THE Hot-Hed is the improved cigar lighter—no tangling cables or reels—no switches to remember. Press it in and up flashes a fiery glow in the coil. Snap it off, light up, then pass the Hot-Hed around. Good for four or five lights before it cools.

Clamp it to the instrument-board yourself. Just tighten the thumb-screw and attach the wire's end to ammeter stud. That's all there is to it.

AND ONLY $2.50
wherever auto accessories are sold

NORTH EAST
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STARTERS · GENERATORS · IGNITION · HORNS · SPEEDOMETERS · CIGAR LIGHTERS

(Continued from Page 130.)

against the pallid sky, the sails brailed on the yards in readiness for his order to let them drop. Down in the waist of the Santa Maria some men were still upon their knees, praying. Close to him on the poop, Juan de la Cosa, master and owner of the Santa Maria, fingered his beard nervously as he whispered to Sancho Ruiz, the pilot. How he had had to drive those men to overcome their stubborn and treacherous unwillingness! On the poop of the Pinta he saw the two Pinzons who were respectively her captain and her master. On the little Niña, farther off, he could see the other Pinzon. Dangerous people, these Pinzons, shrewd traffickers, ambitious—he must keep an eye on them that they did not play him a trick, filch his glory and his profits. Now they waited—every man on that tiny fleet waited—for his command to sail no man knew whither. He was at last—at long last—the *Almirante!* On him, and him alone, was all dependent. He, and he alone, would get the glory of those unimaginable discoveries he would make or die. The thought of it filled him like an intoxication. A strange ecstasy gripped him in those tense minutes while he waited for the turn of the tide, while a favorable little breeze blew upon his face.

At last! His eager eye saw the beginning of a downstream streak from the mooring cables of the ships. He shouted an order. It was repeated, amplified in successive details, by the suddenly active Juan de la Cosa, was answered from various parts of the ship. Men went scrambling out upon the great yard of each mast, let fall the large square sail on the foremast and the mainmast that mainsail had a great red cross emblazoned on it—dropped the diagonal lateen sail of the mizzenmast on the stern castle. Below him, under the break of the poop, the helmsman at the ponderous tiller bar acknowledged the course given him. From the forecastle a shout announced the casting off of the moorings. He ordered the trumpeter to sound, ordered the great flag of Castile to be broken out from the mizzen. Other trumpets answered from the other ships, also now suddenly dressed with sail, flying their flags. There was a faintly murmurous rippling of water along the ship's side. Objects upon the shore began to change position. They had started!

It was the eighteenth day since they had left the Canaries, whither they had at first steered a familiar southerly course to get upon the parallel where the islands of Antillia and Cipango might be expected. In that yet imperfectly Spanish-conquered archipelago the Pinta had been fitted with a new rudder, and square sails had been substituted for the lateens on the foremast and the mainmast of the Niña, so that she might better keep up with the others as they ran before the steady east wind of that latitude. Now, on this Monday—the twenty-fourth of September—they still sailed sluggishly westward through the vast stretch of floating golden weeds which for more than a week had beset them, their wakes leaving broad blue furrows behind them on the smoothly heaving swell—three small vessels dwarfed in the immensity of the sea. At first they had thought those weeds were river weeds, a certain indication of near land; moreover, there were those who had alleged that the water was less salt. But long ago those premature eager hopes had died in them. He, the *Almirante*, paced forward and aft on the lofty poop, splendid in the scarlet cloak which made manifest his rank, speaking neither to the sulky Juan de la Cosa, the master, nor to the equally sulky Sancho Ruiz, the pilot, his ear alertly intent on the low voices of the mariners crowded together amid the cordage and the deck hamper of the waist of the ship.

His jaw set hard as he listened. A wild rabble was that crew, scraped together out of the jail at Palos, many of them not seamen at all. Much trouble had they given him, even before that first day they had been out of sight of land on their westward course, and panic had seized them so that they had come to him in tears, imploring him to turn the ships and abandon this venture to certain destruction. Over and over again had he come on deck to find that the ship's head had been turned off to the north, accidentally—as the scared helmsman asserted under his vehement and imposing wrath—or deliberately. Over and over again, as the Pinta and the Niña had come close to them, dipping gracefully on the swell, their sails distended golden against the vivid blue sky, there had been insubordinate shouts from the diminutive figures lining their bulwarks—those surely treacherous Pinzons had made no attempt to check them—shouts similarly answered from the Santa Maria as the crowd of ragged ruffians ran across the deck, climbed into the rigging to greet their fellows.

More than once his cabin servant—a loyal lad was that Diego de Salcedo—had warned him that there was a plot afoot to seize him one night as he took his observations of the stars, to throw him overboard and go about for home. Now he could hear them muttering together in little groups, could hear some—more daring than the rest—shout in bravado that they were fools any longer to follow this foreigner who, to make himself a great lord, was risking all their lives. He compressed his lips grimly, affected not to hear them as he continued his pacing fore and aft. Follow him they should. And a great lord they should yet make him.

He glanced up to the sun high in the blue heaven. His servant stood ready with his astrolabe and his book of tables. Nearly time was it to take that midday observation by which he assured himself that he was keeping as closely as possible to his chosen latitude of twenty-eight degrees north. Longitude he had no means of judging. He could estimate his distance run merely by the traditional expedient of throwing some small object over the side, guessing at the speed with which the ship left it behind and multiplying by the times the hourglass had been turned. Long practice had made him expert at it, as indeed it had all the other pilots. But—he smiled sardonically to himself at the thought of it—he had outwitted them. No intention had he of allowing them to know the full distance they had ventured, lest, panic-stricken, they should insist on turning back if they did not find land some seven hundred leagues westward of the Canaries, as at a venture he had assured them they would. He was determined to have a margin in hand. Therefore, while daily noting their real distance in the secret log he kept locked in the cabin chest, he had deliberately minimized that estimate in the log kept for navigation, had persuaded the pilots that they were wrong, that there was a current steadily against them, that by his superior skill he could ascertain their exact position by observations of the stars. The simpletons! They should have known it was impossible.

Now, however, he was secretly a little anxious. By his dead reckoning—the real one—he should be some five hundred leagues west of the Canaries. Hereabouts, if the computations of the geographers were correct, should be found the great island of Antillia, halfway to Cipango. There was no sign of it. Moreover, another worry haunted him. Since September the thirteenth he had noted that the north on the compass card no longer pointed a little east of the polestar, as in all his experience it had done, but that it was now daily ever a little more to the westward of it. It was an utterly novel and inexplicable phenomenon. Four days later the other pilots had also noted this abnormality, had been much alarmed, but he had persuaded them—ignorant fools!—that it was not the true north that was moving but the polestar that was circling in the sky.

It was an explanation that did not satisfy himself. He racked his brains in vain to account for this behavior of the compass, which, most disturbingly, could no longer be implicitly relied on.

He glanced upward. The sun was now all but at its zenith. He summoned his servant, took from him the astrolabe—a heavy circle of brass graduated with degrees, transversed by a movable arm with a sight at each end, and furnished with a plumb line—sat himself down against the foot of the mizzenmast, held up the instrument by its thumb ring, saw that its plumb line was vertical, moved the arm until it was in direct line with the sun and his own nearly shut eye, read off the altitude thus indicated upon the circle. Several times he repeated this operation, noting upon his tablet the various readings he would afterward calculate by the tables of the learned Regiomontanus. It was a crudely clumsy fashion of ascertaining his latitude; by no means so satisfactory and easy as that he took at night by the altitude of the polar star, but one observation more or less corrected the other. Together they were sufficient to keep him on that straight course to the westward he had from the first resolved upon.

He rose, went toward the ladder to reach his great cabin under the high poop. As he did so, there was a shout from the waist of the ship, a rush of men toward him. The entire crew was pouring out from under the forecastle, was swarming aft along the deck. He checked, stood motionless at the head of the stairway. He could feel his jaw clench automatically, a curious cold hardness grip him.

There was no mistaking the significance of that mob of men, yelling at him, shaking their fists, many of them brandishing knives. It was mutiny—that long-expected mutiny at last. Behind him on the poop he was angrily conscious of that desertion Juan de la Cosa and Sancho Ruiz stood cravenly or discreetly aloof. Near alongside on either hand, the Pinta and the Niña rode over the swell, their decks crowded with men gazing at the Santa Maria. Evidently this move had been concerted, and the Pinzons—God forgive them—permitted it. For one poignant moment he had an acute sense of his utter solitude on that vast ocean. That spasm passed. Not the first time was it that he had faced a mutinous crew. He drew himself to his full tall height, contemptuously unflinching before those howls and yells These dogs should see that they had to deal with the *Almirante*.

He spoke in a sharp stern voice, "Which of you desires to speak with me?"

The mob hesitated, jostling and pushing one another forward. He looked over their grimy, diversely brutish faces—he who had looked kings in the eyes—and scorned them loftily. That with such cowards he must achieve so mighty a purpose!

One man's voice came loud above their confused clamor: "All of us!"

Instantly he picked out the speaker. He smiled. Thrillingly were all his faculties at stretch.

"Ah, Alonso Veres! Step forward, Señor Alonso Veres! Let us all see and hear you! Señor Alonso Veres is the spokesman! I knew not that he had the gift of eloquence, save in those oaths and blasphemies which are forbidden. Evidently his sojourn in the rigging has brought grace upon him!" There was a snigger in the throng. Only two days before, Alonso Veres had been triced up gagged in the shrouds in the prescribed punishment for blasphemy. "Silence, men! Listen while Señor Alonso Veres has speech with the Admiral of Spain! Step forward boldly, Señor Alonso Veres!"

Very successful was that ring of light confidence in his tone.

Alonso Veres—an uncouth hulking seaman, notoriously stupid—shrank back, struggled fiercely with those who pushed him forward. Some of the men laughed. He, the *Almirante*, laughed also. It was a sonorous, infectious laugh he knew well how to affect.

"Señor Veres is modest. Or, haply, he has nothing to say. *Buenisimo!* Has perchance any other man somewhat to say to me?"

A ratlike little man sprang forward from the jostling throng. He had an open knife in his hand

"*Si, Señor Almirante!*" he shouted "All of us have much to say to thee!"

He looked down upon him with a smile.

"Ha! The worthy Francisco Ximenes he who was flogged for being asleep on watch! Indeed, we have distinguished spokesmen! Put aside your knife, Señor Francisco, lest unfortunately you incur the punishment of the loss of your hand." The man hesitated before the significant authority in his tone, fumblingly put away the knife. "Now, Señor Francisco, I listen!"

The little man snarled at him.

"It is this, *Señor Almirante:* Far enough have we gone! We have come where no man ever sailed a ship. We have found no lands. Not obliged are we to go to the end of the world. Turn now the ship, lest we have not provisions enough to reach home!" Francisco Ximenes swung round to the mob: "Is that your will, *compañeros?*"

A collective cry broke from the throng, fiercely clamorous

"*Si, si!* It is our will! It is the will of all of us! Turn the ships!"

He assumed his sternest frown, spoke suddenly in that resonant sea voice which could be heard through the wildest gale

"*Nunca jamás!*" Who were these dogs to thwart him now in midachievement of his life's purpose? "Never shall the ships be turned until we find land!"

A howl came from the mob.

"*Muerte! Abajo el Almirante! Abajo el extranjero!*"

With the cry the little man had leaped up the ladder. He, the *Almirante*, marked the instant when the ferocious face had come sufficiently close, shot out his right hand, gripped him by the throat, held him at arm's length—his own gigantic strength was a fierce joy to him in that moment—wriggling impotently in the air.

He laughed in that mastery.

"Such weaklings as you would challenge the Admiral of Spain! Go, dog!" He flung him violently backward to fall sprawling and choking amid the mob. "Now, *hombres*, listen!" he cried, still in that formidable voice. "Should you by force turn the ships, will I have all of ye hanged for mutiny in Spain. Should ye slay me and return without me, all of ye will be tortured until ye confess why I am not with ye. So have I agreed"—it was a happy lie that suddenly flashed into his mind; one of the many he scrupled not to tell these fools—"with my lords, the king and queen!"

The mob shrank back again, startled by that unimagined possibility which destroyed the plausible story they had, in their whispered plottings, agreed to tell.

He laughed again, forcing himself to infectious good humor.

"But why talk of this foolishness, *compañeros?* Soon now shall we reach the lands I have certainty of—the lands where gold may be picked up like pebbles; the lands where there are women who will make the fairest of Sevillanas seem like hags; the lands where ye will all be rich as no men have ever been rich. Ye are not such fools as to lose such wealth because a few cowards crave for their pigsty at home!" He laughed again, and some of the crowd laughed with him. "Look at that hangdog knave who thought himself leader over ye—master-at-arms, give Francisco Ximenes a hundred lashes for coming on the poop ladder without orders!—hold him up, some of ye!" He laughed as the cowed and still gasping wretch was hoisted onto his feet and the derisive laughter in the throng increased. "Is he one to lead ye to wealth, think ye? He cannot even keep awake on watch without a rope's end behind him." The laugh became general. He accentuated it by his own good-humored merriment. "*Compañeros*, we have water and food in plenty; we have staunch ships; we have no sickness; we have favoring winds; near us are the lands of gold—step forward now the fools who would turn back, that I may laugh at them—that ye

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all may laugh at them! Step forward, Señor Francisco Ximenes! We desire to laugh!"

He laughed, and the crowd laughed, uproariously, derisively, as the wretched man was pushed to the front again, was mocked at while savagely he cursed.

"Francis Ximenes blasphemes! The gag and the main shrouds for him, master-at-arms, after he has had his hundred lashes! Now, *compañeros, vivan los Reyes Catolicos! Viva el viaje!*"

They shouted it after him, enthusiastically: "*Vivan los Reyes Catolicos! Viva el viaje!*" took up a shout started by one bold voice: "*Viva el Almirante!*"

They dissolved amid cruelty-loving laughter to watch Francisco Ximenes receive his hundred lashes.

That night, in the solitude of his great cabin under the stern castle, with the ship creaking and groaning as she lifted and dropped on the swell and the candle lamp swinging over the table, he entered the occurrence—considerably minimized—in that secret journal he kept for the eyes of Their Majesties of Spain. "I laughed with them indeed," he wrote, "while my heart wept."

He looked up from the just-traced words, gripped suddenly by the silence, by his own utter loneliness. He rose from his seat, went to the unshuttered stern windows, looked out. The lurid radiance of the flaring cresset on the taffrail above him was reflected brokenly on the dark waves now heaving close, now falling far below him. Away on either hand the similar cressets on the Pinta and the Niña were tiny points of light in the enveloping darkness. Whither was he leading them all? The doubt transfixed him, suddenly, unexpectedly, shattering him in his inmost self. For a moment he felt his legs weak under him, his heart falter over a sickening faintness in his breast, so that he clutched at the window frame. What if those lands were but a delusion? What if they were but sailing madly into an infinite emptiness of sea whence there could be no return? What if all the charts and globes of the cosmographers were false imagination? A panic swept through him—just such a blind wild panic at the limitless unknown into which he was venturing as many times had crazed the ignorant simple seamen over whom he had just reëstablished his ascendancy. If he were wrong!

He turned, sank to his knees by his seat.

"*Santisima Maria,*" he prayed, in an intensity of all his being, "guide me to those lands! Protect me! Vouchsafe that speedily we may come to them! Sustain my courage, *O Beatisima,* that I fail not!"

He lifted his face suddenly from his hands. It seemed to him almost uncannily that Felipa was an unseen presence in the cabin—that long-dead Felipa whom he so rarely thought of.

He cried to her: "Felipa, pray for me! Pray for me in heaven! Pray that I may find those lands whatever else befalls me!" Empty to his sight was that great cabin, shiftingly shadowed by the swinging lamp. Yet queerly it seemed to him that he saw her eyes upon him, bright, starlike, loving. It was a mere craziness in his head, that all but certitude, yet again he cried to her. "Thou didst swear, Felipa! I know thou wilt! I know thou wilt! Thou didst love me as none has ever loved me! Never wilt thou fail me!"

That demoralizing panic had suddenly passed from him. He drew a deep breath, rose to his feet in the silent cabin. From the wall he took his cross-staff. He must go on deck, observe the altitude of the pole-star. Tomorrow would he consult with those crafty treacherous Pinzons—but, he smiled grimly, he could outwit them for all their craft—as to whether they should alter course a little to search for that halfway island of Antillia.

The sun was setting straight ahead of them in a blaze of magnificence, fiery red clouds streaming into a sky of gold and green. It was the eleventh of October. As he stood on the high deck of the stern castle, there was a fever in his blood. More than two weeks had elapsed since that faint-hearted mutiny—only two days ago he had had sternly to suppress another, to tell them that he was going on whether they would or no—and still they had sailed on into the unknown. They had failed to find the island of Antillia, though on the twenty-fifth of September, Martin Alonso Pinzon on the Pinta had shouted suddenly that he saw it, had claimed the reward promised to the first discoverer. The crews of all three ships, blackening the rigging, had seen it on the horizon. He had fallen on his knees upon the deck in gratitude to God. All three ships had exultantly chanted the Gloria in Excelsis.

The course had been changed to the southwest, and all next day they had sailed in search of it. It had vanished—had been, dishearteningly, as so often before and since, but a cloud on the horizon. Once more the course had been set due west. Once more, amid sullen murmurings from the crews, they had wallowed onward through the eternal drifting weed. It had seemed as if this westward progress would never end, as if they might go on forever. Day after day he had heartened them—often mendaciously—had pointed to every possible sign—birds in the sky, peculiar fish that they caught, drifting vegetation—as proof positive that they were near land.

But now on this Thursday, the eleventh of October, he was eagerly certain of it at last. All that day the signs—authentic signs now—had multiplied—a green branch, a reed and two small sticks plainly carved by human hands, a small board, a branch with dog-roses still in bloom upon it. The wind blew stiffly from the west-southwest—again a favorable omen, since it assured the crews that they could sail back again—and they beat against it as close-hauled as they might, while the waves crashed in flying spray against the high bows. As he staggered in the pitching of the ship he took that fresh wind like wine into his lungs—that wind which surely blew from off an unknown land—while he peered eagerly through the tangle of rigging for some first dark line upon the horizon. Soon, soon now, must he see it!

The sun disappeared. The darkness became complete, the mastheads tracing circles among the abruptly visible stars. The great cresset on the stern was lighted, was answered by the cressets of the Pinta and the Niña. On the main deck of the Santa Maria the ship's company assembled as usual for the solemn evening chanting of the Salve Regina.

He stood at the break of the poop, lifted up his voice with them in that hymn so stirringly impressive in that solitude of sea as the three ships sang it in unison. Then he addressed them, familiarly, happily, "*Compañeros,*" reminded them of the great favors that God and the Blessed Virgin had shown them, assured them that they were now at last near the land they had come so far to discover. This time not a voice interrupted him in ribald mockery. All were convinced of it. He besought them therefore to keep an especially good lookout, promised a gift of a silk doublet from himself in addition to the pension of ten thousand maravedis promised by the queen to whosoever should first sight land.

They answered him in a great shout from the dark mass of faces below him as he turned to go below to his supper in the cabin where he ate alone.

The hours crept slowly. It was still a night of stars—the moon not yet risen—when again he went on deck, stood gripping a mizzen stay as he peered into the darkness through which the ship was plunging. Near him, Pedro Gutierrez, a young volunteer, and Rodrigo Sanchez, his overseer, stood similarly straining to see through the obscurity, while silhouetted against the stars as the ship rose could be seen a group about the lookout man on the forecastle head.

He became chilly in that motionless intent gazing, released his hold of the mizzen

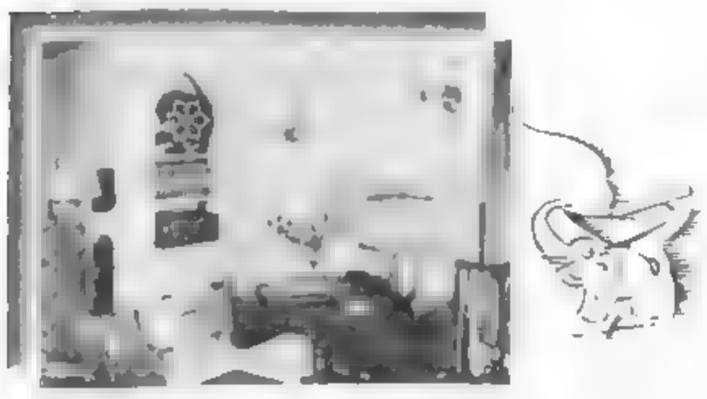
(Continued on Page 136)

ATWATER KENT RADIO

"Where shall we put it?"—why, ANYWHERE!

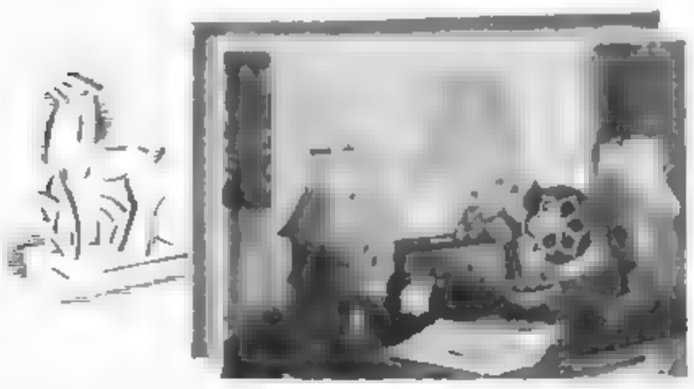
REALLY, almost as many places have been found for the Atwater Kent A. C. electric set as there are owners—and of these there are more than 200,000.

For, wherever you put this demure and friendly receiver—alcove or angle, bookshelf, mantel or tiny table—it *belongs*. Guests invariably say, not "How odd," but "Why, that's just the place for it, isn't it?"

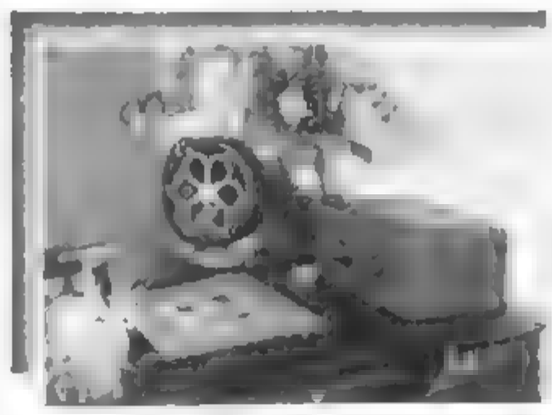


Its trim compactness, its grace of line, the charm of its warm coloring, the lovely sheen of its satiny finish—make it companionable in any room—a companion of quite superior attainments, you find as you press the electric switch.

In the living room (where you oftenest encounter it) you will like to live with it. In the

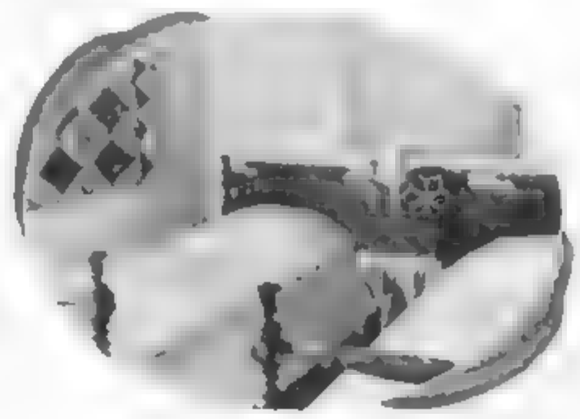


chimney corner, on the mantel, at sofa's end—it just fits. Or, how about that table there by the armchair, where you may so easily convert the music to your mood by turning the one FULL-VISION Dial! Or, over there on the window ledge, or rubbing elbows with the books?

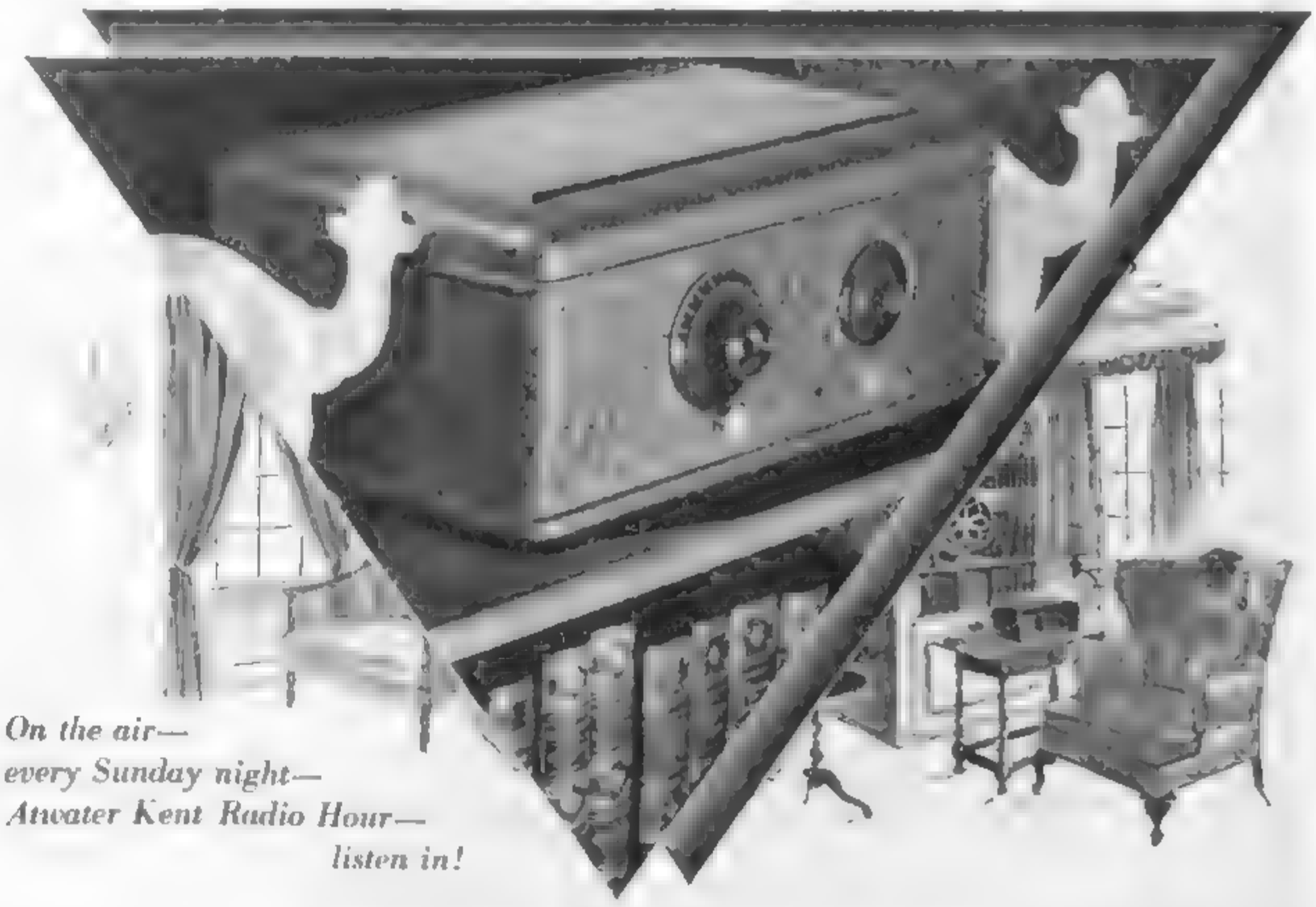


The music room? Naturally—though this soft-voiced receiver makes any room the music room. In some homes the sun parlor is the radio room, in others the dining room or library. At the stair-turn it is well met. For the nursery or children's playroom—an extra set perhaps.

And, with radio at your bedside, have you ever enjoyed the truly regal luxury of lulling yourself to sleep with music from afar?



Such is the newer convenience of unobtrusive Atwater Kent Radio. It is a little surprising that such beauty of tone and of appearance—such matching of eye value with the inner values that make radio reception fine and enduring—can be had for so small a sum. But it is a fact—and you needn't pay more. Easily provable by asking an Atwater Kent dealer for a home demonstration.



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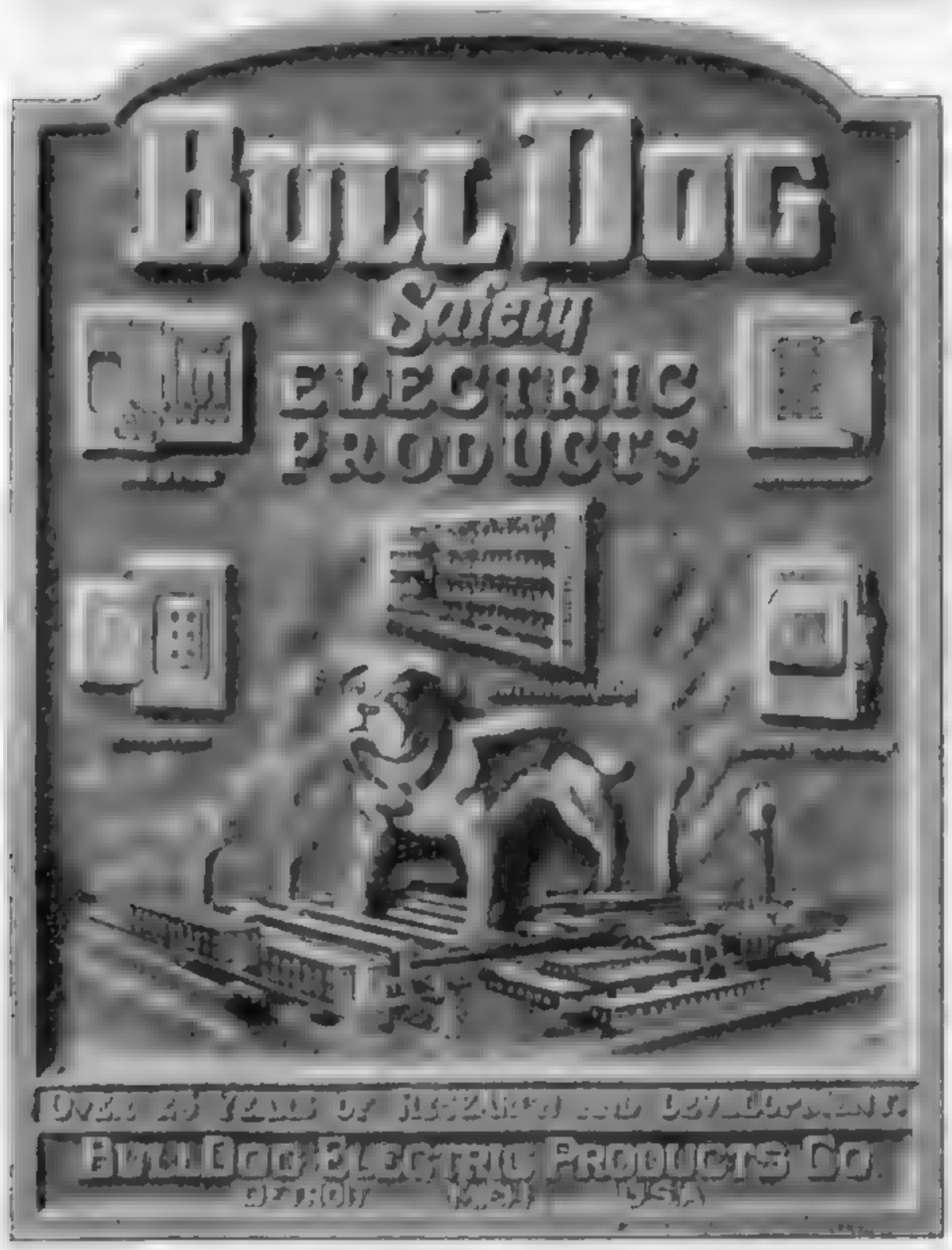


(*Continued from Page 134*)

stay, commenced to tramp to and fro athwart the high poop deck, his eyes ever fixed on the darkness ahead. The ship's bell clanged under the stroke of the watcher by the compass who turned the sand glass every half hour. It was ten o'clock. What was that? He checked suddenly in his restless pacing, stared into the night, a peculiar shock at his heart. There, straight ahead of them, was a tiny pin point of light, moving up and down! It was not the Pinta—there was the Pinta's stern light well in front on the windward bow. It was not the Niña—the Niña was away off abreast of them. He saw it again—not a star!—unmistakably it moved, just discernible to a keen eye!

With a sharp cry he pointed it out.

"Pedro! Rodrigo!" The words came with a violent leap of his heart. "Do you see? A light! A light!"

Yes. Now they also saw it, both of them. It was not a delusion then. The lookout also saw it. Then it disappeared. The Pinta had evidently not seen it. She had made no signal, continued on her course. Was it a light on land? Was it the light of some fisherman in his boat? What manner of land? What manner of strange fisherman thus half across the world? Eagerly, endlessly, they discussed it on the stern castle. The news was passed over the ship in a sudden bustle of excitement. Men went swarming up the rigging, dark against the stars. But strain his eyes as he would, the light was no more seen.

Unthinkable was sleep that night. The moon rose slowly behind them, three-quarters of full, rose until it flooded the wide sea with milky radiance, until the Pinta ahead, the Niña abeam, could vaguely be perceived in dark mass, their cressets unnecessary. Hour after hour was clanged on the bell. The crowded watchers on the Santa Maria continued to gaze in fascinated expectation. He himself, his heart thudding in his breast, peered into that pallid night, straining to penetrate its baffling far obscurity, tensely anxious as never in his life had he known suspense. The ship's bell struck two o'clock of the morning of October twelfth. Almost simultaneously there was a sharp little yellow flash, a dull rolling report from the Pinta. The signal gun! They could see her lowering her sails, hoisting flags, waving lights. They approached her as she lay, heard the shout from her: "*Tierra! Tierra!*" It was land! They themselves could see it now—a low shore just darkly visible in that uncertain pale light, yet several miles ahead.

He shouted triumphantly an order that thrilled himself. The great sails came down on their yards—the first time that they had been lowered for thirty-two days. They lay pitching on the swell, near to the Pinta still shouting to them, near to the Niña reaching up to them. He ordered a trysail to be hoisted on each ship that they might lie to until daylight. Then again he fell on his knees. His heart was bursting. Could he ever be sufficiently grateful to God and the Blessed Virgin who had made his dream reality!

They waited in sleepless excitement until the dawn came in splendor, revealing, as the sun rose, a green island in an intensely blue sea, white surf breaking on its surrounding reefs.

He lived again the ecstasy of that first landing—the startlingly real vision of it obscured this mean room in the little house in Valladolid; the exultant thrill of it lifted him from that sickening, gasping weakness which for days had held him helpless on the bed, blotted out the brown-garbed Franciscan friar holding up the crucifix before his eyes. He was again—after they had crept, carefully sounding as they went, round to the other and leeward side of the island, for the wind had got up freshly from the northeast—being rowed, with his scarlet cloak over full armor and the standard of Castile in his hand, in the boat that carried him and the two elder Pinzons and his secretary and his overseer toward that whitely gleaming beach backed by fronded palms. Like a dream it was to him then, yet assuredly but the beginning of an immeasurable felicity. Now was it the most vividly real moment of his life, its triumphant summit.

He murmured in a voice that was to him the ringing voice of that unforgettable day. "Steady, rowers! In oars!"

The keel grated. They checked with a jerk. Now he had sprung—he the first onto the shore. Were they all about him? Yes, there were the two captains of the other ships, each with his banner emblazoned with the crowned monograms F and Y of Ferdinand and Ysabella, surmounted by a green cross. How they fluttered in the little breeze, vivid-hued in this bright sunshine! "Get out your inkhorn, Rodrigo! Write what I shall pronounce! *In nomine Dei!* In the name of God, I, Don Cristóval Colón, *Almirante*, Viceroy and Governor of these lands for their Catholic Majesties of Castile, León and Aragon, do hereby take possession of this newly discovered land." What was that? He half opened his eyes at the pressure which was forcing him backward. The vision was rent, dissolved. He saw, dimly, while its fragments fled, the sallow face of the Franciscan friar gently pressing him back again on his pillow; saw his son Fernando—that was the son of Beatriz; he had made provision for her in his will—oddly in tears—saw, with a little wonder, Diego Mendez. When was it Diego Mendez had sailed with him—on his fourth voyage—his last?

Yes, that was surely the Indies he had discovered! He would maintain it till his last breath. Moreover, it could not be denied. He had seen to that. "Step forward, Master Francisco Niño. Make your oath before the notary: 'I, Francisco Niño, pilot of the caravel Niña, make the oath that this is indeed the Indies, under penalty of ten thousand maravedis and of having my tongue cut out.' Juan de la Cosa, step forward! All of you in your turn—masters and pilots, mariners and ship's boys—make oath—make oath—attest it!"

He laughed queerly. Crazy in his head had he been just then—that was on the second voyage in those hot days when, in the caravel Niña, they had been off the land he had called Juana and the natives named Cuba-nacan—which might have been Cipango or the realm of Kublai Khan. But it was a document that would forever silence the envious enemies who had intrigued against his glory! Of course he had discovered the Indies. If so be that he had been permitted just a little longer, he would have landed in Cathay. Who was there that dared deny it?

Those shrieks—those dreadful shrieks! Make them cease! Ah, again it was an Indian being tortured—or was it again a slaughter—one of those ghastly slaughters where the women and children ran screeching and were cut down by laughing Spaniards? That was in Española. He had discovered Española as well. Everything had he discovered. "I tell you, señor—what is your name?—Señor Amerigo Vespucci—it is kind of you to visit an old man—out of favor. . . . Also an Italian? I am a Genoese—of noble family. I tell you, Señor Vespucci, that without me your Pinzons and your Ojedas would have discovered nothing. I showed them the way for the very sailors to follow. . . . Yes, I will give you a letter to my son Diego—he will be *Almirante* after me—he will tell you what they did to me—brought me back in chains—in chains, I who had given them a new world. Much have I suffered—much—much.

"It is dark. I see nothing clearly. This weight on my chest. Dying—this is what it is to die. Dying in poverty—I, the *Almirante*. If they would give me my tenths—my tenths that are in the bond, Your Majesty—yes, the queen is dead. If the queen were alive this would not happen. She would give me my rights—the queen is dead, Felipa is dead, and Beatriz—no, Beatriz is alive—I have provided for her in

my will. . . . Felipa, is that thou I see standing there? No, I am on the ship. Mind your steering there, master helmsman! Where are the Pinta and the Niña? There they are—every sail drawing. . . . This Santa Maria is a clumsy sailer—unfit for discovery. They might outpace me, rob me of the glory. Where am I? Where am I? What are these bare walls? It is not a ship! . . . In prison? No, they let me out of prison, brought me home, white-bearded, in chains. But I triumphed! These walls—they are whirling round me—round and round. Stop them—stop them! I am falling into a dark pit—endlessly. Felipa, thou didst believe in me! I am the *Almirante*—the *Almirante*—they cannot take that from me. I showed them the way, Felipa! Thy eyes, smiling, *Felipa!* Yes. No voice. '*In manus tuas Domine*——'"

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of stories by Mr Austin. The next will appear in an early issue

Getting On in the World

"How Did the Country Editor Get That Way?"

By ONE OF 'EM

IN A RECENT article that appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a writer expressed utter surprise that the editors of country weekly newspapers had not only progressed from the old starvation plan but many of them were succeeding in putting aside a creditable fortune. Being a member of this fraternity, I might be able to shed some light on "how the country editor got that way."

I am owner and editor of the oldest weekly newspaper in one of the Southwestern States, this publication now being in its seventy-fifth year—but, gracious, let me hurry to explain that I haven't been its editor all that time! In fact, I have only started in my early thirties and have edited the paper only about eighteen months. Further to show that my case should not be taken as an exception, I might say that I am located in a little town of thirty-five hundred population, and this town has another weekly newspaper that had the reputation of doing a much greater business than the one I purchased.

Now that the scene is properly explained, I will proceed with the story. During the first year of my ownership and publication of this weekly newspaper my average gross monthly income was more than $1000, and my 2000 subscribers at $1.50 per year brought me in another $3000, making the total for the year something more than $15,000.

My overhead expenses are light, averaging from $300 to $400 a month, leaving a net profit each month of around $600 or $700, with my subscription money coming in during six weeks in the fall of the year.

As big money goes in the city, I'm a small potato; but in a country town of 3500 inhabitants, where a $200-a-month income is regarded with respect, I'm one of the big boys, if not the big boy.

Business From the Neighbors

I say this to explain the situation, and not in a boasting manner. I was reared, the baby son of a large family, on a farm, by parents who knew nothing but hard work until they were old, and humility was one of the great virtues I learned from my mother; therefore, false pride has little part in my make-up.

If the country editors are enjoying such nice incomes, where do they come from? And do they give value received? Well, in answer to the first question, I will say that about 90 per cent of their business comes from their own immediate territory. The second question can be answered by giving a statement that was volunteered by one of my advertisers only last week.

"You remember that three days' sale I had this week?" he said. "Well, I took in $720 the first day, and the weather was awfully bad, and my receipts for the three days was $2200." His advertising expense with me for this sale was only forty dollars. If that wasn't a good investment for him it wasn't my fault.

I have also made a specialty of going after what we term foreign advertising, which is usually placed by advertising agencies for national advertisers. Yet most of this advertising is done by them because of the fact that some merchant in my town was handling their products. So you see it reverts to my former assertion that about 90 per cent of our business comes from our own local territory.

Experts say that the country weekly is one of the most thoroughly read publications in America. Well, they can't start an argument with me along that line, because I like to believe that statement. It gives me a mighty good talking point for my own paper. When a publication is thoroughly read it makes an excellent advertising medium; hence the good results through country-newspaper advertising.

Why is a country weekly thoroughly read? When I look over some I know, I often wonder about that question myself. The answer, however, comes from various causes. First, it is usually read because it carries home news that no other publication in the world carries. It not only tells folks about their neighbors but it tells them about themselves, and you might be surprised how well they like to see their own names in print. To be horridly modern, we country editors know our onions along this line.

Our Special Correspondents

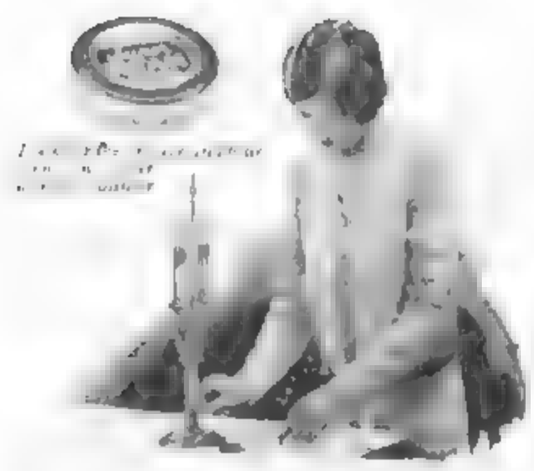
In addition to all the fresh local news happenings that I can garner in, my paper carries other regular columns that have brought forth much favorable comment from my readers. One of these is Interesting Notes From a Housekeeper's Scrapbook, and is written by a well-known lady in my own county.

I carry two other regular articles by two writers who are popular in all the leading daily papers. These come to me through a syndicate. Then there is my own editorial page, in which I seek to foster the things that I think will mean the greatest good to my readers. I try never to let an issue come off the press without having a good strong editorial in it.

Then come all the club reports, obituaries, and so on; and communities throughout the county have correspondents who send in news letters weekly. Now, any editor of a country weekly should be anxious to have correspondents in every leading community of his territory, but when it comes to club reports, cards of thanks and obituaries, many of them charge straight advertising rates for them. I have never charged for them, and never expect to. In them are wrapped up many heart throbs, and they mean more to many readers than the average editor realizes.

Circulation means less to country weeklies than to many other publications. As a usual thing, the publisher gets as much for his advertising if his circulation is 750 as he does when his circulation runs up to 2000. This is hardly right, but is hard to get away from. The small-town business man is pretty well sold on advertising in my section, and he will spend around a certain amount each year. If the circulation of his local paper is small he seldom asks any question, and if it is large and the editor tries to raise the rate, the merchant will likely cut down his space.

My circulation will average from 2000 to 3000, and yet I have kept my rates down to



Make Your Own Repairs!

BROKEN lampshades, leaky pots and pans and broken wires—now, thrifty housewives repair them easily with LOTAN—the new super-solder

LOTAN needs no acid or soldering iron. Put a drop or two of LOTAN on the joint. Apply heat directly to it (match, candle or stove flame will do), in 35 seconds you will have a clean, smooth, silvery joint

Keep a can in your car or garage and another in your kitchen

If your hardware dealer cannot supply you, write direct—25¢ for special household size

Dealers wanted everywhere. Write for quantity prices

SIMPLEX ZIP & SOLDER CO. of AMERICA
1965 E. 66th St. Cleveland, O.

New Lotan Method for [illegible] Special Sizes for heating and [illegible] Write for [illegible]

Easy writing means easy thinking. Try a Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil!

5¢ each
60¢ a dozen

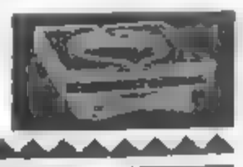
© 1928

Three for a quarter in Canada

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Dept. 8-J, Jersey City, N. J.

At last—a portable toilet! For Motorists and Campers

The Auto-Comodaire is a simple collapsible private toilet that thousands carry everywhere for Cup Sanitary; comfortable, [illegible] Children can use it in the car. Receptacles close tight, are waterproof, disposable. Complete with 6 receptacles, $3.50; child's size, $2.50. Extra receptacles, 24 for $1.00. Carrying cases, $1. and $1.50. (Prices slightly higher in far west.) At auto accessory and department stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Literature free.



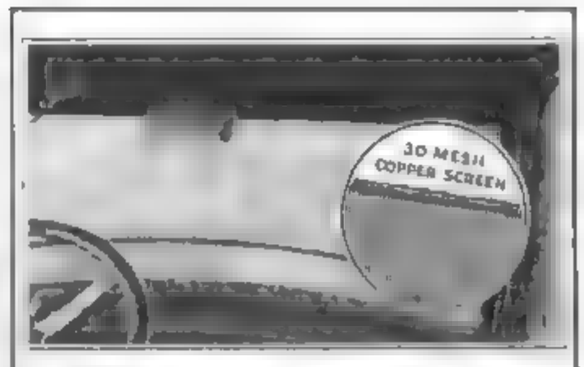
The NURSERY-CRAFTERS
1025 Jay St., Rochester, N. Y.

False Teeth
Klutch holds them tight

Klutch forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop or chafe. *You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth*

To prove our claim let us mail you a box of Klutch *without deposit or payment of any kind.* After 30 [illegible] Hart & Company, Box 2319-B Elmira N. Y.

FOR QUALITY—SAY
Q MACARONI
and get it!



NOW-Real Ventilation
through this DeLuxe
Windshield Screen

Tourists! Motorists! Now you can drive with your VV windshield open without annoyance from bees, bugs, dust, and soot! Breeze Filter keeps them out! Comes well below line of vision. Does not interfere with operation of windshield or windshield wiper. Installed in five minutes without drilling or altering car.

"Breeze Filter" is made of extremely fine copper screen cloth in a steel frame, welded at the corners, and finished in black lacquer. Wings at either end anchor the screen firmly in the windshield posts. Heavy felt in contact with the glass prevents vibration, noise or rattle.

Manufactured for:

$3.75 Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Chrysler 52 and 62

$4.25 Buick, Cadillac, LaSalle, Oakland, Graham-Paige, Chrysler 72 and 80L

If your dealer cannot supply you write direct to

ALBION METAL PRODUCTS CO.
ALBION, MICH.

Breeze-Filter

300 MEN WANTED TO START WORK IMMEDIATELY!

Splendid Opportunity to Make $10 to $15 a Day And More! J. E. Tillotson of Nebraska Actually Cleared $114 In One Day This Easy Way! Emil Ham of California Made $50 The First Day He Started! Send for Generous Starting Offer NOW!

$75 A WEEK And Up

HERE'S an amazingly easy way to make money—as high as $300-$400 a month. We are big advertisers everywhere (KRISS-KROSS Strappers) but never sell in stores—so need 300 men right away to collect orders in different localities. (—($5,000,000 already collected!) All you do is mail the orders to us as they come in. You get handsome profit for every bit of work you do—and will find it easy as A B C. We show you how. No investment or office needed. Use your home as head quarters. *Full or Spare Time.* J. C. Kellog (Kansas) made $200 in 7 days spare-time alone!

New Ford Cars Furnished

And right now we are furnishing [illegible] All you have to do is average 5 orders a day (Your choice of coupe, sedan, touring, etc.) Ambitious, reliable men write for generous proposition immediately. Address M. H. Rhodes, President

RHODES MFG. COMPANY, Dept. H-382
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

RAZOR BLADE HOLDERS

A STROPPER-KNIFE OR HANDY SCRAPER ONLY 10¢ EACH AT-

WOOLWORTH
KRESGE
KRESS
McCRORY
GRANT
and other stores. 15c west of the Rockies.

Manufactured by
ERICSSON SCREW MACHINE PRODUCTS Inc
609 Pergen St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

STROPPER AND KNIFE — WIZARD — HANDY SCRAPER

Just turn the key and both garage doors open

This locking device makes garage doors as easy to handle as the front door of your house. Insert the key . . . turn . . . all bolts are released . . . both doors are free to open. To lock, simply push the doors closed. No dangling chain bolts to release. No foot bolts to press. No hole in the floor to clog with dirt. Even warping of doors doesn't prevent Quicklock from locking. Gives complete security, with nothing to get out of order. Sold by all hardware dealers, and can be applied in a few minutes. Buy one for your old or new garage, or write for further information to McKinney Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Makers of McKinney Forged Iron, Hinges and fine garage hardware.

Price, $5.00 complete with cylinder lock and two keys

McKINNEY Quicklock

Do You like Fishing?

You know then, the

guarantee on more than 5000 Pflueger articles for fresh and salt water [illegible] extra quality of [illegible] workmanship, durability.

[illegible] Fish. Free. Write

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO.
Dept. SEP 7 "The Pflueger" Akron, Ohio

PFLUEGER
FISHING TACKLE
Leaders Since 1864

L. F. Henrick says:
"It is easy to make money anywhere with Process Products"

gives to Process salesmen.

Mr. Henrick is making a notable record in successful salesmanship in Los Angeles, as is proved by the amounts earned by him in single days during different seasons.

A November Day $96.00
A February Day $45.00
An April Day $58.00

We want ambitious men and women who are looking for an opportunity to make this kind of money, as representatives in every town to take orders for our nationally known lines of individually Monogrammed Business and Personal Christmas Greeting Cards, Commercial and Social Stationery, Announcements, etc. We pay liberal commission in cash every day, also liberal monthly bonus to producers. Apply at once, writing me personally.

Manager Dept. [illegible]
THE PROCESS ENGRAVING CO., INC.
Troy at 41st Street Chicago, Illinois

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" Send model or sketch of invention for Inspection & Advice Free. Terms Reasonable.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Established 1869. Write LACEY & LACEY, 774 F St., Washington, D. C.

twenty cents per column inch for local advertisers and thirty cents for foreign advertising. To those who might not understand about this difference in price, I will explain that foreign advertising usually comes through agencies that get a 15 per cent commission and 2 per cent cash; therefore, our reason for charging more for this class of business.

I also have an excellent business on reader, or local, ads. These are just short readers that are run in with personal items, which inform the public that "Mr. Merchant has just received a new shipment of house dresses" or possibly some sugar. I have had as much as eighty dollars' worth of these little reader ads in one issue of my paper, getting ten cents a line for each line that appeared.

If this business is so lucrative and yet is on a sound basis, giving value received for every dollar taken in, then the logical question that comes to the minds of many people is: "Why isn't it soon overcrowded?"

A pert answer is that it may be soon. A more deliberate and informative answer is that not everybody has the knack to put out a successful country weekly, nor do they like to take the punishment that goes along with the pleasure of the work.

By "punishment" I have in mind a farmer who was too stingy to subscribe for my paper, but was borrowing it from a neighbor, until he read one of my editorials that did not coincide with his ideas, and he came madly into my office to inform me that "he never expected to borrow another one as long as he lived."

There is also the woman who brings in a long article just a few minutes before press time and dares you to leave her article out. Manlike, you are hard-headed enough to leave it out—as it should have been—and the next day she calls you on the telephone to tell you how insignificant you are.

If you have a competitor, he may be a good scout and you may get along fine with him, or he may be a reprobate and cause you lots of misery.

Political Windfalls

I keep my subscriptions on a paid-in basis, which eliminates much of the old-time worry. Most of my business comes from local business men, who pay their bills promptly on the first of each month. Of course, some bad bills creep in, but they are few.

We weekly editors shout with joy when political years roll around. We have good reasons to do so, for it means much additional revenue for us. For example, I have already announced about fifty candidates, with a charge of ten dollars each, making an extra $500 income this year, to say nothing of my receipts for cards printed.

This brings up the subject of the printing department of the country-newspaper office. During the past year my office has averaged turning out more than $250 worth of job printing each month, and my competitor was supposed to do a much greater business in job printing than I did. This was because of the fact that he had one of the best linotype operators in this section of the state, but now I have this man working for me and I can already see an increase in this business.

Job-printing offices in country towns are scarce. This work is usually taken care of by local newspapermen. When the paper comes from the press, considerable time is devoted to job printing, until it is time to print the paper again.

All an Editor Has to Do

In my office is this linotype operator, who acts as foreman of the shop. There is another man who sets display ads and also gets the different pieces of job work ready for the job press. Then, there is an apprentice printer, who runs this job press, carries proofs to merchants and does any other work required of him.

I have nothing to do except get out and get the business, run down the news, write it up, post books, make out statements, answer correspondence, collect bills, attend chamber-of-commerce meetings, service-club meetings, rural-community meetings, and a dozen and one other things that only come to the lot of a country editor.

Getting business in a small town is often a matter of friendship. Of course, this will be denied by many. Business men will tell you that it is a business matter, and they advertise where it gets them the most results and have the job work printed where it is done the best at the lowest cost; but just the same, you'd better keep them liking you if you expect to continue to get their business.

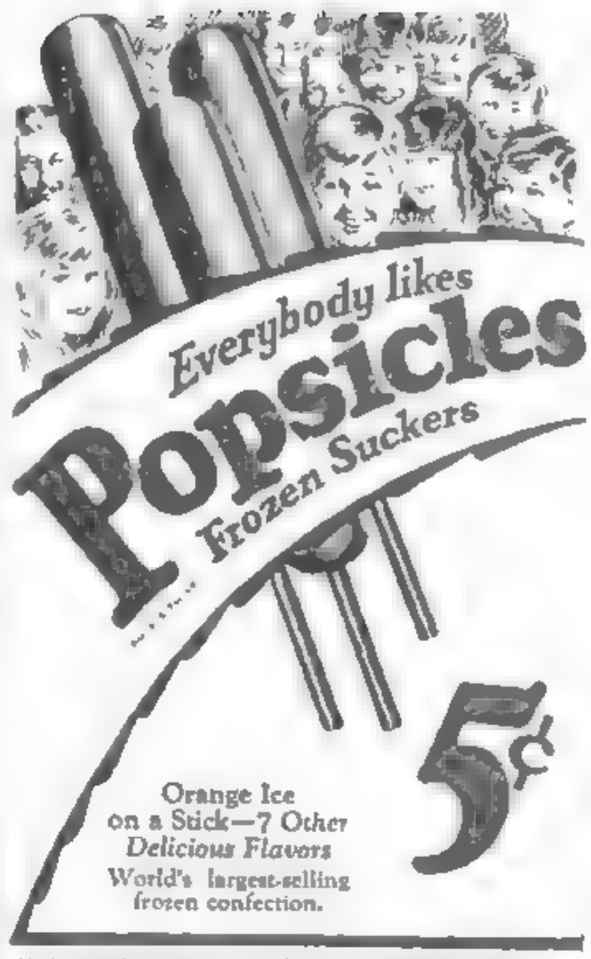
I cater to no one, but have a high regard for the rights of my fellow men and enjoy the friendship of many thousands of people in my county, even though I have lived in it for only the past eight years. Fortunately, I have a wife who has a wide circle of friends, having come from a prominent family here and having been born and reared in this town.

My policy is also to offer my customers lots of extra service they are unaccustomed to receiving. For instance, I have had special training in advertising writing in one of the largest schools in the world along this line, and I give freely of my knowledge and experience to my advertisers. In fact, I might add that I write entirely about 75 per cent of all advertising that appears in my paper.

This works out very satisfactorily. Most small-town merchants would like to advertise, but know nothing of getting up an ad. Before the local merchant will admit this

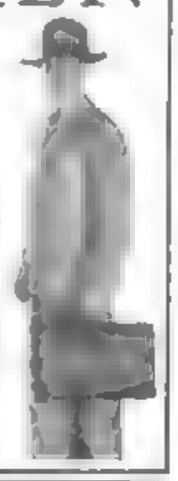
(Continued on Page 142)

A Day With the (Publicity) Hounds



Made by leading ice cream manufacturers everywhere under license of Popsicle Corporation, 1841 Broadway, New York City, *Patentee*

SALESMEN
make good money
$50 to $100 a week
selling all wool, made-to-measure clothes at $25 retail



Commissions of $4 to $8 on every sale. Over 200 samples. 6 day delivery. Traveling case FREE. Guarantee of satisfaction bonded by U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co.

Write at once for full details and option on exclusive territory for fall.

Homeland Tailoring Co., Inc.
218-220 E. Lexington St.
Dept. A Baltimore, Md.

"I'd Like Him If—"

Untidy finger nails are often a bar to friendship and social acceptance. Keen men and women keep nails always clean and neat, with Gem, the pocket manicure that quickly cleans, trims, and files. Ask your cutlery dealer or druggist.

The H. C. COOK CO., 5 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn.

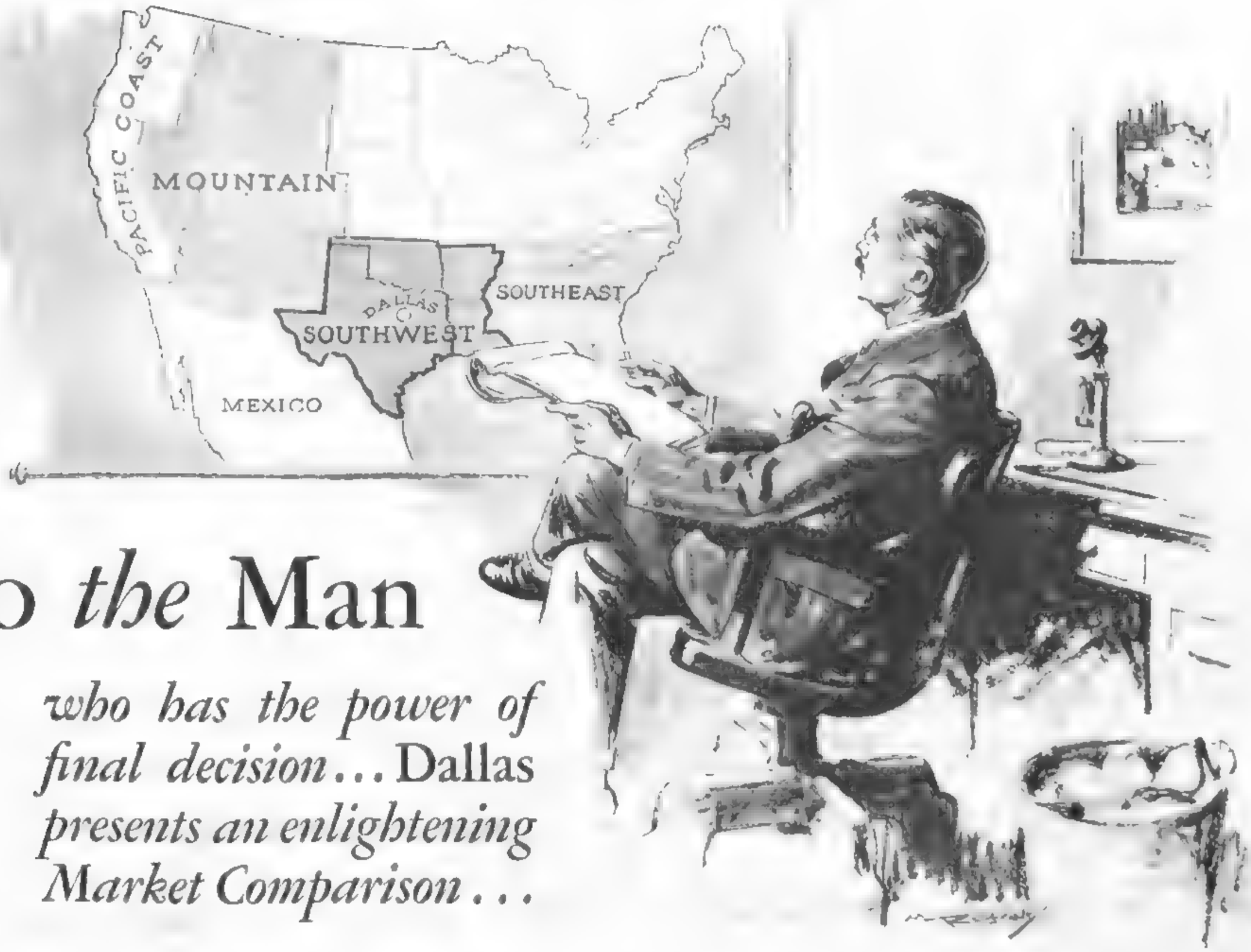
Gem NAIL 50¢ Gem Jr. 35¢
Gem Clippers

Sell Tailoring
Earn $100 Weekly
Sell Gibson fine made-to-measure all wool suits at $23.50 and up. Commissions paid daily. Big line. Big values. Established to ambitious men who want to earn $100 weekly. Write.
W. Z. Gibson, Inc., 500 Throop St., Dept. U-585, Chicago

Chicago TECH College
Engineering
Architecture
Electricity
Drafting
Enter any time. Opportunities for [illegible]
DAY and EVENING CLASSES [illegible] Learning
Dept. H 35
118 East 26th St. Chicago
Chicago Technical College

CUT ME OUT

and mail me, with your name and address, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 665 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. I will bring you full details telling how our subscription representatives easily make $5 or $10 a week *extra* in their *spare* time!



To *the* Man

who has the power of final decision... Dallas *presents an enlightening Market Comparison...*

AS "THE MAN with power of decision" to whom this is addressed, you probably know from personal observation a great deal about Dallas and the Great Southwest. You've probably watched over a period of years the tremendous growth in population; the increasing wealth and purchasing power and the astonishing building activities of Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, San Antonio, Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Shreveport, Little Rock, Fort Smith and other Southwestern cities.

But in your rapid swings throughout your different markets, feeling the pulse of your national distribution system, perhaps even you have not fully realized just how far the Southwest has progressed . . . *in direct comparison with other major unit markets.*

For instance—are you aware that the annual purchasing power of the four Southwestern States is greater than that of the seven Southeastern States or the eight Mountain States; and that the Southwest now compares favorably with the great Pacific Coast area; that the Southwest has a larger population than the Pacific Coast States and Mountain States combined and in white population is only slightly under that of the seven Southeastern States?

Have you realized that in the annual production of new wealth, based on value of Livestock and Crops, Minerals and Manufactured Products, the Southwest leads by over one-quarter Billion Dollars any of the other three marketing areas shown above?

Do you know that more than one-half of the American Cotton, more than 60% of the Petroleum, more than 75% of the Mohair is produced in the four states that make up the great unit market of the Southwest?

There are other surprising comparisons that will interest you. For that reason Dallas has prepared and will send you on request a special report, "The *Southwest*—Six Billion Dollar Market—Twelve Million Population—an analysis of its Economic Progress and a comparison with other major Markets."

In addition to this important report, there are six others, any or all of which will be sent on request. They are all based on facts as disclosed by exhaustive surveys made by two of America's leading firms of Market and Industrial Engineers. Or if a specific report directly relative to the marketing or manufacturing problems of your business is required, we are prepared to supply this confidential information.

Dallas

Industrial and Distribution C[illegible]
the Southwest—Twelve Milli[illegible]
—Six Billion Dollar Market . . . . .

Industrial Dallas, *Inc.*

1113 Chamber of Commerce Building
Dallas

1 MARKET MAP OF THE SOUTHWEST—seven colors. A Graphic Market Chart.

2 THE SOUTHWEST—Six Billion Dollar Market. A Market analysis and comparison with other major markets

3 DALLAS—DISTRIBUTION CENTER. Showing facilities of Dallas for serving the entire Southwest

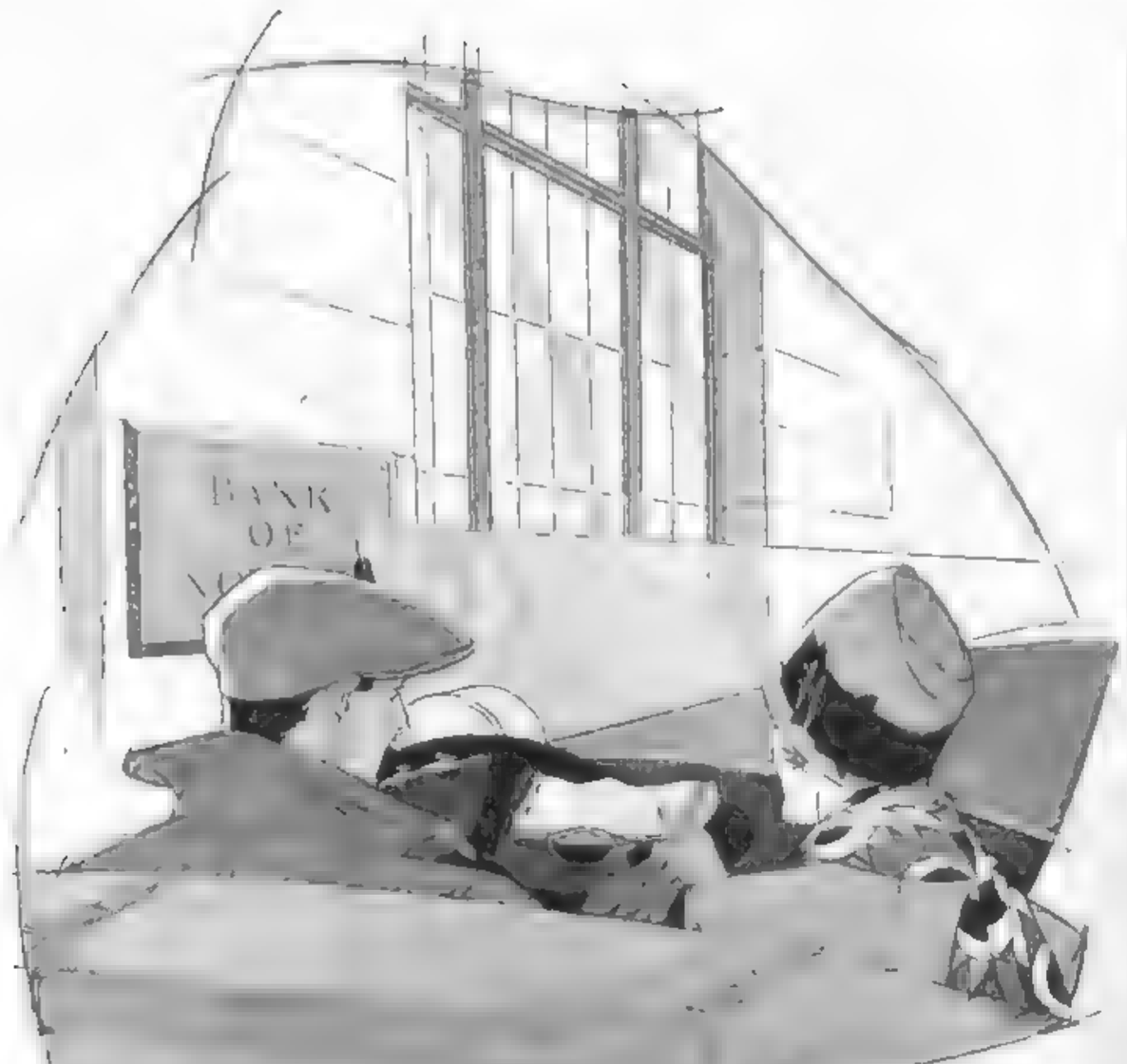
4 INDUSTRIAL SURVEY OF DALLAS. Showing opportunities for specific "Industrial Investment."

5 DALLAS AS A CITY IN WHICH TO LIVE, proving that it's not all work and no play in Dallas.

6 GROWTH OF DALLAS. Showing a trend of progress that safeguards Industrial Investment

7 TEXAS CORPORATION LAWS. An analysis of Texas Laws as they affect business progress.

All or any of the seven of these special informative reports will be mailed executives who request them. A copy of each should be on your desk.



Carry an emergency kit of reserve funds on your motor trips

FEW motorists start out on a trip without spare tires, or a tool kit for use in *emergencies.* And no experienced auto traveler fails to safeguard this precious touring equipment from theft or loss in any manner.

How much more important, then, to protect the *money* that must be taken along! Carrying cash is dangerous and personal checks are not readily accepted where you are unknown.

But if your funds are in the form of the practical, convenient and protective sky-blue

American Express Travelers Cheques

your money is not only acceptable—but safe, because if your American Express Travelers Cheques are lost or stolen (uncountersigned or not exchanged for value) YOU are not the loser—your money is refunded in full.

Issued in denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100—*Cost 75c for each* $100

For sale at 16,000 banks and at American Express and American Railway Express offices throughout the United States. Over a million and a half people used Travelers Cheques last year. It is better to play safe and be prepared for emergencies on your next trip by carrying

Safe anywhere Spendable everywhere

AMERICAN EXPRESS *Travelers Cheques*

Steamship tickets, hotel reservations, rail credits, cruises and tours planned and booked to any part of the world by the American Express Travel Department

ALL AMERICAN EXPRESS CHEQUES ARE BLUE

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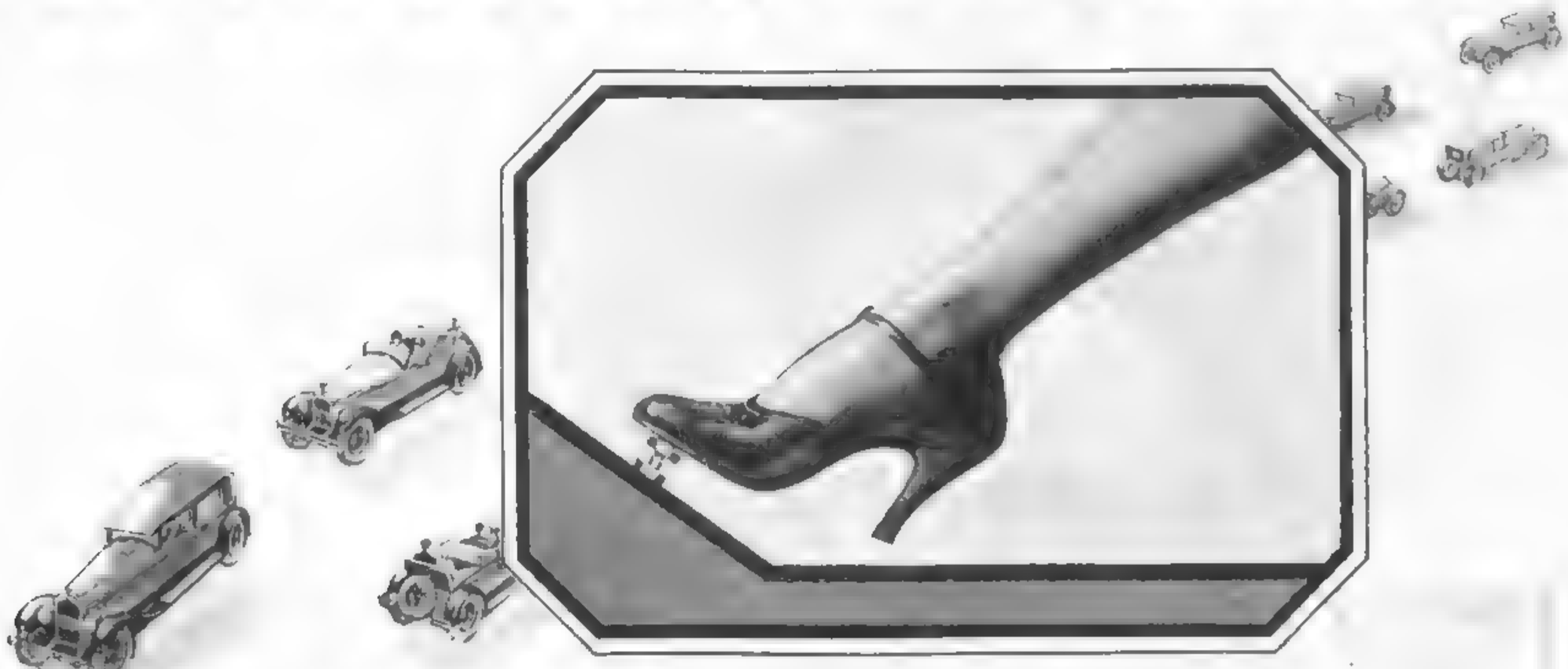
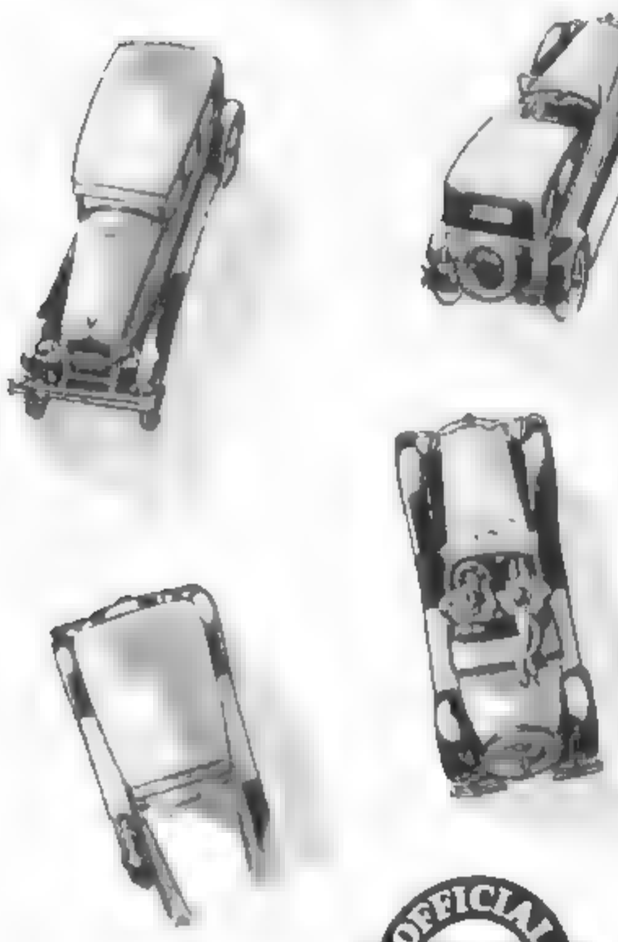
While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

MILLIONS of motorists have confidence in AUTO-LITE performance





WHEREVER the road leads—through Old World villages or along America's super-highways—wherever you find automobiles, motor trucks and busses—you find them equipped with the dependable Auto-Lite starting, lighting and ignition system. *Millions* are relying upon Auto-Lite for quick action and faithful service.

The confidence placed in Auto-Lite performance is a result of superior engineering design, consistent high quality materials and fine workmanship. Leading motor car manufacturers long ago recognized these features—and realized the many advantages of placing Auto-Lite upon their cars as standard equipment.

Today Auto-Lite on a motor car is more than an inspiration of confidence and dependable performance—it is an indication that the car manufacturer has used quality material throughout. Auto-Lite builds electrical equipment for the manufacturers of Durant, Essex, Falcon-Knight, Hudson, Hupmobile, Jordan, Locomobile, McFarlan, Nash, Peerless, Star, Stearns-Knight, Velie, Whippet, Willys-Knight and many others, including more than 80 Truck, Tractor and Marine Engine builders.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY....OFFICE AND WORKS: TOLEDO, OHIO

Also Makers of Dĕfon

OFFICIAL SERVICE

The sign of Auto-Lite Service—a national protection for car and truck owners

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

PHOTOGRAPHS
Live Forever

Dad wants that
PHOTOGRAPH
for his office

How often you've said, "I really *must* have that photograph taken with the children!" Dad wants the picture framed for his office desk; aunts and uncles often have asked for it. Let's set the time right now. Your family photographer will gladly co-operate, in your home or at his studio.

THIS emblem is the mark of a master photographer, a craftsman who embraces new-fashioned ideas, old-fashioned ideals

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA MEMBER International

VISIT YOUR FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHER ONCE A YEAR

(Continued from Page 138)

ignorance he will tell the newspaperman he doesn't want the ad.

In my case, I call on the local merchants—once each week. The merchant tells me what he wants to advertise, also whether he wants it in a display or reader ad. I make proper notes and go on to the next merchant. After I have made the complete round I return to my office, where I write all these ads. If they are display ads, we submit a proof for their approval before publishing, but if they are reader ads, the merchants do not even know what I have written for them until the paper comes off the press.

Of course I have a mighty good idea what the merchants want to say, and I never take advantage of them and make their ads longer than is necessary. It might bring me more immediate money, but I know that my customer will soon notice that I am stuffing his advertising, causing him to lose confidence in me to a large extent, and this might even mean losing his business entirely.

Since leaving the farm when quite young, my life has been made up of varied occupations, from that of newsboy handling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, on through the Army, postal service, salesman, chamber-of-commerce executive, ad writer, and many others. None have brought me the thrill that newspaper work brings to me each week.

For some unknown reason many people have the idea that the home-town editor, like the family doctor, is expected to listen to their troubles, their joys, their failures and successes—and he usually listens, and listening, he learns life, and is either made better by it, or often turns out to be a hard-boiled person. That all depends.

Each week, as the last copy comes from the big press and it is addressed and placed in the post office for distribution, a sigh of relief goes up from the newspaper force. Then it is time to turn right around and do the thing over again; but in doing so, there is an opportunity to increase your advertising business. You have an opportunity to give a certain person that write-up you couldn't squeeze in that last issue, and there's an editorial in your system, and you have a spell-binding message for your readers, which they may like and tell you so—which is sometimes done—or they may dislike it and be sure to tell you so—which is more often done.

You hold the success of many a business man within the columns of your paper, for there is no denying that the home-town newspaper is their greatest medium of advertising, leading to bigger and better business.

The dawn of each day brings forth new opportunities to serve the public, in which the attitude of the home paper often makes a success or failure of a movement that spells advancement or backwardness to a people.

This enchantment has been felt by some of the great editors of yesterday, but too often their lot was that of poverty, in which their real worth was hampered. Today the country editor, through liberal advertising and plenty of paid-in-advance subscribers, has become independent and is in a better position to render lasting service to his people.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock selling schemes is never authorized.

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Do wives think differently today?

Changing habits prove they do··

DOESN'T it seem only yesterday that wives were so busy with household cares that they found but little time for anything else?

How different is the new order that has been ushered in. Today, your wife finds opportunity to vary her interests . . . to be a companion to your children . . . to study closer your welfare. She has won a new freedom and happiness in her daily life.

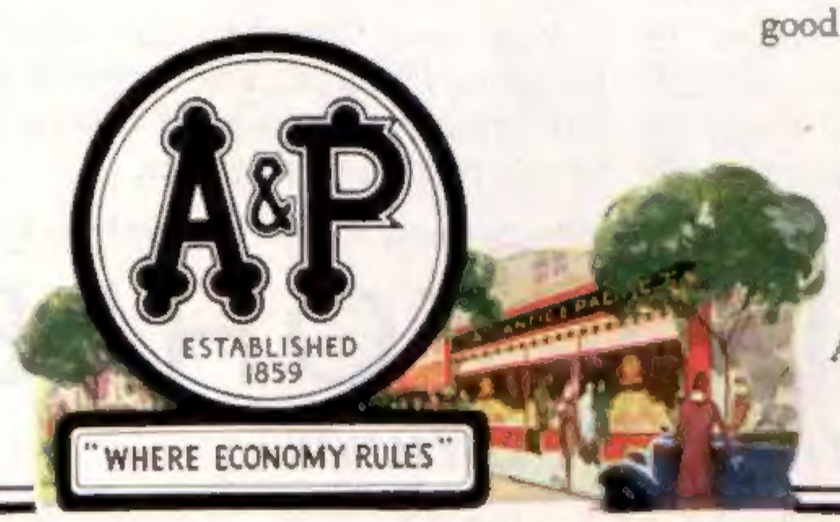
What has brought about this change? Your wife will tell you . . . thinking differently . . . thinking of housekeeping in much the same terms as you think of your business problems . . . discarding time-worn ideas and old-fashioned methods in favor of a new-day efficiency in home management.

Whenever wives meet, these modern methods of homekeeping are discussed. Particularly, do they speak of how one important problem—that of food buying—has been simplified.

No longer do you find these women visiting store after store in search of goodness and value in foodstuffs. They confine their purchases to the one store which experience has taught them provides both the good foods and the good values they seek.

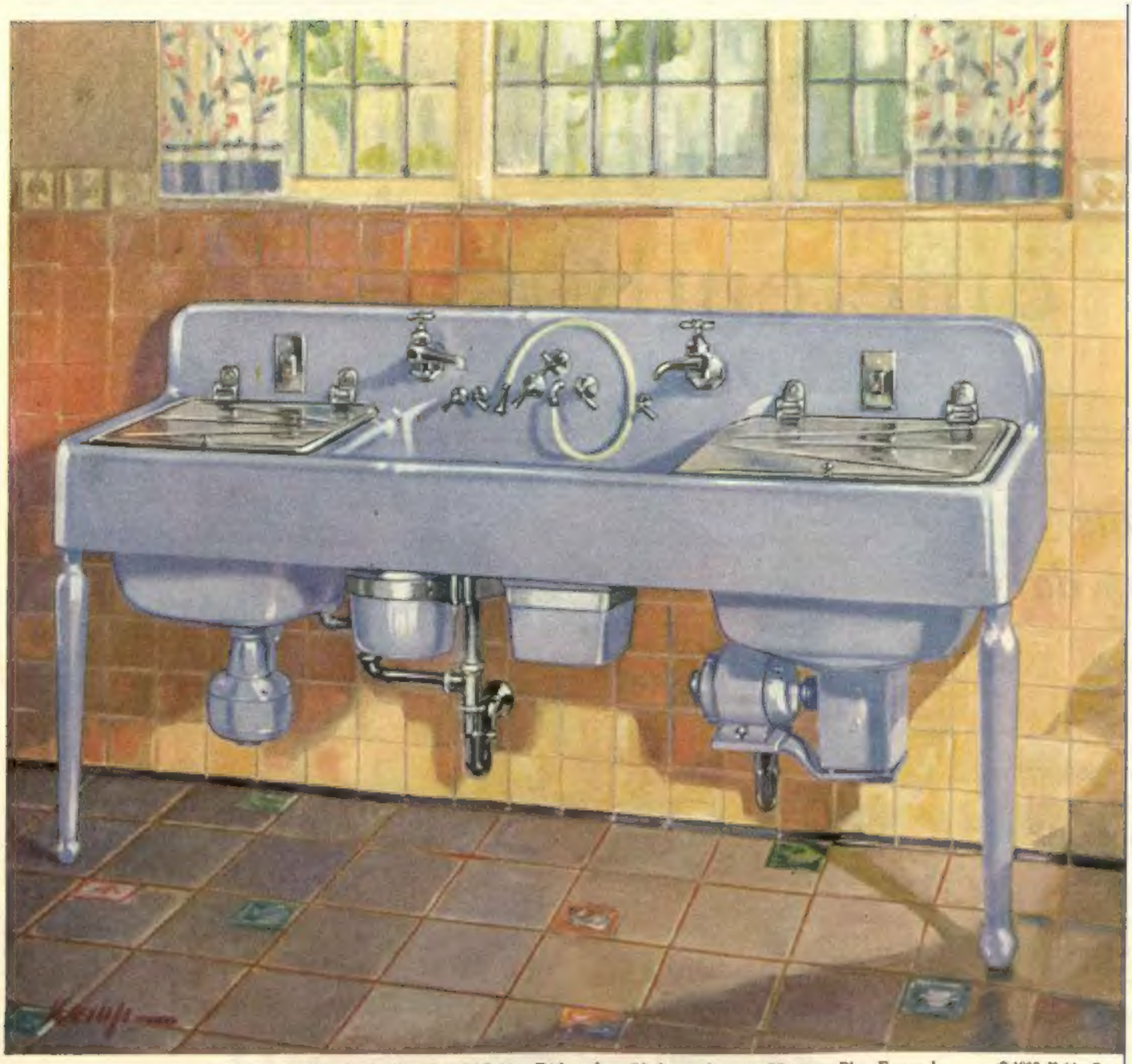
Daily they go to the A & P, knowing that a few minutes spent selecting foods solves what was formerly a vexing problem. For A & P's shelves are filled with the finest foods that a great world-wide buying organization can secure . . . nationally advertised brands . . . the choicest imported luxuries . . . foods locally famous. And women have learned that substantial savings go hand in hand with this quality.

This changing habit in food buying—the result of wives thinking differently today—is nation-wide in scope. Like guideposts along the highways, A & P stores everywhere point the way to good foods and good values.



At the A & P she is sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands of groceries.

THE GREAT
ATLANTIC & PACIFIC
TEA COMPANY



A Kohler Electric Sink (No. K-1124-LA)—*Dishwasher, Clotheswasher*—in Horizon Blue Enamel

© 1928, Kohler Co.

See what a *modern* sink will do

Would you like to do the dishes by merely pressing a button, without so much as dipping a fingertip in water? You can, in the built-in electric dishwasher on the left.

Would you like to have an electric clothes-washer that is really *convenient* for the every-day light laundering of miscellaneous articles? You have it here on the right—a built-in washer that does not have to be trundled about; that fills and empties itself; that is never in the way when not in use.

But wait! This *modern* sink—this Kohler Electric Sink—does other things besides. It supplies hot, cold, or tempered water through either of its swinging spouts or through its rinsing hose. It holds water in its central well—without a dishpan. It utilizes space beneath for the handy receptacles illustrated and described at the right.

Not content with being efficient, this wonderful sink brings grateful beauty to the kitchen—beauty of softly lustrous chromium-plated fittings: beauty of *color*. Like Kohler bath tubs, lavatories, and toilets, Kohler sinks offer you a choice of *six* colors—delicate, everlastingly permanent shades of blue, green, lavender, ivory, brown, and gray. *Color means Kohler*. . . .

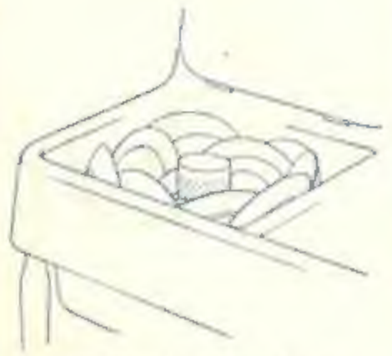
Your own plumber can supply Kohler Plumbing Fixtures. The coupon in the corner will bring you many good reasons for asking him to be sure that he does.

KOHLER CO., *Founded 1873*, KOHLER, WIS. · *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis. · *Branches in Principal Cities*

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

LOOK FOR THE KOHLER TRADE MARK ON EACH FIXTURE



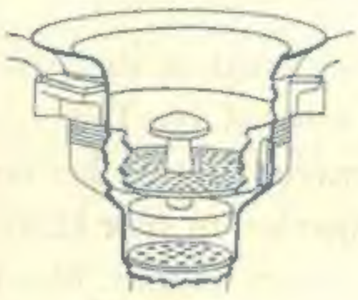
Perfected dishwashing

Delighted users join with the foremost home economics institutes in attesting the complete success of this simple, convenient *built-in* device for dishwashing by electricity.

The dishes are washed fastidiously, *hygienically* clean. Health is safeguarded—to say nothing of delicate hands and precious china.

For light laundering

What could be more convenient? A built-in washer with an easily removable wringer, always ready for the everyday washing of children's clothes, luncheon sets, silk undergarments—*all* those things that are too valuable or too immediately needed to be left for the regular washing.



It holds water

The extra-deep central sink holds water just like a bath tub. You can wash fruits or vegetables, for example, without using a pan.

Combined with the water outlet is a strainer cup which catches debris and lifts out for easy emptying. An original Kohler improvement—called the "Duostrainer."

The Duostrainer illustrated above is operated by hand. Another style is lever operated. Kohler sinks in many models may be had with these exclusive modern fittings.

A place for everything

These useful receptacles swing forward at a touch, then retire underneath the sink, where they can not possibly be in the way.

One is for brushes, cleaning powder, steel wool, scrapers, and the like. The other is for garbage, replacing the awkward strainer in the sink corner.

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis.

Gentlemen: Please send me descriptive literature as checked below.

☐ Kohler Electric Sinks for dishwashing and clotheswashing.

☐ Kohler Colorware for bathrooms, kitchens and laundries.

Name.....

Street address.....

City..... State.....

SEP 7-14-28

Easy to make . . . easy to take

THE juicer and shaker pictured below . . . a little ice . . . oranges or lemons or any of the bottled juices . . . Pet Milk from your pantry shelf . . . a shake or two . . . and there are the drinks you want for summer days.

For children—at lunch, for their afternoon tea party, after play—Pet Milk blended with fruit juice is more than a refreshing, delicious beverage—it is most wholesome, easily digested food. It helps you to give them all the milk they ought to have. For everybody, after work or exercise, the combinations are perfect drinks. You'll be proud to serve them to your guests. The quality of Pet Milk makes the blend possible.

Let us send you our booklets demonstrating how Pet Milk, sterilized in sealed containers—always fresh, sweet, safe milk—is rich enough to use in place of cream, and makes better food—at less than half the cost of cream—how for every milk use it is better—and costs less—than ordinary milk.

We will send you these four articles
One set, 60¢; two sets for $1.00

A PINT SHAKER . . graduated glass with aluminum strainer top and cap.

A SIX INCH JUICER . . delicately colored glass.

A TALL CAN OF PET MILK makes 4 glasses of the drink.

PET MILK COOKBOOK . . containing 100 recipes—also leaflet on making drinks.

PET MILK COMPANY
821 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.
This offer is limited to residents of the U.S.A.

Enclosed please find
☐ 60¢ (*stamps or coin*) for 1 set
☐ *A dollar bill*—for 2 sets

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

Did Ann Little Choose Wisely?

Like thousands of others she can smile *her answer*

Long ago she learned that people watched for the quick flash of her gleaming teeth

RADIANTLY beautiful . . . with a charming personality. That is the way you'd describe Miss Ann Little. Her close friends agree that much of Miss Little's beauty is due to her remarkable teeth . . . teeth that fairly glisten when she smiles.

Her own explanation is extremely simple. "Twelve years ago," she says, "I started using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. And all these years I've depended on this one dentifrice to keep my teeth sparkling clean and healthy."

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women like Miss Little, who, because they began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, have teeth exceptionally sound and beautiful today.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself.

The oval photograph on the left shows Miss Little when she began using Colgate's.

They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

In such a vital matter as the care of the teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of thousands of people like yourself?

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So, for lovely teeth, just ask your druggist to-day for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, let us send you a free tube to try.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 200-G, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

C L E A N !

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. We interviewed leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream—designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because all experiments in the meantime have sustained the original principle that cleansing is the only thing a dentifrice can do.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806